

PHOTOPLAY

25¢



BETTE DAVIS
By Paul Hesse

CLOTHES FOR THAT SUMMER ROMANCE
Exclusive Movie Fashion Forecast Starring IRVING BERLIN
BY ELSA MAXWELL: *The Unconventional Side*
BEAUTY THROUGH SURGERY—Revealing Secret Methods



efuls

I Confess!



*I Confess One Size Napkin
won't do for me —
I found that out!*

Until Kotex made 3 sizes I had to cut and adjust my napkins to suit my varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from one day to another.



*I Confess Bulky Bunchy
Ends destroyed my
Peace of Mind!*

Then I found out about Kotex Sanitary Napkins and the patented pressed ends that fit flatly—now I'm free to go about my normal life without discomfort or embarrassment. No more blunt, bulky ends for me!



*I Confess I tried
other type Napkins!*

My days of experimenting are over—Kotex Sanitary Napkins are made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue that one after another absorb and distribute moisture throughout the pad; check that striking through in one spot. I don't worry about shifting, pulling or chafing with Kotex!



Better Say Kotex - Better for You

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
(© Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

Everybody's talking about the
extra care, brilliance
that Luster-Foam "bubble bath"
gives the teeth!

BETTY: That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous... my mouth feels so fresh.

BETH: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?

1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!

ALAN: Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

DAN: Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.

LARRY: Will we ever save enough to own one?

LOU: Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.

NURSE: Listerine Tooth Paste is designed to go to work on the tiny pits and cracks in enamel—the danger zones where 75% of decay is estimated to start.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

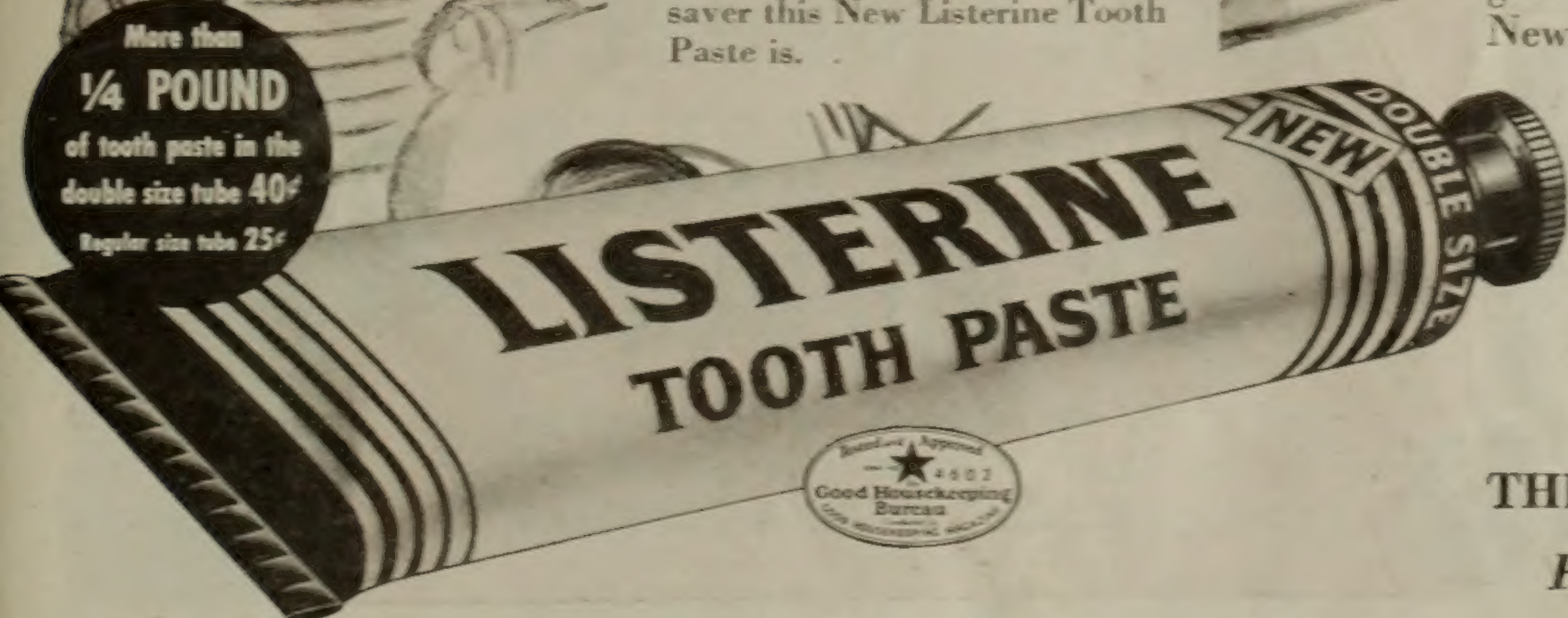
At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes

up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big double-size at 40¢, containing more than 1/4 of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW FORMULA—Supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM

P.S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM



IT'S HARDY FAMILY FUN AGAIN!

No. 6 in the Hardy Family hit parade...as these beloved folk become "millionaires for a day"! Hilarious ...as Andy struts in top hat and "Tux" and dates a cabaret glamor girl...love finds Aunt Milly...Marion knocks the stores for a row of charge accounts...Mom settles for a frying pan...and the Judge winds up with a silk hat...and the bills!

"Pop, why should I get married—and blast the dreams of so many women!"

ALL NEW ADVENTURES
with America's
Favorite Family!

Marion has a handsome new boy friend whom she meets in the city—but she can't forget Dennis back in Carvel.

"Tell me the truth about what happened on your trip!" says Ann Rutherford.

It's a scream when Mickey gets tricked into a night-club cabaret—and a gorgeous chorus girl tries to frame him.

Cecilia Parker

Lewis Stone

Fay Holden

Sara Haden

The Hardys become millionaires overnight!
And what fun!

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

with

**LEWIS STONE
MICKEY ROONEY
CECILIA PARKER
FAY HOLDEN**

Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston,
Kay Van Riper & William Ludwig • Directed
by George B. Seitz • An M-G-M Picture



PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Bette Davis, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M

It's a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood should have received such unhappy treatment. Mickey Rooney in the title rôle is given almost no chance to display his talent. If you loved the original story and like Mickey, skip this—it will save embarrassment all around. (May)

★ AMBUSH—Paramount

More blood and thunder and shooting with Ernest Truex as the sinister brain behind a gang of bank robbers who, in pursuing their deviltry, are forced to abduct Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. The surprise is Miss Swarthout who doesn't sing a note but manages to give an impressive performance. (April)

★ BEACHCOMBER, THE—Mayflower-Paramount

Somerset Maugham's tale of the regeneration of an English wastrel in the isles of the Pacific by a fanatical female missionary has lost none of its brilliance and laughter in the screening, nor has Charles Laughton lost any of his luster. Add to this fine production Elsa Lanchester's acting and you have a movie masterpiece. (March)

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio

Nothing gives here. You are regaled with the problems of a girl whose cosmetic salesman-lover jilts her for a woman with ten millions. The outcome is of little importance (except to the income tax department). Lucille Ball, Frieda Inescort, Patric Knowles and Donald Woods work against hope. (April)

CLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

The irresistible *Bumpsteeds* return for the second time. When *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) is fired, *Blondie* (Penny Singleton) takes his place leaving him at home to sweep and sew. Meanwhile *Baby Dumpling* and *Daisy* the pup are cutting capers and things go haywire. Skinnay Ennis and his band contribute a well-done jitterbug sequence. (May)

BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio

If you're an inveterate reformer, you'll probably love this. With cold anger it chooses the Deep South as locale and paints a brutal picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist. Anne Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do exceptional work in morbid characterizations. (April)

BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

Papa and *Mama Fitch* (Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles) adopt two boys, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee, and meet the inevitable troubles of everyday living with unfailing humor. Pile the whole family in the car—they'll like this. (April)

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

First of another new series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as the country boy who likes to race cars, and uses the midget-motor racing field as locale. Cecilia Parker is the car manufacturer's daughter. Love shines, there is conflict with a crooked race track doctor, and Life goes on. (March)

★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount

A hectic comedy about a wealthy young woman who marries a ship news reporter to spite a columnist. The players, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Claude Gillingwater et al, have lots of vitality and there are few dull moments. (April)

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox

The witty Oriental detective's newest adventures deserve special mention as there is a new *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler. He does not copy the late Warner Oland, but the result is startlingly good. There are some pretty tough passengers on his Honolulu boat, so you'd better bring your smelling salts. (March)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—M-G-M

Beautifully produced in the sentimental spirit in which it was written by Dickens. Reginald Owen plays *Scrooge*, the miser who thinks Xmas is a humbug until three ghosts come to show him his mistake. Terry Kilburn is delightful as *Tiny Tim*, the cripple, and the Lockharts (Gene and Kathleen) are *Mr. and Mrs. Cratchit*. (March)

CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

The Little Tough Guys come out in this dreary movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. One guttersnipe is framed on a murder charge and there's plenty of moral pointed about crime not paying. (April)

★ DARK VICTORY—Warners

You may have heard "raves" over this picture and they are all true. Bette Davis' matchless acting reaches new heights as the rich young girl who learns she only has a few months to live, falls in love with George Brent, her doctor, gallantly solves her problem in the best way possible. Geraldine Fitzgerald, a newcomer, Brent and Humphrey Bogart are splendid too. A must. (May)

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are the screen's newest additions to the long line of married couples who are amateur sleuths. They work like beavers to show up the guilty party who murdered a rich bibliophile. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you yourself can pick "whodunit." (May)

FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio

Less saccharine than its predecessors, this allows Bobby Breen (yes, he's an orphan) to live with Leo Carrillo and Henry Armetta and fuss around with fish and a fishy Italian accent. He sings a few songs in the usual manner. (April)

(Continued on page 90)

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When an American playboy, allergic to marriage, meets up with a Swiss Miss, who likes to flirt, anything can happen—and it does—in M-G-M's "Bridal Suite," with Robert Young and Annabella

PHOTOPLAY

Announcing

**THE PICTURE
MAGNIFICENT!**

The story of Juarez, Mexican flame of freedom . . . moulding a fiery-hearted people into a nation that toppled a throne! . . . The story of Carlota, empress to Maximilian . . . burning her fateful romance into the pages of history! . . . All in a glorious human drama sweeping through scenes never matched in action, splendor and power! See "Juarez" at your theatre soon! The picture that shows how great the screen can be!



WARNER BROS. PRESENT

PAUL MUNI • BETTE DAVIS

in

"JUAREZ"

with

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

Directed by William Dieterle

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt • Based on a Play by Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold



She's a newcomer and she'll go places—this redheaded Susan Hayward, who simply walked into Paramount Studios and asked for the feminine lead opposite Gary Cooper and Ray Milland in "Beau Geste." P.S. She got it

IT'S A BOY . . . ER!

"**L**OVE AFFAIR," Charles Boyer's latest picture, had the critics unanimously putting on rose-colored glasses, and no wonder. That guy is dynamite! He has no fan following of giggly seventeen-year-olds pestering him for pictures, but just mention his name to any woman, say thirtyish, over a dinner table, and she forgets her gloves, fumbles her lipstick and generally acts like a person in a dream. Looking over a recent list of movies playing in New York, I was interested to see that five Boyer pictures were playing at one time. Of course, one was a French picture, one his new picture, the rest revivals. But, just the same, there were five. To steal a line from Justice Hughes, "The American people generally get what they want" and they want Boyer—obviously. Since he came to America eight years ago, he has never had a big studio build-up, or stupid sensational romances to get his name on the front page. He doesn't need that sort of thing. He is dynamic, interesting, without being so-called "glamorous," and above all, he is a superb actor.

DENISE ANSELMA,
San Antonio, Texas.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

WE went to see "Made for Each Other" at a time when my husband and I were telling each other that "It's always darkest before dawn," etc. We came away from the theater more firmly convinced than ever that our life together is still the Great Adventure.

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES that prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Like the couple in the picture, we have a son, who also started out in life with a spanking—and like them, we have suffered agonies of anxiety through his illnesses. Bewildered, frightened, sometimes despairing, we have gone through our years together—sometimes steering clear of pitfalls, sometimes falling into them. But we have gone along together—not always, of course, in harmony—too often in misunderstanding and anger—but still together!

Sorrows and joys shared marry people far more thoroughly than any ceremony, just as the storms and dangers of an ocean voyage are remembered long after the calm and uneventful days of the trip are forgotten.

MRS. ANN B. BOLIN,
Columbus, Ohio.

BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!

A BIG Boo to the male public. I was always under the impression that a jealous woman could do a lot of harm but, in comparison to you men, we're perfectly harmless. Look at what a bunch of silly jealous men did or tried

to do to Robert Taylor. They resented his good looks, they branded him as a sissy and I, for one, am glad he has hair on his chest and has proven himself a he-man. Yet someone had the nerve to say you men stood together.

Don't think for one minute we women didn't resent Hedy Lamarr's beauty. She set a new high in glamour. But did we try to wreck her career? We did not—we accepted her and are now trying our darnedest to reach that new high.

And now you're after Richard Greene. You say he's too good-looking and you might succeed in ruining this young man's career, because he's not as well-established as Robert Taylor was.

All I can say is you ought to be ashamed of yourselves! He's new and not such a good actor as yet, but give him a break!

JANE A. MALCHOW,
Oshkosh, Wis.

G. WITH THE W.

MORE than any one factor, I'll bet that Vincenzini drawing in PHOTOPLAY of Gable as Rhett Butler was responsible for David Selznick's long wait for M-G-M to loan Gable for "Gone with the Wind." That suited everyone because Gable filled every one of the physical requirements for the part. Yet, you'd think from the squawks that are rising all over America that Vivien Leigh was in no way suited for the rôle of Scarlett.

Why in the name of all that's holy is it any worse for Vivien Leigh to portray a Southern belle than it was for Gable to play the English Fletcher Christian or Power to be the French De Lesseps? If foreign countries protested like we do when an American portrays one of their countrymen, in all likelihood there would be no foreign market for American films.

Remember Ed Sullivan's* story about Robert Taylor "Give the Kid a Break." Photoplay started the campaign to lay off unfair cracks about that young man. How's it for a story along those lines about the beautiful young lady who's behind the biggest eight-ball in Hollywood, Scarlett O'Hara?

ROBERT FINLAY,
Glen Allan, Miss.

* (The story was called "Give Robert Taylor a Break," written by Ed Doherty for the November, 1937, issue.)

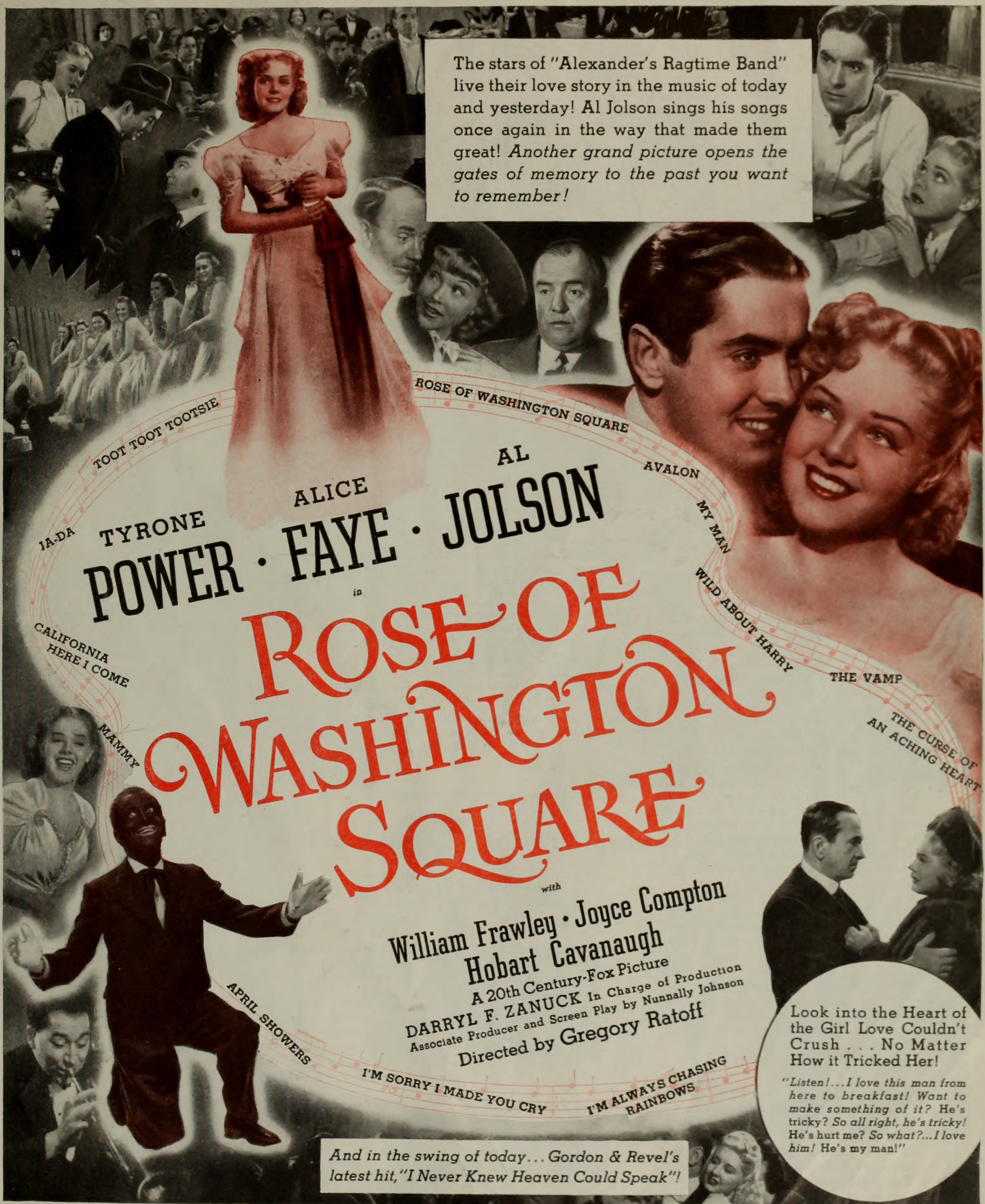
HORRORS!

THE shake and shiver boys, "Frank" and "Drac," nee Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, were lauded as tops at portraying "bogey men" and monsters. That was several years ago. Then last summer the same pictures swept the nation and again broke box-office records. Once more audiences' spines tingled; their eyes rounded; their breaths came in expectant gasps as they watched the twin horror bill.

"Dracula" and "Frankenstein" were the two most successful oldies revived. Yet the "theys," who make or break careers, gave the credit to
(Continued on page 84)

SONG BY SONG...SCENE BY SCENE...THE THRILL GROWS GREATER!

The stars of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" live their love story in the music of today and yesterday! Al Jolson sings his songs once again in the way that made them great! *Another grand picture opens the gates of memory to the past you want to remember!*



TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

TYRONE
POWER

ALICE
FAYE • JOLSON

MY MAN

CALIFORNIA
HERE I COME

MAMMY

WILD ABOUT HARRY

THE VAMP

THE CURSE OF
AN ACHING HEART

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

with
William Frawley • Joyce Compton
Hobart Cavanaugh
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production
Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Gregory Ratoff

APRIL SHOWERS

I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY

I'M ALWAYS CHASING
RAINBOWS

And in the swing of today... Gordon & Revel's
latest hit, "I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak"!

Look into the Heart of
the Girl Love Couldn't
Crush . . . No Matter
How it Tricked Her!

"Listen!...I love this man from
here to breakfast! Want to
make something of it? He's
tricky? So all right, he's tricky!
He's hurt me? So what?...I love
him! He's my man!"



PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

But if you want to keep yourselves graceful and slender, with a perfectly proportioned figure, exercises are vitally important to you. Excess weight or too heavy thighs often do not seem quite important enough in the wintertime, when you're so busy running around, to do very much about your figure, but summer somehow makes you more acutely conscious of it. So Penny and I worked out these exercises that are practically guaranteed to give you a streamlined figure, if you follow them faithfully for a few weeks.

The frog walk (Exercise A) is one of the most difficult to do, but it's one of the most beneficial for you. The idea is to support yourself on your hands as you walk across the floor.

You know that the ideal feminine figure is changing. Waists should be smaller now and hips a trifle more rounded to be absolutely ideal; and since dresses are getting shorter by the minute, the legs should have a softly rounded, (Continued on page 81)

SUMMER SYMMETRY—It's unusual, even in Hollywood, and between scenes on a motion-picture set, to see an attractive girl in a bathing suit doing the frog walk across the floor while everyone else on the set calmly walks around her if she gets in their way.

But that's exactly what happened on the set of the new "Blondie" picture at Columbia. After finishing her unusual walk, Penny Singleton straightened up and then relaxed into a chair.

"What goes on here?" I asked her. "Anything for a laugh? Or is there a deep hidden purpose behind all this?"

"Oh, yes," she laughed. "I got up too late this morning to do my usual exercises, so I'm catching up on them now between scenes. I like the frog walk especially, because it keeps you limber and supple and is fine for the legs and thighs."

"Look," I said, thinking of Photoplay's Beauty Shop right away, and knowing you'd be interested, "how about posing for some pictures illustrating some of your favorite exercises, so we can see exactly how they're done?"

Penny agreed to this; and you can see the results on this page.

This is a particularly apt time of the year to get ourselves all interested in exercises, because I've a pretty good suspicion that most of us have been rather neglecting ourselves for the last few months. You've probably been too busy taking care of your faces and experimenting with new spring make-up, and wondering whether or not to get your hair cut short—after all, it takes so long for it to grow out again if you don't like it short and babyish—really to keep up with your daily exercises.

For that streamlined figure—Penny Singleton, star of Columbia's "Blondie" series, shows you how it's done. The frog walk (above, lower picture) is Exercise A in her Daily Dozen. An old stand-by, Exercise B, is illustrated by upright position (right) and squatting position (above, top). Penny's no sissy—just look at Exercises C and D (adjacent)



PHOTOPLAY



**"Flower-fresh" she emerges from the tub
and she'll stay that way with Mum**



Smart girls know that a bath alone can't prevent underarm odor

YOUR bath is over—how gloriously fresh and sweet you feel! How easy to think tonight will be *your* night—tonight you'll win romance! But will you? Not if you trust your bath, and your bath alone, for *lasting* charm.

It's true. No matter how fresh you feel when you *start* on your date, no bath can *keep* you sweet. For even the most perfect bath can't prevent odor—underarms *always* need Mum's special care!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances. They know a bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. To be sure they're sweet, they give underarms necessary daily care—after every bath, before every date. More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so pleasant, so easy to use, so utterly dependable. You know odor is *impossible* when you use Mum every day.

MUM IS SAFE! It's wonderful to be able to use Mum before or *after* you're dressed. The American Insti-

tute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. And you can use Mum even after underarm shaving. Mum is soothing to your skin!

MUM IS QUICK! Late for your date? No matter! A touch of Mum smoothed under this arm, under that, keeps you fresh for hours! Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today. Make sure you can't offend! Remember, if you neglect your Mum just *once*, you are likely to be the loser. Play safe with your charm! After your bath, and before your date, make a *habit* of Mum.

MUM HELPS YOU THIS WAY, TOO! Thousands of women prefer Mum for sanitary napkins because it's gentle, safe. Avoid embarrassment—always use Mum this way!



Popular girls never neglect the one quick step between bath and date that makes them sure of charm. They know Mum makes underarm odor impossible all evening long



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Your silverware dealer presents
THE DOWER SERVICE FOR 8
 IN WEAR-PROOFED TUDOR PLATE



You save \$10 on this exquisite service! Designed for the lovely bride whose cherished dream is complete silverware for eight! The \$29.75 "Dower" set includes eight knives, forks, oval soup spoons, salad forks, and individual butter knives... sixteen teaspoons two serving spoons, sugar spoon, butter knife, cold meat fork. In a solid wood tarnish-proof chest, approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Convenient terms available.



★ Wear-proofed guarantee shows how "area of wear" is protected by special overlay of solid silver...for years of extra service.



\$1.50 Deluxe server for 25¢ to introduce new Fortune design. This delicately pierced useful Fortune server is the ideal prize or gift.



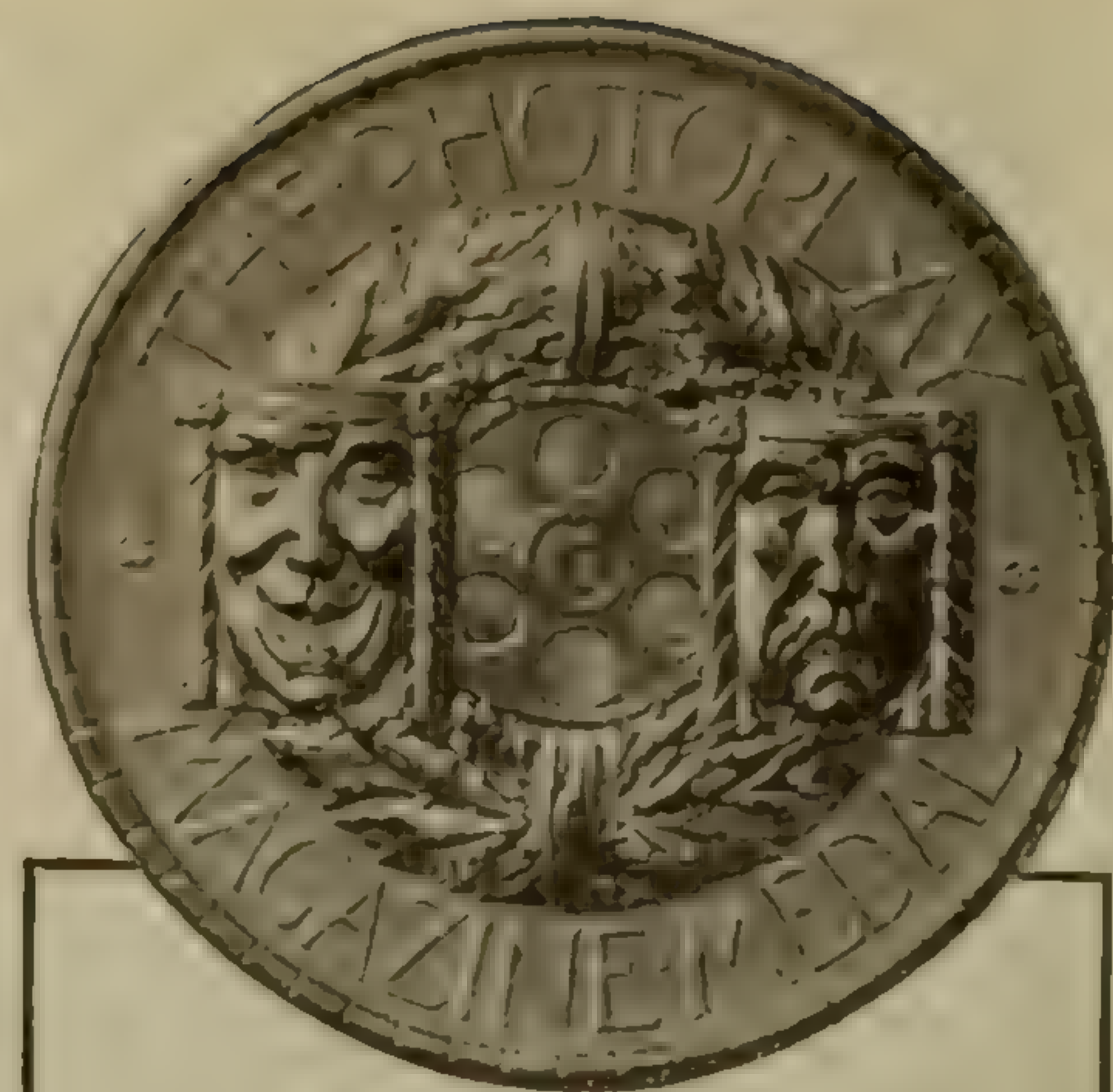
Authentic popular patterns styled by Oneida Community Silversmiths, "Tudor Plate" patterns satisfy every taste in table settings for every occasion. Shown above: Fortune,* Royal York,* Elaine,* June.*

TUDOR PLATE

by
 ONEIDA COMMUNITY
 SILVERSMITHS

*TRADE-MARKS COPR. 1939 ONEIDA LTD.

PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER



"SWEETHEARTS"

THE choice was yours! But now we announce with pleasure that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's delightful musical "Sweethearts," which teams Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, is the final selection of our readers for PHOTOPLAY's Annual Gold Medal for "The Best Picture of 1938."

Votes from all over the United States and many from abroad testified to the high regard which the public had for such excellent pictures as "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Four Daughters," "Robin Hood," "If I Were King," "You Can't Take It With You" and others of equal merit, but "Sweethearts" won, hands down.

Although this is the fifth time this famous screen pair have collaborated, it is their first picture in modern dress. Never have they been photographed to better advantage, never have they sung so beautifully, never has the production and surrounding cast been so lavish. Technicolor, of course, was an added enhancement and red-haired Miss MacDonald was breath-taking.

Victor Herbert's lovely melodies have been popular for a quarter of a century, which is another reason for the success of "Sweethearts" at the box office. Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell used the lavender and old lace libretto as a skeleton and built around it a sprightly modern love story—a back-stage yarn of two married lovers appearing in the operetta. This allows you to hear the familiar "Sweethearts," "On Parade," "Pretty As a Picture" and "Badinage," among others, all thrillingly sung by the principals.

Although the picture belongs chiefly to Mr. Eddy and Miss MacDonald, the supporting cast included Florence Rice as the secretary, Frank Morgan as the conniving manager, Reginald Gardiner as the smoothie talent scout from Hollywood, Mischa Auer as the amusingly temperamental librettist. W. S. Van Dyke, who has directed some of the team's other musicals such as "Rose Marie" and "Naughty Marietta," was responsible for "Sweethearts." Mention must also be made of Herbert Stothart's superb musical direction, Albertina Rasche's dance arrangements, Ray Bolger's dancing (remember the clever wooden shoe number which he danced with Jeanette?) and the photography in general. Minor rôles offered Lucile Watson, Terry Kilburn, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, Betty Jaynes and many others. Altogether it was one of the most impressive productions pictorially and musically that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have ever screened.

PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal, as you know, has been awarded for the past eighteen years as an encouragement to the making of better pictures. It is the only prize in the motion picture business that is given really by you—the public. As such, it is considered a great honor by the studio, by the director, by the actors involved. PHOTOPLAY's rec-

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

- 1920 HUMORESQUE
- 1921 TOL'ABLE DAVID
- 1922 ROBIN HOOD
- 1923 THE COVERED WAGON
- 1924 ABRAHAM LINCOLN
- 1925 THE BIG PARADE
- 1926 BEAU GESTE
- 1927 7TH HEAVEN
- 1928 FOUR SONS
- 1929 DISRAELI
- 1930 ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
- 1931 CIMARRON
- 1932 SMILIN' THROUGH
- 1933 LITTLE WOMEN
- 1934 BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET
- 1935 NAUGHTY MARIETTA
- 1936 SAN FRANCISCO
- 1937 CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
- 1938 SWEETHEARTS



Our readers' choice for the best picture of 1938—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts"

ord has been consistently high; we have reason to be proud of our honor pictures as you can see from the above list. It is gratifying indeed to extend to M-G-M studio our congratulations and to add to our Gold Medal Honor list "Sweethearts"—our readers' choice as "The Best Picture of 1938."



Things to cheer about—those breaks that are coming to Don Ameche and Richard Greene . . . "but on the other hand," says Miss Waterbury, "look what's happening to others"

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THINGS an Editor Thinks About between reading stories, looking at photographs, catching previews, eating publicity luncheons, trying to think up story ideas, and wishing she had a new mink coat: funny that even illnesses have cycles in Hollywood . . . a couple of years ago it was fashionable to have trouble with your sacroiliac . . . at first you didn't dare ask what a sacroiliac was, for fear it was something you couldn't mention in the parlor . . . but finally it got so common that everybody knew . . . now the vogue is to have stomach ulcers . . . go to dinner anywhere and along with the spinach you get talk of digestive dis-

turbances . . . but no wonder . . . when you consider the dependence of stars on the rôles they get . . . you wonder how they even stay well, let alone live for years and years. . . .

Take Charles Boyer . . . and something very pleasant to take he is, too . . . if he'd gone on playing Napoleons as in "Conquest" probably he would have become another Muni . . . that is most artistic . . . but not pulse-pounding . . . but what with "Algiers" and now with "Love Affair" he becomes a very logical contender for the adult sex-appeal spot so long held, quite unchallenged, by Mr. Gable. . . .

Still, George Brent may now enter

that winning cycle with his being signed to play Ransome in "The Rains Came" . . . a honey of a rôle, that one . . . and all the result of his playing the doctor—and how warmly he played that doctor—in "Dark Victory" . . . typically Hollywood everybody going around muttering that Brent can act since he did "Dark Victory" . . . he could act long before that, too, but he never got a chance to show it in those spineless characters Warners have given him up till now . . . for our money, "The Rains Came" is getting almost as interesting to look forward to as "Gone with the Wind" . . . wouldn't be surprised if it was to be Mr. Zanuck's challenge to Mr. Selznick . . . on account of any picture that has in it Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent, Marie Ouspenskaya, plus a magnificent love story of passion and regeneration, the whole laid in India with floods and earthquakes . . . and directed by Clarence Brown . . . that just has to be something. . . .

Nice seeing Don Ameche's stock hitting a new high because in "Midnight" and in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell" they let him get the girl . . . dopey anyhow not giving Ameche screen sex appeal since off-screen he could get any girl he might desire with that infectious charm of his . . . I like seeing Alan Curtis in there again in "Sergeant Madden" . . . he's one of the boys that they go around studios muttering about . . . saying he's a personality but can he act . . . phooey on that stuff . . . dominant enough personalities can always be taught to act . . . look at Gary Cooper . . . look, too, at that very handsome Richard Greene . . . there's a lad who is coming right along and being very nicely developed in varied characterizations ranging all the way from "Kentucky" through being Shirley Temple's leading man to the high-born young man in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" . . . But on the other hand look what's happening to others . . . look what they did to Mickey Rooney in "Huckleberry Finn" and to Joan Crawford in "Ice Follies" . . .

That Rooney kid lavished the most beautiful performance on "Huckleberry Finn" . . . but who wants to see this gorgeous, typical 1939 boy as a corny hick of half a century ago . . . and as for Miss Crawford in "Ice Follies" . . . what is the idea of making her a combined Sonja Henie and Hedy Lamarr? . . . honestly those ice ballets in "Ice Follies" simply made you know how wonderful Sonja was . . . made you know by contrast . . . the flashing of that beauty's silver skates against the cold crispness of ice . . . the very sound of them is thrilling . . . so what happens in "Ice Follies"? . . . well, skaters, whom you never get acquainted with, skate through some form of liquid goo, so that the effect is just a sort of water ballet done with mirrors. . . .

As for Joan's being put into a black wig and a Lamarr make-up . . . well, that kills us . . . that Lamarr double act on Joan Bennett's part was a cute stunt particularly considering that Joan did look so much like Hedy when she got herself up that way . . . enough, as lots of people have pointed out, to make Gene Markey, Joan's ex, begin dating this newest glamour girl which just led straight to the altar . . . but all this trick did for Joan Crawford was to hide her own dominant personality . . . and that reminds me of what Humphrey Bogart calls Joan's "The Bride Wore Red" . . . he calls it "The Bride Wore Out" . . . here's hoping that Joan's playing *Crystal* in "The Women" puts her stock back where it belongs . . . it isn't such a big part that one, but Joan will play her

(Continued on page 70)

GANTNER Floating Bra for uplift glamour!



Ellen Drew, co-starred with George Raft in "The Lady's From Kentucky", a Paramount picture

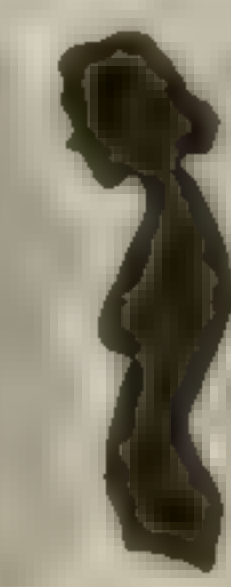
FLOATING BRA

robs your waist of wrinkles . . . slims inches off your hips, to give beautiful high accent to your bust! A real inner uplift . . . a perfected control!

Top, glamorizing velvet Lastex knit, \$5.95. Left, a gorgeous classic in two-tone, Lastex stripes, \$5.95

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Don't be a
Suzy-Droopy



Top, glamorizing velvet Lastex knit, \$5.95. Left, a gorgeous classic in two-tone, Lastex stripes, \$5.95

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Flattery



in a new scarf arrangement of twin FEDERAL Foxes

Gleaming twin beauties...proud heads looped high on your shoulders...silver loveliness caught in front...held smartly together in back by two slender paws. Indisputable, new flattery! A shining example of the enormous chic of luxurious FEDERAL Fox. Smart stores everywhere show this stunning fur; you'll know it by the FEDERAL name stamped on the leather side of each pelt, your guide-post to lasting loveliness.

F E D E R A L S I L V E R F O X E S *Hamburg, Wisconsin*

Best Winner!

CAROLE LOMBARD GABLE!

BY DIXIE WILLSON

I

That little guy who spills the moonlight
Over every garden trail,
Who plugs our hearts with silver darts,
And weaves of dreams a bridal veil;
That little guy who writes the rules
For Love's sweet and exotic fable,
Can scribble, with a flourish, now,
"Finis: Miss Lombard . . . Mr. Gable."

II

Your Hollywood which manufactures
Reels of Romance by the day,
Which gives us love in plain and fancy
Styles from Nome to Mandalay,
Which serves us thrills in double features,
Now, it seems, has turned the tables;
One slice of Paradise released,
Not for the world . . . but for the Gables!

III

A grin . . . a pair of ears . . . and then
A dinner . . . orchids . . . tender sighs . . .
A girl who found new ecstasy
With looking into someone's eyes . . .
A ring . . . a promise . . . can she cook!!!
But never mind, if Love be able
To capture all the joy we wish
For Mr. Gable and Mrs. Gable.



The Clark Gables back in Hollywood following their marriage

Hyman Fink



"For better, for worse, until death do us part—I, Carole, take thee, Clark, for my lawful wedded husband." And with those words one of Hollywood's most glamorous women became the wife of one of its most romantic men. To Clark Gable, Photoplay extends its heartiest congratulations!

Barry

INTRODUCING—

THE

Unconventional

SIDE OF HOLLYWOOD

BY

ELSA MAXWELL



Bart Marshall, with two of Elsa's favorites—Countess di Frasso and Edmund Goulding



The author and Katharine Aldridge, both appearing in Elsa Maxwell's "Hotel for Women," another Darryl Zanuck brainstorm for 20th Century-Fox

To this famous author and eccentric, renowned for her unconventional parties, wit and avoirdupois, Hollywood has become the "city of annuities and trust funds." But fortunately she still finds a few rare creatures whose behavior and cleverness save the town from the curse of normalcy

It has often been said about Venice that one should never go there unless one is in love. It has never been said about Hollywood, but it ought to be, that one should never go there unless one feels like crying at jokes and laughing at troubles.

I stayed away from Hollywood for six long years. When I was there last, in the spring of 1933, I was sufficiently foolish to worry about trouble and to try to laugh at what struck me as comedy. A newcomer, I took it upon myself to tell the producers that they should use some English actors and English furniture in pictures dealing with England. A greenhorn, I imagined that if there were but twenty-six characters in a picture dealing with France there should be not more than twenty-six, preferably twenty-five, ways of pronouncing "Monsieur" and "Madame." Looking back at my experiences in the Hollywood of 1933, I can see how silly I was. What I failed to realize then was that Hollywood was still a growing child and was acting like that six-year-old boy who tore out all the rose bushes in the garden of his neighbor and then, when threatened with being chastized, cried, "Don't say anything, don't say anything, I'm just a child, I'm just a child. I don't know any better."

Well, Hollywood is not a child any more. It has come of age. It has become almost a bit too grown-up and too sane to please a visitor who

hopes to be entertained. True enough, there is still Garbo—I suppose Garbo will always be with us—and to be sure there is still that local philosopher whose approach to marriage, reported to us by Walter Wanger, the producer, is as original as anything ever conceived on the United Artists lot. Said he, while answering Wanger's question as to why he still remains a bachelor, "Marry? Not me. Not on your life. I know what all these Hollywood girls are waiting for—some sucker who will come along and marry them and then they can dash right off to their dentists and have their teeth straightened and charge the whole thing to the sappy bridegroom. . . ."

Hollywood, as I see it today, is suffering from the sins of omission more than it is from the sins of commission. So thoroughly pure are the stars, the directors, the producers and even the agents now that, aside from an occasional cheating at solitaire or a bit of foul play on the polo field, there is not much choice between a Sunday school and West Los Angeles. So much so that very often I feel a bit of nostalgia for the wild, wild place that Hollywood used to be, for the days when stars were yet to discover the annuities and the irrevocable trust funds.

But this is supposed to be an article dealing with the unconventional side of Hollywood, so I had better stop talking about annuities and irrevocable trust funds and concentrate on the people who still manage to create the impression in the mind of a neutral observer that there is still some difference between Wall Street and Hollywood.

When I came to Hollywood six years ago, I was a free lance, so free of any contracts that nobody noticed when I left. This time I am



Miss Maxwell calls him Hollywood's most colorful person—Gregory Ratoff goes into verbal action with the Charles Boyers

definitely a starlet. In fact, looking at my test the other day on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, I said to Gregory Ratoff, who is supposed to direct me in my forthcoming picture, "Gregory, I'm a bigger star right now than Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer combined."

"How is that?" asked Ratoff.

"Well," I said, "it's very simple. Look at my avoirdupois. I'm the only actress in Hollywood whom producers and directors don't beg to lose here, there and elsewhere. I'm the only one whom you are all begging—please stay fat and ugly. The fatter and the uglier you are, the better we like it. . . ."

Fortunately for me, next to Countess di Frasso (the woman who taught Gary Cooper that a watch chain should be worn across the vest and should not be hanging from the lapel of one's coat) fortunately for me, I say, next to Dorothy di Frasso, Gregory Ratoff is about the most colorful person in Hollywood. Before meeting him, I used to think that I was pretty noisy and that I possessed a sufficient amount of vitality. I have changed my opinion since meeting him. Watching him in action, I feel as if I were the most phlegmatic person on earth. Vesuvius is supposed to be a volcano but Vesuvius is just an innocuous spittoon when compared to Ratoff.

HERE is a sample of Ratoff in action. While directing Alice Faye in a scene in "Rose of Washington Square," Ratoff shouted in a voice that could be heard and probably was heard as far as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, "Alice, you are terrific. You are colossal. You are magnificent. You are ninety-five per cent good. I wish I knew how in hell I could get the other five per cent out of you."

Discussing the selfsame "Rose of Washington Square" with Al Jolson, Ratoff expressed his amazement at the wonderful performance of Tyrone Power and said that before he began shooting he didn't believe that Tyrone could play the part assigned to him, the part which is, of course, based on the life of Nicky Arnstein, the gambler. "How could Power play the part of Nicky Arnstein?" Ratoff wanted to know.

Jolson looked at him with pity and said, "Why you blankety-blank Russian . . . A man who could make love to Marie Antoinette . . . A man who helped Lloyds of London build the merchant marine of the British Empire . . . A man who built the Suez Canal almost single-handed . . . And you (Continued on page 73)



Joan Bennett who Miss Maxwell says, is still the prettiest wife Gene Markey ever had

"HEY, Annie," called a pal from across the Green Room, "when do you get out of uniform?"

"After 'Dodge City' maybe," Annie called back in perfect good humor.

Ann Sheridan didn't even bother to glance down at the astonishing brevity of the evening gown in which she was nonchalantly having lunch; there were miles and miles of pleated chiffon skirt, but from there up it was sort of—well—postponed.

There is a law or something over at Warners' making it imperative for Annie practically to live in these abridged little numbers and she's used to it. A law of Nature, no doubt, on account of Annie is about the most gorgeous eye-ful Nature ever created. Annie gave away the shirt off her back quite awhile ago and the male population certainly hopes she never gets another one. . . .

Five minutes after an introduction—make it two—everybody calls her Annie. She hails from a ranch near Dallas, Texas, landed in Hollywood five years ago through a beauty contest, is twenty-four years old, has had one (1) marriage and one (1) divorce. She played the lead opposite Cagney in "Angels With Dirty Faces," has remade history in "Dodge City" with Errol Flynn and will shortly grace Dick Powell's "Naughty But Nice." All of which, the veriest skeptic will freely admit, is a very good start toward a career. In fact, dammit all, Jeeves, it is a career!

Twenty-four is not exactly a ripe old age. Not at all. Twenty-four is one of the most serious ages a girl can possibly have. If she isn't serious then, she never will be—and the very good chance is she will never be quite that serious again. . . . So you had better look pretty impressed when Annie solemnly announces she "is now living her second life."

A LOT of things have happened to our Annie during five years in Hollywood. She arrived via the beauty contest route, with thirty other winners recruited by Paramount from all over the world. So far as anyone knows, Ann is the only one still in Hollywood. Certainly she is the only one who made good.

She was as lost and bewildered as any of them. A woman at Paramount who knew her then says, "Oh, what a homesick baby that one was! Every day she would drop in my office and exclaim, 'I'm going back. Can't stand it. Nothing happens here. Hollywood is the duller place on earth. Home is a lot more exciting!'" (How do you like that, Hollywood?)

Right then, Annie was going through the trying introductory period of dramatic coaching, streamlining and tests. She did not make friends right away—never took the initiative. She was used to a big family of three sisters and a brother, mother and father, scads of school friends and an active outdoor life. Fearless, athletic, vitality enough for four girls, radiantly red-haired Annie went into a decline while she got herself acclimated and reorganized.

Her home school having been Texas State Teachers' College, one naturally inquires, "Did you intend to be a teacher?"

"Heavens, no," Annie explodes, frankly amazed at such a thought. "My parents merely had to send me to some school and that one was handy!" She was the blues singer with the college orchestra and an active member of the dramatic society. Studying? . . . She could take it or leave it alone. Any girl who looks like Annie, and has as much fun as she has just being herself, wouldn't get much chance to do her homework in a coeducational institution.

Until Hollywood, Annie always figured she would probably marry and settle down on a Texas ranch. That was what the other girls she knew did, or looked forward to. After Hollywood, she still figured one married and settled down. At any rate, you fell in love,

FROM Ranch TO RICHES

*Sex has reared its pretty head
again—Hollywood has found Ann
Sheridan, redheaded tornado!*

BY RUTH RANKIN

married and stayed that way. Fun was fun, but marriage was something you did in earnest. She didn't know what the hazards were, then.

ABOUT that time she met a young actor named Eddie Norris.

Annie and another girl lived in the Canterbury Apartments; so, it happened, did Eddie. One evening someone in the lobby introduced him, just in passing. The next evening he called and asked Annie out. It was the first time in her life she ever made a date after such a casual acquaintance. They kept on going out for a year and then married.

Eddie is a splendid young actor ("They Won't Forget," "Boys Town," etc.) and he was under contract to M-G-M. For some obscure reason—it is sometimes difficult to understand the mysterious workings of this picture business—there were no parts for Eddie to play during one entire year. Annie was busy almost every minute. So, naturally, Eddie sat home and brooded and got moody and was not a very cheerful companion when Annie arrived after her day's work.

And there she was—easygoing, fun-loving, all keyed up after an exciting day and rarin' to go. By that time she had found out what you did with your excess vitality in Hollywood—you went out and did the night spots.

All the kids go through this interval. The more mature actresses—while they are engaged in making a picture, anyway—have dinner in bed and study their script until ten o'clock. They have found out you can't tear around all night and work the next day. . . . But they had to find it out, too.

Eddie and Annie couldn't get anywhere with their finances until they hired a business manager and they waited too long to hire him. Neither of them had much sense about money and there was that difficulty added to all the others. It totaled "incompatibility."

No blame is attached to either one, by either one. Simply, it is an old story in Hollywood—a tradition, you might say—but the only way people ever learn it is to go through it.

"If two people can't agree, the best thing to do is get out of it," is the way Annie analyzes the situation.

So Ann Sheridan's first life was lived.

SHE is now going through the interval of re-adjustment, but not exactly the way you might think. The accepted way is to go a little haywire after a divorce, but Annie has upset the applecart and is not behaving strictly according to standard. She has gone serious.

"Once your original plan is disrupted," she says, "you have to work it all out again—and differently. It seems life can change, things can be different—although once you thought they never could be. A new set of ideas has to be worked out. Before it was two people planning a future—now it is one."

They had planned far enough to have a house nearly built. Eddie is now living in it. Ann has taken a house in North Hollywood and a school friend, Gwen Woodford, has come up from Texas to live with her.

"The way things were before," says Annie, "I took my work as it came. Played through it. You know—it wasn't terrifically important because there was always Eddie's career, too. Now I regard it with more seriousness—it's my future. If anybody takes me out now and keeps me up until two A.M. when he knows I have to get up at six, I resent it. That happened last night—next time I'll take mad-money! . . . Before—well, if they wanted to go home earlier than two A.M., I resented that. Bitterly!"

Underneath Annie's flippant exterior—a defensive flippancy which was one of the first things she discovered had to be cultivated in Hollywood to mask any real feelings she might have—Annie has a well-balanced mind and draws sensible conclusions. At least, in conversation with women she does.

She is so dazzlingly beautiful, with a compelling poster-like beauty reminiscent of the late Jean Harlow, that one can imagine men almost resent it if she is too sensible. In appearance, she seems one of the rare exotic creations designed to go through life having everybody else be sensible for her. Annie is good-natured enough to let them think so, anyway.

That sultry, repressed, impassioned quality of hers, together with a figure that makes all the girls want to go home and have a good cry, has

(Continued on page 75)



Annie (she's called that two minutes after an introduction) is something the angels dreamed up for the benefit of downtrodden cameramen—but it took Hollywood five years to claim her its "Miss Oomph of 1939"



*Why not admit it—we are all lonely,
too often—and the stars are no excep-
tion. But they have found an answer*

BY
FAITH BALDWIN

*Wealth and acclaim came to
Lionel Barrymore late in life
—then tragedy struck. Today,
he's one of Hollywood's most
beloved, but he will go lonely
for the rest of his days*

THE

Stars

ARE LONELY

LONELINESS is not a prerogative of genius, the great or the near great. It is something that every one of us experiences at some time or another, in varying degrees. The happy extrovert is rarely aware of this condition, but there are times when, because of personal grief or tragic loss, or in a moment of unusual depression, he too faces the fact that being born mortal, being human, he must sometimes be lonely, alone in his heart and in his spirit. How many of us have known that sense of isolation, suddenly and without warning, in the gayest of crowds, or even in the treasurable company of someone whom we dearly love?

There is loneliness in Hollywood, the gayest of towns, the most glamorous, loneliness, in fact, to a piercing degree. Work, excitement, fame, adulation . . . these are not magic amulets which guard one against being lonely. Sometimes they may serve as barriers, erected between the stars and their inner loneliness, but

at almost any time, and without premonition, the barriers may crumble.

If Hollywood could teach us how to ward off loneliness even a little, I would say that it has taught us a blessed lesson.

It is only fair to say that there are, among the stars, plenty of extroverts who love the rush and glitter and excitement; who pridefully prance from party to party and publicity to publicity, and live for the most part on the surface. Yet I believe that even these have their lonely moments . . . perhaps not until they feel themselves slipping, when their popularity wanes, and they begin to wonder if they are on their way out. Then the loneliness takes the form of missing the merry-go-round and the people and the attention.

But the introverts know that other kind of loneliness which has nothing to do with bands playing and cameras grinding and people applauding. A loneliness of the spirit.

Such people walk alone always, no matter how well attended. They are less lonely when by themselves, a paradoxical statement.

No. Fame and youth, success and loveliness, beauty and glamour are never insurance against being lonely.

It has been said, and often, that marriage is the only insurance against loneliness, yet it doesn't quite cover all the risks after all! It may be that many Hollywood marriages are contracted in order to assure two people that they will never be lonely again. Yet they will be, no matter how much their marriage means to them, or how much they love one another. For it is utterly impossible for any human being to fathom completely the depths of the human heart—even his own.

Many Hollywood marriages fail . . . many Hollywood stars marry again, and again, seeking perhaps for an insurance which, this time, will prove perfect. And when the ideally happy



For Joan Crawford, there was a "joker" in the game of success. It's written in her very eyes

Foreign stars, like Simone Simon (when she was here) and Annabella, seek comfort and understanding in one another's company

How true is Garbo's famous "I want to be alone"? Is this her nature—or has it been the force of publicity?

TOO!

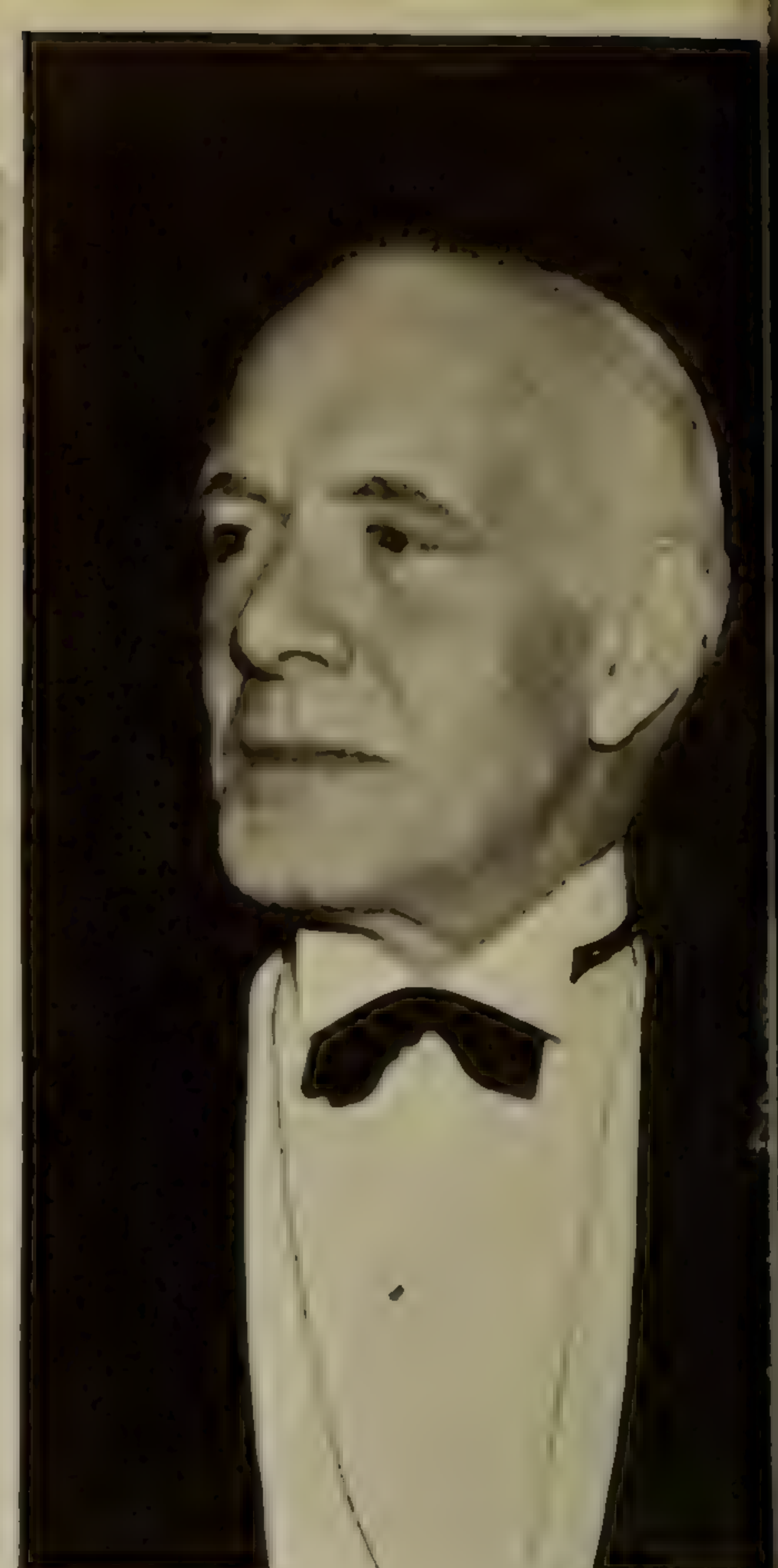
marriage comes, there is always that fear, as in any happy marriage, that one will be taken and another left. One of the most tragic figures in Hollywood is that of Lionel Barrymore, whose marriage to Irene Fenwick was his life . . . now that life has ended and he will go lonely for the rest of his days.

It seems to me that certain little groups in Hollywood have found loneliness their portion. The foreign stars, for instance. They come over here, usually heralded with a great fanfare of publicity, and find themselves in a new and bewildering world. They are regarded with suspicion, with reservation, often with resentment. They do not know the language, they find it very difficult to adjust themselves to new conditions, and they make blunders without knowing why . . . not many of them survive, after all.

Some arrive fully panoplied as it were, sprung from the Jove-like imagination of a discovering

(Continued on page 74)





They're your next-door neighbors, these Hardys—Marian, Andy, the Judge, Mrs. Hardy and Aunt Milly

One of the screen's finest and .

LEWIS STONE

*It's less a great characterization
than a revealing self-portrait,
beloved Lewis Stone's interpreta-
tion of the beloved Judge Hardy*

BY GLADYS HALL

OF course you know without being told that *Judge Hardy* and Lewis Stone are, in all essentials, one and the same person. The qualities of tolerance, kindness, forthrightness and salty wisdom which are the dominant factors in the character of *Judge Hardy* are also the dominant factors in the character of Lewis Stone.

When Lewis Stone steps onto the set of a *Judge Hardy* picture, no transmutation of character takes place. There is no addition of make-up. The mannerisms, the wise, slightly quizzical, wholly compassionate smile remain the same. And when *Judge Hardy* steps off the set in the evening he sheds no mummer's cloak. In other words, when you meet Lewis Stone you meet *Judge Hardy* and when you meet *Judge Hardy* you meet Lewis Stone. It is as simple as that.

I say all this even though Mr. Stone deprecates the idea that an actor and the part he plays are ever one. But this is largely because

Mr. Stone, like the Judge, is incapable of exhibitionism of any sort.

He did admit, though, that the Judge is not "acting." He said, "I try to keep the acting out and the warmth in. I know how our friends would resent it if they thought that we, the *Hardy* family, were just playing parts. We are not just playing parts. We are feeling them, and warmly. We all lunch together in the studio when we are working, usually in *Mrs. Hardy's* dressing room, where she, very much in character, cooks for us. I daresay an onlooker would be hard put to it to determine whether Fay Holden, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker, Mickey Rooney and the others were really Miss Holden, Miss Parker, Stone and Rooney or *Mrs. Hardy, Marian, Judge Hardy* and *Andy*. We even," laughed Mr. Stone, "have the amusing experience, occasionally, of discussing our own personal problems and affairs only to find out that we have confused the issue and are discussing the problems and affairs of the *Hardys*!"

The realness of the Judge in the minds of the public is again testified to by the voluminous mail, addressed to Judge Hardy, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, California. These letters run into the thousands weekly. Many of them are from women, complacent letters telling the Judge that the writers' husbands are "... just like you, dear Judge Hardy..." There are letters from the kids, too, from boys *Andy's* age and girls of *Marian's* age. "And these letters," says Lewis Stone gravely, "could form the basis of a completely comprehensive survey of American parenthood: in what respects it is successful, and why; in what respects it fails, and why."

College professors write to the Judge; fathers write to him saying, "Tell me how you do it..." priests write; schoolteachers—and one and all they tell the Judge that after a *Judge Hardy* picture is shown in their neighborhood the girls and boys behave better, adjust better and are more tractable for weeks afterwards.

FOR these reasons it is important to emphasize, for those of you who aren't aware of it, that the Judge and Lewis Stone are, in all essentials, one and the same man. It's nice to know, isn't it, that when the Judge steps off the sound stage he doesn't become a different, more second-rate, less sound and substantial citizen, husband and father. The Judge is real because Lewis Stone is real, and in the same fine ways. And even as *Judge Hardy* stands as friend and arbiter to his unseen friends, so does Lewis Stone stand in a similar relation to the young people who come into personal contact with him. Let me tell you that on the M-G-M lot where Mr. Stone makes pictures, there is a pathway beaten to his dressing-room door. It is a pathway worn by the feet of young people, studio stock players, bit players, beginners, even stars of both sexes, who go to the veteran actor for help with their problems. And this path was worn long before the first *Judge Hardy* picture was thought of.

"We have to be very careful with the Judge," Mr. Stone told me, a smile in his eyes. "The Judge has to be a very good boy. It looks as though I may never play any other character again. For example, when I played the part of the drunken judge in 'The Bad Man of Brimstone' the repercussions were terrific. The Judge's fans, who are his friends, didn't like it. They didn't like it one bit. They very definitely and emphatically and articulately said that they didn't like it. When I played the part of the drunken doctor in 'The Chaser' the same reaction set in. Even more so, if possible. Hundreds of letters came in, letters of really passionate protest, crying out 'The Judge has turned actor on us!' It was," said Mr. Stone, "the 'jury' pronouncing sentence on the Judge!"

"The odd part about the situation *Judge Hardy* has created about me is that I left the stage and went into pictures simply and solely because I could not endure the hideous monotony of playing one character for days, weeks, some-



fe, Mrs. Lewis Stone



really JUDGE HARDY

Mr. Stone, aboard his yacht



times months. I chose to go into pictures because in pictures I could play rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief . . . and now it looks as though I will be *Judge Hardy* and *Judge Hardy* alone, till the end of my screen days. *Judge Hardy*, of course, does get around. He doesn't say the same lines, make the same gestures, give and take the same cues every night of his life. He goes out West, he falls heir to a million dollars, he lives a life of considerable variety. He is as versatile as any one man could well be. But even so—yes, I must admit it—I would like to play other characters occasionally. Whether it will be wise for me to do so or even possible for me to do so, remains to be seen. And if I must make an ultimate choice I will, of course, sacrifice other characters to the good Judge. And without too many regrets, actually; for if the *Hardy* pictures do as much good as the letters we receive seem to prove they do, then they do good,

don't they? If the sight and sound of the *Hardys* on the screen, living out the pattern of their normal, everyday lives, help to adjust the maladjusted, then that's as good a reason for living as any I have found after quite a bit of living. . . .

"Yes, I believe I can say that I shrug into the Judge's slightly worn coat easily. The Judge is a straight-line character. No quirks in it. Possibly nothing of extraordinary interest in it, either. He has no mannerisms, no tricks of personality, no complexities, no neuroses. Well, neither have I. The Judge has been a long time on the bench. So have I. His judgment is tempered; his is 'the quality of mercy.' I dare to hope that time has given me something of the same mellowness. I would estimate that the Judge has been some thirty odd years on the bench. I have been thirty-eight years on *my* bench, the stage and screen. I should suppose

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He fell in love with a redheaded colleen



"It's time, lad," the old man said.



Brent and Bette Davis in "Dark Victory"

Beginning B R I G H T

THE ENTHRALLING LIFE HISTORY OF A FIGHTING IRISHMAN GEORGE BRENT BY HOWARD SHARPE

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

MARCH, in 1904, came into Ireland like a lion and departed considerably spent, having left behind (in John Nolan's thatch-roofed farmhouse near the river Shannon) a howling bit of potential dynamite some time to be known as George Brent. The banshees stopped wailing over the peat bogs because, informed as they are as to the future, it was understood among them that this was a time for gleeful celebration.

In an upper room of the house an old man, on hearing the cries of his newborn grandson, reared his lean six feet four body erect, dropped the history of Ireland he had been reading to the floor, took his billalah and went striding out on the moors. Old John McInnis had within him a fury and a hope, a clear vision born of his venerable years which pictured this Gaelic Island free at last; and the reckoning should come in the day of his grandson, and—if John McInnis had anything to do with it—by the help of that grandson.

Impatiently, while the first years went by, he

watched the boy grow, saw the small legs walk sturdily, saw the fine head take shape and the eyes, curiously intelligent, brighten with vitality. And on a summer afternoon, when George was six, old John came stalking around the corner of a barn to discover the vessel ready for any intoxicant he meant to distill there. . . .

Another little boy, from a neighboring farm, stood shakily on the piled boxes and pointed his rifle, carved in loose imitation from wood, at George on the ground. "Spang!" said the child, "you're dead!"

George responded. He lifted his right arm, pointed his stubby forefinger at his slayer, tightened his fist, and shouted, "Boom!"

After a moment he added, "You have to fall." "But I killed you first!"

George grinned. "No you didn't. You just hit me in the leg. And, anyway, it's me that'll be givin' the orders now, for awhile."

The other boy descended hastily. "You are not. I said I was general before and I'm going to stay that way."

George said nothing. Here, clearly, was a circumstance demanding action, not words; and he acted. Shortly afterward he arose, casually wiping blood from his mouth. "I'm thinking I'm the general!" he panted.

Old John, at his barn corner, turned and happily banged his stick against the weather-beaten side of the building. His eyes held triumph.

Shannonbridge is an old town, so old it looks as if it had grown with the trees and the rocks there in the center of Eire where the Shannon, slow-running, meets the faster river Suck. John and Mary Nolan had their farm from the Nolans before them, and these were a substantial line of Black Irishmen, believing in the hardy destiny of the Celts and in freedom and in the inviolability of home and family. They had fought magnificently for the first two of these idealisms and the third was protected belligerently by the four-foot thick stone walls of their remote house, with its encircling meadows.

Little George, his pliable and imaginative mind bursting with his grandfather's blood-

"It's proud I am, sir," he said



"I will, too," George told his image

VICTORY

thirsty stories, believed the house had once been a fort.

He had time to listen to the old man only in the evenings, when a peat fire blazed in the enormous fireplace and the McInnis patriarch sat there in his inglenook, stroking his Galways, puffing at a venerable clay pipe and coloring the air with his tales of stirring past. During the day George worked, herding sheep with the twelve dogs, planting potatoes, standing naked to the waist and barefooted in the bogs, cutting and spreading and ricking fuel in anticipation of the long winter.

This was hard work, toughening his muscles early, so that when it came time to go to the National School in Shannonbridge he was ready for competition in races, in football, in field hockey with other small gossoons of the town. But Grandpa, intent with purpose, caught the boy often enough; and always his stories of William of Orange and conquest and bright banners flying pointed a radical moral. It was shrewd propaganda, wherefore within a few years George's heart surged with hate against oppression, against the British; and with a strange, wild pride of homeland, of race and that race's spirit. The origin of his future, well-planted, flourished and grew. . . .

George's father, John Nolan, had died quietly in his great bed at the house when George was seven, and the work had been harder and the years less glorious—because Mary had become, quite suddenly, a tired and silent woman, listless and a little weary of living. John had been her life and without him it was unimportant. Then, in 1915, when half the world was at war and around her the people of her race muttered with renewed courage of rebellion, she took to her bed, her tired mouth smiling a welcome to death.



His life reads like fiction—for rebellion was George Brent's heritage

GEORGE woke abruptly in the dim light. His grandfather bent over him, his whiskers white patches against a face lined and sunken, belying the eyes which still held life.

"It's time, lad," the old man said.

George slid out of bed. While he struggled into his trousers he saw that on the other side of the windows fog drifted like sulphur gas, yellow and thick. Liverpool was silent.

Without words old John opened the door and, with George following, walked out on the landing. George's sister, three years older than he and pretty, except for her eyes red from weeping, stood waiting in a circle of bags and portmanteaus. "We've an hour," said the old man.

They drove to the dock through the gloom, still silent. George was eleven, close to tragedy, and his heritage was one of moods—of high exaltation or of exquisite melancholy. This morning, this last morning in England, the melancholy had settled close around him. Intuition told him that he would never see his grandfather again.

The *SS Philadelphia*, eerie with camouflage (two of her sister ships had been torpedoed within the week) loomed like a monster through the mist. George followed old John and his sister up the gangplank and out onto the aft deck.

"'Twill be an uncomfortable crossing, lad," the McInnis told him. "The Atlantic is rough

In this season, and rougher yet with steel fish prowling under its surface. If anything happens take care of your sister."

"I will that, sir," George said.

"And George—you'll not be forgetting the things I have told you about? The cause of our people?"

His grandson faced him, lower lip out, eyes glistening. "I'll be back some day, Grandfather. And I'll not forget."

The old man smiled then, contentedly. "The saints be with both of you," he said, and kissed the children and walked away, his heels making brisk sharp sounds on the deck.

It had been decided, after Mary's death, to send her children to an aunt who lived in New York, and this lady promptly clapped George and his sister into schools. It seemed the most likely way of solving the sudden double problem which had been visited upon her.

The little girl was sweet enough, gentle and saddened over her mother's death. But in the boy's face his aunt detected temper; and he was so silent, so chary of word or smile. The Dwight Preparatory School, she discovered upon inquiry, was a good one, and accessible. She enrolled him there and went home, feeling her duty well done.

As she walked in the door of her house the phone rang. It was the schoolmaster, and a schoolmaster in a bitter frame of mind. Her nephew, it seemed, within half an hour of his enrollment had fought with another pupil, and furthermore, had knocked two of the pupil's teeth down his throat, and furthermore, had defied the master who had attempted to punish him (George) for such infraction of institutional rules: and furthermore and furthermore and furthermore. . . .

George's aunt interrupted. "He is your problem, now," she said and hung up. For a moment she regarded the telephone, thoughtfully. Then she began to laugh, and she laughed until her face was the color of an Irish beet.

SULKING moodily in his room at the school, George considered the day. It had been a good fight. He got up and, leaning his elbows on the top of a chest of drawers, inspected his face minutely in the mirror. He saw there the formation, soft and unfinished but basic, of a strong face: the wide forehead, with dark hair crisp and alive above it; the straight nose; the wide-apart eyes, one purposeful, the other swollen and black; the clear-limned pugnacious chin. A clean-cut face. The face of a thinker; a thinker, what was more, who would fight for what he thought.

Quite suddenly he remembered the moment on deck at Liverpool, when he had promised the old man he would come to Ireland again.

"I will, too," George told the image in the mirror. And he knew he would, most surely.

Somehow, his heart felt lighter after that.

The years, then, until he kept that promise were in preparation for climax. There were six of them, spent in schools and working at hard physical work such as he had learned to do at home, and those years are a story of adjustment to the American way, of development, of growth to manhood. Things happened to him, as they must always happen to George, since he is the person he is; but they were small landings on the flight to a greater thing.

At fourteen he was five feet ten inches tall, an extraordinary height for a boy of that age. It gave him an advantage, in several ways.

The first was when, shortly after his return to school, he fell somewhat in love with a girl considerably older than he was. She was a red-headed little colleen from the Isle, green-eyed and lovely and named Margaret.

When, after a few months, Margaret found long walks with this taciturn, if handsome, beau were beginning to tell on her gay spirit—when simultaneously another of his contemporaries

offered her what George did not, and a chance to ride in a red roadster as well, she proved fickle. George spent no sleepless nights in vain unhappiness as a result. It was, he felt, as well. One black mood, lasting for an afternoon and productive of one smashed water glass and a torn-to-shreds volume of Byron's Love Poems, sufficed him.

It was June, in any case, and he had plans which would not have left room for Margaret. Introspective and alone as he was, George had a friend, a boy named Jimmy Owens, who went to the same school. Jimmy, on occasion, could borrow his father's car—and one hot Saturday, George heard the ah-ooo-gah horn of the car sound out in front.

He grabbed his bathing suit and ran.

An hour and a half later Jimmy pulled the emergency in a remote, brush-wooded section of Long Island; they could hear surf pounding within walking distance. They swam for a while. Then, lying full-length in the hot sun, they began the lazy talk that is the fashion of boys, about the future in terms of their personal destinies, about girls, about recent discoveries (in that French book Hancock kept bound in a cover labeled innocently "Hero Tales of American Life"), about their own prowess at games, about what they would do this summer.

And George said, "I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to clear out. I'm going to get a job and maybe I'll never come back."

He began to picture the summer as it would be, drawing heavily on his imagination for Jimmy's benefit, talking with studied casualness but with a definite purpose behind his words. Because he wanted Jimmy to come along with him.

"I'd see things," George finished. "I'd find

From his family in the little country town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, from his friends on the sophisticated college campus of Princeton and from the men and women who shared the struggles of his first years on Broadway and in Hollywood, PHOTOPLAY has gathered a remarkable and exclusive life story of the one movie actor who has made a success of simplicity.

A nostalgic saga of Main Street, as American as chewing gum and marbles and Sunday-school picnics, is the opening chapter of this searching portrait of James Stewart which, with a bow to Booth Tarkington who might have created him, could be called "Penrod from Princeton."

Watch for it in PHOTOPLAY.

out what it's like in other states. And if I wanted to come back I'd have money from working—I could buy my own car, if I wanted to."

He waited, his face impassive but his heart beating hard, for Jimmy's reaction. He need not have worried. Jimmy's eyes were shining, his snub nose wrinkled with excitement.

"George," he said eagerly. "Now listen. D'you s'pose—could I come with you?"

The smallest of smiles caught George's mouth at the corners. After a moment he answered, "Well—I don't know. If you thought you could take it—"

They started in the dead of night a week later, leaving behind notes propped on dressers, carrying with them some prepared bags of provisions and boyhood conceptions of what constituted an adequate change of clothes.

For days the two boys tramped through New

York and Connecticut, down the winding state roads between the streams and woods and past the farms: sleeping comfortably out of doors in the convenient summer heat, working off and on for meals. They had had fifty cents between them at the outset, and they still had it.

Then one afternoon they rounded a bend in the road and saw grouped by the edge of a river the buildings of a lumber camp. Without pausing for discussion the two boys straightened their shoulders and made briskly for the largest building. Fifteen minutes later they emerged from the foreman's office, grinning; they had jobs—and, to justify all of George's predictions, they were to get a man's wages: five dollars a day.

THE summer passed too quickly, but it had its destined effect on the boy. George's childhood was gone. His new possession, his for life now and a thing on which he might build his future, was independence; the knowledge that he could sustain himself by himself, asking odds of no one.

It was the first really great triumph.

He was ready, then, even before his eighteenth birthday. His intervening summers, he had spent respectively helping to wreck a camp left over from the World War and picking fruit for a family of Italians upstate. During the last winter he had found the particular stimulant his turbulent spirit needed—a group of people who, like himself, remained closely akin to the homeland across the Atlantic and followed the build-up there to emphatic change with restless interest.

They had formed an organization called the Pearson Club and when George joined it the lecturer was Frank Harris, a rabid radical. And whether or not it was for the best, George, whose vitality overflowed the narrow scope of his existence, absorbed Harris' philosophy like blotting paper. Besides, he made a close friend of a man who personalized the message.

This was a young priest, whom we may call Father Dan, a brilliant Irishman with the cause of Eire as the main purpose of his life. George sat next to him one night at the club, and they had walked together through the New York streets afterwards, talking of Ireland's plight. The walks became a habit and Father Dan, trained in the arts of persuasion, did his work so well that by spring of that year George, beneath his calm exterior, was almost hysterical.

The inevitable result came in June, when one evening the shrewd cleric knocked his pipe empty against his heel and said—in carefully casual tones—"I'm going back to Ireland soon, my boy. I wish you could go with me. But of course that's impossible. . . ."

The young man beside him had no recollective flash. He did not remember the certain afternoon on a Long Island beach spent with a boy named Jimmy. There was nothing reminiscent about his own words, now: "Why is it impossible? I've saved money enough for passage, from last summer. And I've a cousin in London who would put me up—as long as it would be necessary."

Nor did he note any special quality in the small smile which caught at the corners of Father Dan's mouth.

They sailed together in October, on the *Carmania*. Cousin Arthur was hospitable while the priest went on to Dublin to accept a chair at the University there. And finally, after several impatient months, the letter came—the unexpected letter—suggesting that George come on to the University and take some courses there.

"—service and assistance to the cause which we both cherish so deeply. . . ." was left on one of the pieces of torn note paper the boy threw into the fireplace that night. The next day he went to Dublin.

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Beauty

THROUGH SURGERY

BY GRETTA PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

*Is Hollywood facing a new fad?—
Not stars but young hopefuls are
learning about the strange new
ways of artificial beautification
—Here are the clinical facts*

EDITORS' NOTE: *Beauty is Hollywood's greatest commodity and, therefore, new developments in the science of beautification are of interest to all those who are interested in motion pictures. It is true that the surgical methods described in this article have not been used appreciably by well-known personalities in the picture industry, because so much emphasis must be placed upon natural beauty, heightened by natural methods of beautification.*

Next month PHOTOPLAY gives you an opportunity to learn these ways to natural beauty which Hollywood does employ—the ways of the high-powered, highly paid beauty, style and charm experts: the MIRACLE MEN AT WORK on movie stars and movie aspirants.

THANKS to Hollywood standards, the demand for beauty perfection is tremendous. Mostly, this perfection is sought through health routines and cosmetic devices within the safe and comforting reach of every purse.

But now another kind of beauty is being bought, today, by any woman who has the price. It may be artificial beauty, with less character and charm than the moderate good looks with which nature has endowed a girl. But it is being bought, piecemeal and, as a whole, by well-to-do women.

A famous publisher's wife admits, openly, that her handsome nose is new and synthetic. A dozen society women in New York and Paris tell intimates that they have had their breasts lifted by surgery. Such famous international characters as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have had "face shelling" operations, which, over a period of ten days, peel the top layers off the skin.

When sub-glamour girls in New York first had the facial surgeon enlarge their eyes, young women with hopes of storming the West Coast studios were not long behind. The vogue for this brand of loveliness is reported to have tempted some established actresses to tamper with their native beauty, but obviously it would be foolhardy for the great stars of today to change the appearance which has made their fortunes.

Sensational stories of artificiality as the basis of moving-picture careers should not, therefore, be credited, but many little unknowns are saving their pennies to buy synthetic loveliness, by surgery in the hope of landing on the screen. It is they who could turn surgery for beauty into a Hollywood fad.

In the little town of Hollywood (studio population 100,000) there are eleven surgeons who make known their willingness to change the shape of your face. There are many in New York.

Drastic transformations in one's appearance can, surely, be made by these surgeons in a few hours, or less. In disclosing the details of modern cosmetic medicine, Photoplay aims neither to endorse nor to condemn, but only to present the facts. . . .

FIRST of all, since the doctors who undertake to remake a woman's face are doctors, we might consider how the medical world regards their work. Immediately, we discover that most of the Academies of Medicine and Medical Societies of the country look askance at any surgical operation performed on a normal, healthy body.

For there is always in any operation, a slight danger of infection and unforeseen complications; beauty doctors are not, therefore, invited
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Director William Dieterle peers through the finder while Cameraman Tony Gaudio looks on



Make-up artist Perc Westmore works from plaster cast



Paul Muni, as Juarez

Spectacular crane shot—note painted tapestries, props in foreground, electrical equipment on cat walk above set

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A MOVIE

Here is your pass into the magic land of movie-making where you can witness Step Two in the growth of a superfilm in all its exciting detail

BY NANCY NAUMBURG

WHEN you see a movie and you've read that two years went into its making, you may think that the studio has been boondoggling. But when you go there and see for yourself how such a movie is made, you'll change your mind.

Last month we took you to the Warner Brothers studio to watch the preparation of "Juarez," with Bette Davis, Paul Muni and Brian Aherne. You talked to the producer and the writers, who told you they spent a year and a half gathering facts of the tragic love story of Carlotta and Maximilian, the Hapsburg prince who was duped by Louis Napoleon of France into becoming Emperor of Mexico. How his lovely Empress Carlotta sought vainly to get aid for him and finally went insane. And how Juarez, the great Indian statesman, the Lincoln of the Mexican people, fought to give them a democratic form of government.

The head of the research department told you how they made the story authentic; the casting director, how they tested hundreds of actors for the fifty-four speaking parts; the art director, how they executed the throne rooms of Europe; and the costume designer, the elaborate period dresses.

Come out to the studio again and watch the shooting of "Juarez." You can ask questions. You can talk to all the people who are making it.

WITH everything in readiness, the script finished, the actors cast, the costumes made and the sets built, the actual production begins. William Dieterle, the director, is the one man from now on by whose guidance "Juarez" will either stand or fall. He must co-ordinate all the forces of the production. He must create a world he has visualized.

Dieterle prefers actors on the "hammy" side. He knows how much they can give. Then he tones them down. He is a meticulous worker. He confers with the writers, he casts the smallest part himself, he directs all the dialogue tests which his assistant would normally do. When he comes on the set in the morning, he knows exactly what he wants. Tireless, he rarely sits down. There's a tension on his set, even between scenes. Only the actors relax.

A staunch believer in astrology, he shot the first scene of "Juarez" three weeks ahead of schedule, two hours before the usual call. He waited for a phone call from his astrologer to tell him the exact moment to begin.

"Shooting 'Juarez' is like shooting two separate stories with two completely different casts," Jack Sullivan, ace assistant director, tells you. "We planned our schedule so that we could shoot the Maximilian-Carlotta (Brian Aherne-Bette Davis) story first and the Juarez (Paul Muni) story after that was finished. We were able to do this because the three principal characters never meet.

"We make a shooting schedule for each week and every day at two o'clock all the department heads get together and read off their schedules for the other pictures in production so we can plot the stage space. If we don't have that meeting, we'd find two companies on the same stage.

"With a two months' shooting schedule because of the size of the production, I called the actors for Monday morning, gave them their scene numbers and told them to be made up and ready on the set at nine o'clock."

COME to the make-up department and talk to head make-up artist, Perc Westmore. Let's ask him how he makes up the stars of "Juarez."

"A Paul Muni picture is always interesting to me," he tells us. "When you make up an actor you create an illusion. But if you don't have an actor who can complete the illusion, all the make-up in the world won't help. Paul Muni is a thorough artist. He knows everything about his character and he knows more about make-up than any other character on the screen. It's never too much for him to come in here every evening or whenever we want him.



Heart-rending scene—Bette Davis and Walter Kingsford



Eerie make-up test—Brian Aherne, as Maximilian's corpse

"We started with Muni by taking photographs of him, then painting the likeness of the Indian Juarez over them. We took plaster casts of his face. Then we knew what we had to do: accentuate his bone structure, make his jaws appear wider, square his forehead and give him an Indian nose. He had to be darker than anyone else in the picture. We created the illusion of the Indian by giving Muni a dark reddish-brown make-up, high lighted with yellow. We wrote down every step in the process so we could repeat it.

"It took months of experimenting. Make-up tests usually go in cycles of threes, with the third test the best. But when it

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LAMARR

Women envy her, men dream about her—but, today, glamorous Hedy is Hollywood's biggest question mark

BY ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

IN 1938 Hedy Lamarr was the screen's sensation.

In 1939 she is Hollywood's dilemma.

On March fourth, when Hedy was married to Gene Markey in the Governor's Palace at Mexicali, Lower California, by a Mexican magistrate, she told reporters:

"We decided to get married, Mr. Markey and I, while we were having dinner last night. Mr. Markey has to start work on a picture at the studio where he is a producer. I go into a picture Monday. We thought we had better get married right away, for if we waited it might be weeks before we again had time."

Immediately, I was reminded of a certain Hollywood star who cannot determine whether to be appalled at Hedy, or amazed at her. This star, who built and who now sustains her career with brilliant surety, asks:

"How on earth does Miss Lamarr hope to manage a new marriage and a new career at the same time? Either one consumes all the time, energy and thought any woman has to give!"

Right now, unquestionably, Hedy's career needs all her attention. Hedy, at the moment, is something of a pain to Leo, the M-G-M lion, who truly can sing, "She's mine, all mine!" For it was Metro who put Hedy under contract, brought her to this country and spent two years and a fortune grooming her for the American screen.

"Algiers" turned Hedy's name into a household word. It set men and women alike to dreaming about her, but for different reasons. It made her one of the most valuable human properties in Hollywood. Nevertheless, the studio executives at Culver City may well wish they'd never seen her midnight-colored hair and never heard the soft syllables of her name.

"**W**HAT a break 'Algiers' was for Hedy," those stars who can look backward with more pleasure than they can look forward were sighing not long ago. But having just returned from Hollywood where the Lamarr name, like a litany, is on everyone's lips, I wonder. I wonder if there's anyone in that movie town, where competition and pressure always exist in extreme measure, who is more to be pitied than Hedy—professionally speaking, of course. I wonder if "Algiers" really was a break for her, or the worst thing that could have happened.

Why?

"Algiers" put Hedy on a spot. And a spot is notably a bad place from which to work. This, in a measure, may explain why "I Take This Woman," the picture Hedy made following her skyrocketing fame, fell so far below expectations that you and I may never see it.

Metro did what they could to salvage that picture.
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Big plans continue to be made for Hedy, but Hedy, in the meantime, has been occupying herself with a romance which culminated in her marriage to Gene Markey (left)—the most envied man in America



"I Take This Woman," starring Tracy and Hedy (right), was shelved. Why? And, again, why do those who admire her most disagree about her chances for continued screen success?



THE Camera SPEAKS

Proudly he carries on a name that yesterday spelled genius to Broadway; today, phenomenal success to Hollywood. Illustrious son of an illustrious father—Tyrone Power, in "Rose of Washington Square"

G. Kornman

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING
PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU
HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



Frank Morgan and the so-attractive wife of Director W. S. Van Dyke

HOLLYWOOD

BY

CANDID LIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK
AT CAFÉ MARCEL



Actor Spencer Tracy, Hollywood's man of the hour



Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell leave the kiddies at home for a café society evening

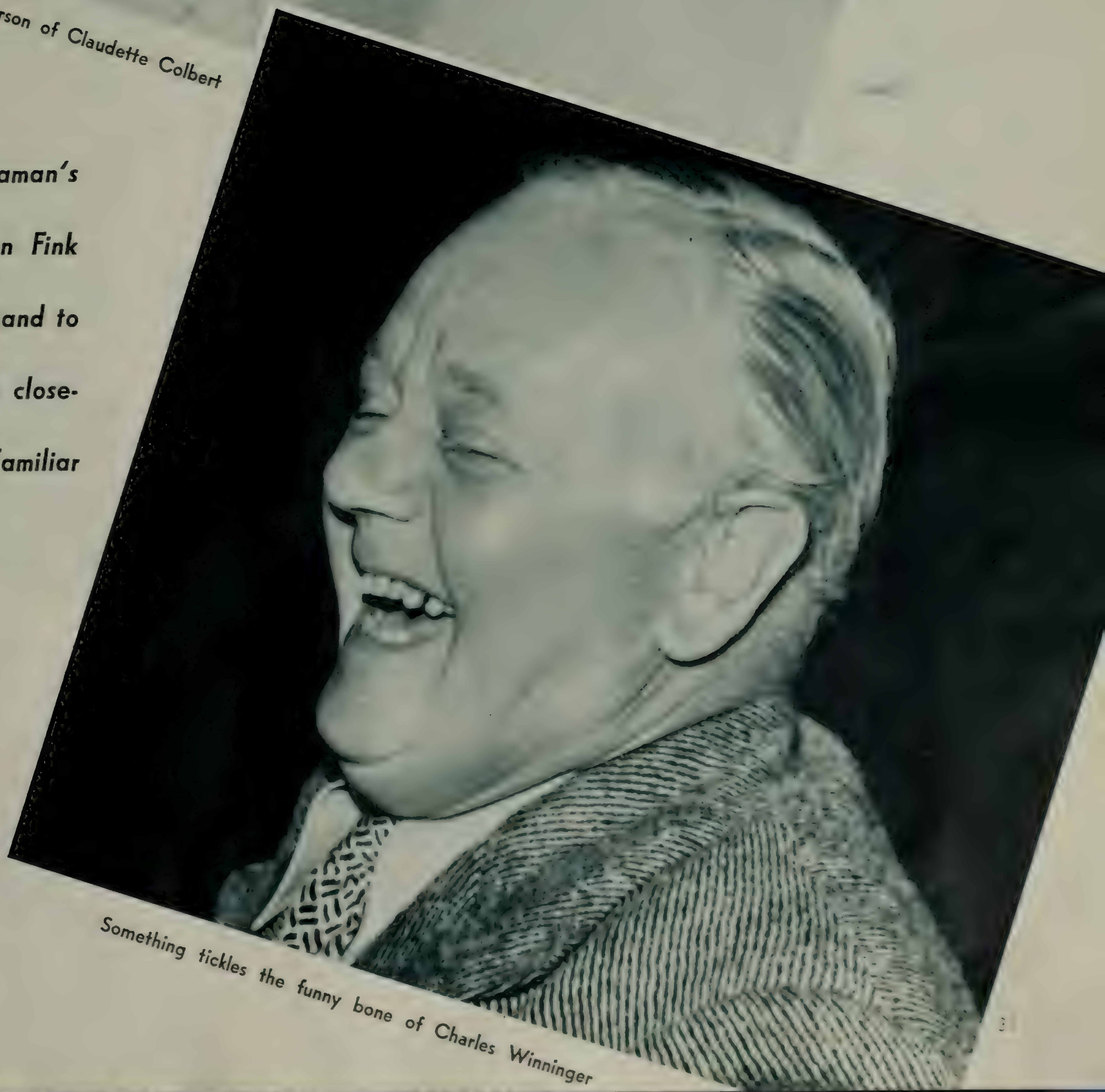
Not what you'd call exactly photogenic but a darn nice guy! Number one bachelor of filmtown, Jimmy Stewart





Charm by the bushel in the person of Claudette Colbert

Clear-cut cases of a cameraman's skill: photographer Hyman Fink takes his new camera in hand to produce some remarkable close-ups of faces, famous and familiar



Something tickles the funny bone of Charles Winninger



A HOUSE TO LIVE IN!

Presenting the Andy Devine homestead. Not a Hollywood palace, but a dream place that makes you say "Me, too!"

BY DOROTHY DUCAS

THE homes of Hollywood are known as "show places." Even when a star tells you, with a breezy wave of the hand, that "it's just a little place," you prepare yourself for marble halls. That's because Hollywood homes usually are designed with the same degree of attention to flattering detail as a studio set. Stars' homes are backgrounds for their glamorous personalities; they must, so most of Hollywood believes, live up to what you and I expect of our favorite heroine's or hero's background—something extravagantly exotic.

Yet, in spite of this, there are homes in Hollywood which are designed for everyday living, the houses which fix themselves in your memory as places where folks might settle down and relax, even as you and I.

Such a house is that pictured on this page, the home of Andy Devine, gravel-voiced comedian whose lumbering antics have endeared him to millions of movie-goers. It is at Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood, surrounded by miles of open country reminiscent of Andy's native Arizona. A show place? Yes, of a different sort, a show place of comfort and convenience, of informality and possibilities for gaiety, a gathering place for a family, an

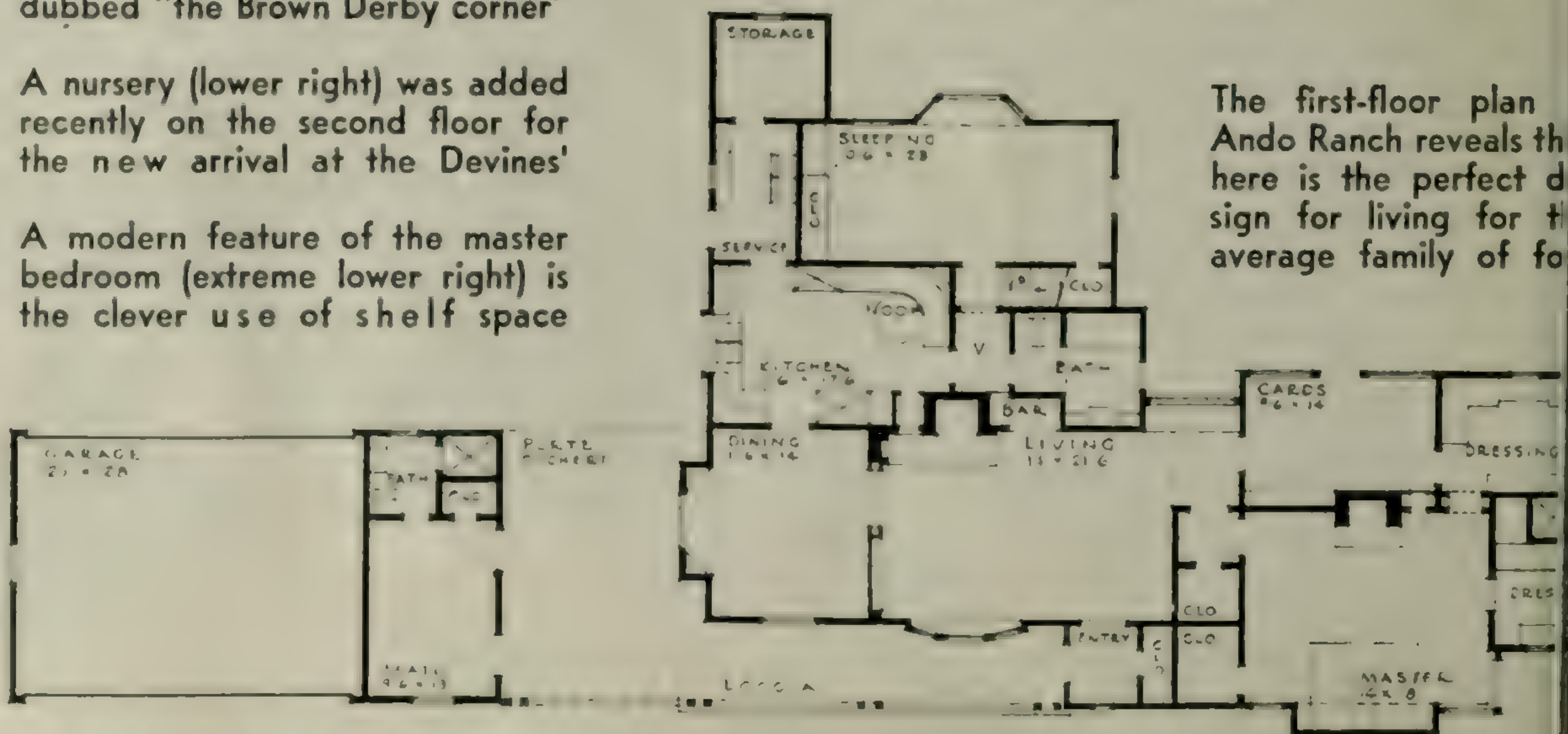
(Continued on page 71)

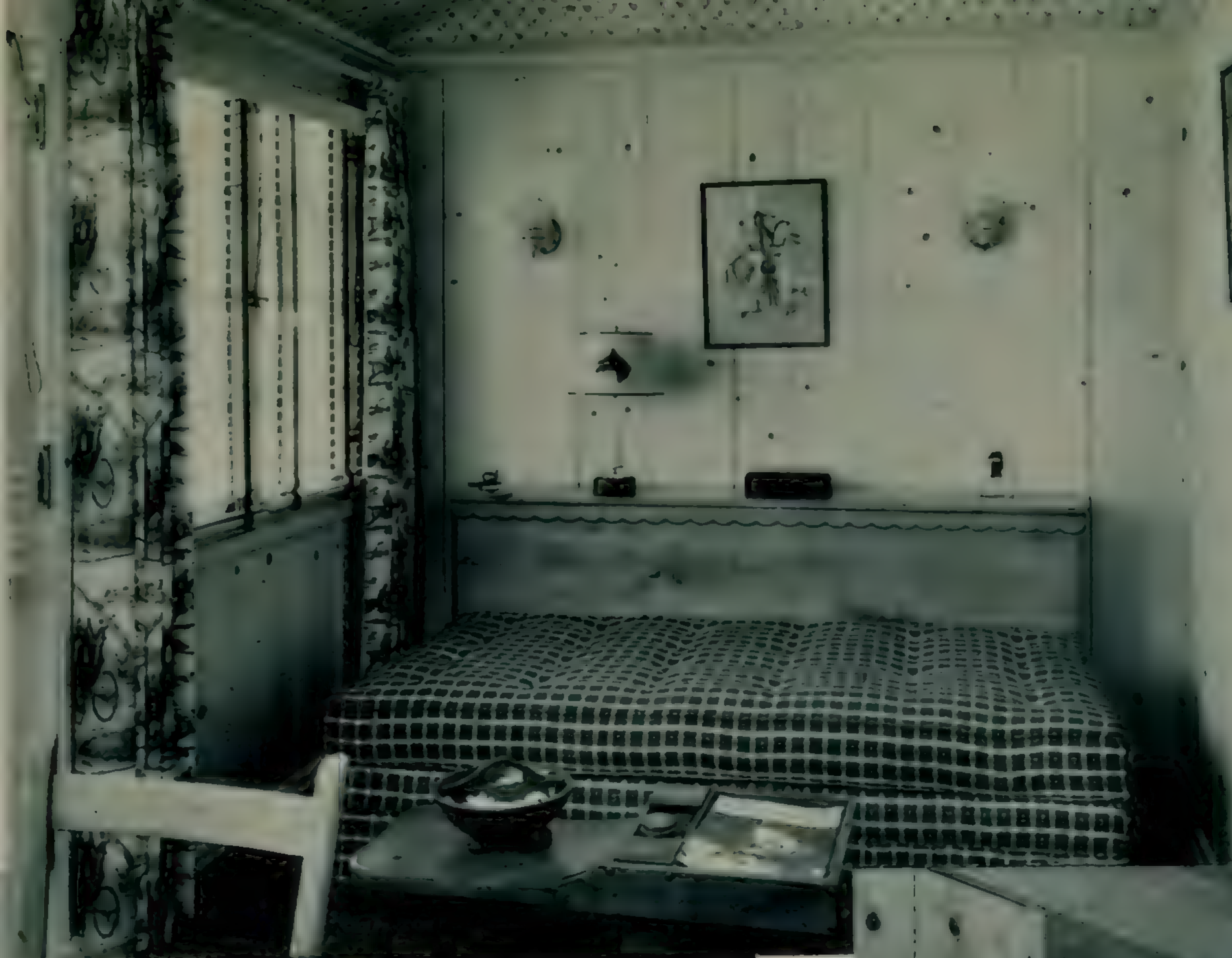
- 1 Exterior of the San Fernando Valley home. Perfect for country living is its ranch-house style
- 2 The gay card room (upper right), with its convertible divan, serves also as the Devines' guest room
- 3 The living room (right) presents an informal air with its pine-paneled walls and stone fireplace
- 4 A unique and cozy kitchen nook (extreme right) which the Devines dubbed "the Brown Derby corner"
- 5 A nursery (lower right) was added recently on the second floor for the new arrival at the Devines'
- 6 A modern feature of the master bedroom (extreme lower right) is the clever use of shelf space



3

ARCHITECT L. G. SCHERER





Lords of all they survey: the Mayor of Van Nuys, Andy Devine, and sturdy young Tad

2



4



5 6





With an eye to her future, Sam Goldwyn ruled Antoinette Lees too long for marquee lights, so it's Andrea Leeds to Tom, Dick and Harry. An only child, with more than one asset: beauty, brains, breeding; a single girl, with at least six children! Several ambitions: to write, to make a fortune early, then marry and have at least six children! She entered by "Stage Door" the exclusive realm of stardom and, now, as Gary Cooper's leading lady in "The Real Glory," proves that big brown eyes and a college education spell success.

Rare as that day in June is Deanna Durbin of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." Amazing adolescent, she trills like a lark and acts like a seasoned trouper; she's consistently won the praise of critics with five four-star hits and the undying gratitude of Universal, whose stock has risen along with their starlet's star. Smart but not smart-alecky, she's retained, through three years of limelight, the wholesome charm of a Canadian youngster named Edna Mae, who, at thirteen, never dreamed her dreams would all come true.





Lady of leisure at work on a script: Rosalind Russell



One Sunday afternoon: Fredric March and Henry Fonda try badminton

HERE'S SWOPE *Again!*

JOHN SWOPE'S CAMERA EYES THE INFINITE VARIETY OF HOLLYWOOD AND ONCE MORE PHOTOPLAY PROUDLY PRESENTS THE RESULTS



Time and tide wait for Ilona St. Cyr as she strikes a streamlined pose on the sunny shore of the Pacific



"Extra" curricula on the sound stage—aptly tagged by Mr. Swope, "Two of the girls broadening their minds." Top: picture of a director directing—Wesley Ruggles. Left: "Sincerely yours, James Stewart"—titled by the photographer, "Conclusive evidence of success—demand for an autograph." (These studies are from Mr. Swope's "Camera Over Hollywood," Random House publication)

10

AND

THE SAME GIRL



1. Billing herself as the John Held, Jr., girl, Ginger's road to fame led through vaudeville, musical comedies and — the radio

2. The hit of "Top Speed" and "Girl Crazy" was spotted by talent scouts, and movie-goers first saw Ginger in 1930

3. A slenderizing campaign brought Ginger down to the proportions best suited to the camera—she's never lost them



The metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers who started out in life as a Charleston contest winner and lived to prove that "Variety is the spice of life"



4. A success on Broadway, a number of pictures to her credit at Paramount's Long Island studios, this is how Ginger looked when Hollywood beckoned her

5. There has always been a redhead in pictures, but the Ginger of "Suicide Fleet" little dreamed that she would become one of movieland's most famous

6. The process of growing up—experimenting with new make-up, taking on a more sophisticated manner—that was the Ginger of 1934, when she married Lew Ayres

7. A new partnership—one that was to last longer than her marriage—was born when Ginger and Fred Astaire burst upon the public in RKO's "Flying Down to Rio"

8. Other studios fought for the privilege of flying the Rogers' banner over their pictures. College students all over the country voted her their "favorite"

9. A series of dancing pictures—"Gay Divorcee," "Roberta," "Top Hat," "Follow the Fleet," "Swing Time," "Shall We Dance," put Ginger and Astaire among the ten best at the box office, but finally—

10. Ginger rebelled. She demanded a dramatic rôle for every dancing picture she made—"Stage Door" proved she was right. And there lies the secret of why you hear, "I never get tired of Ginger"

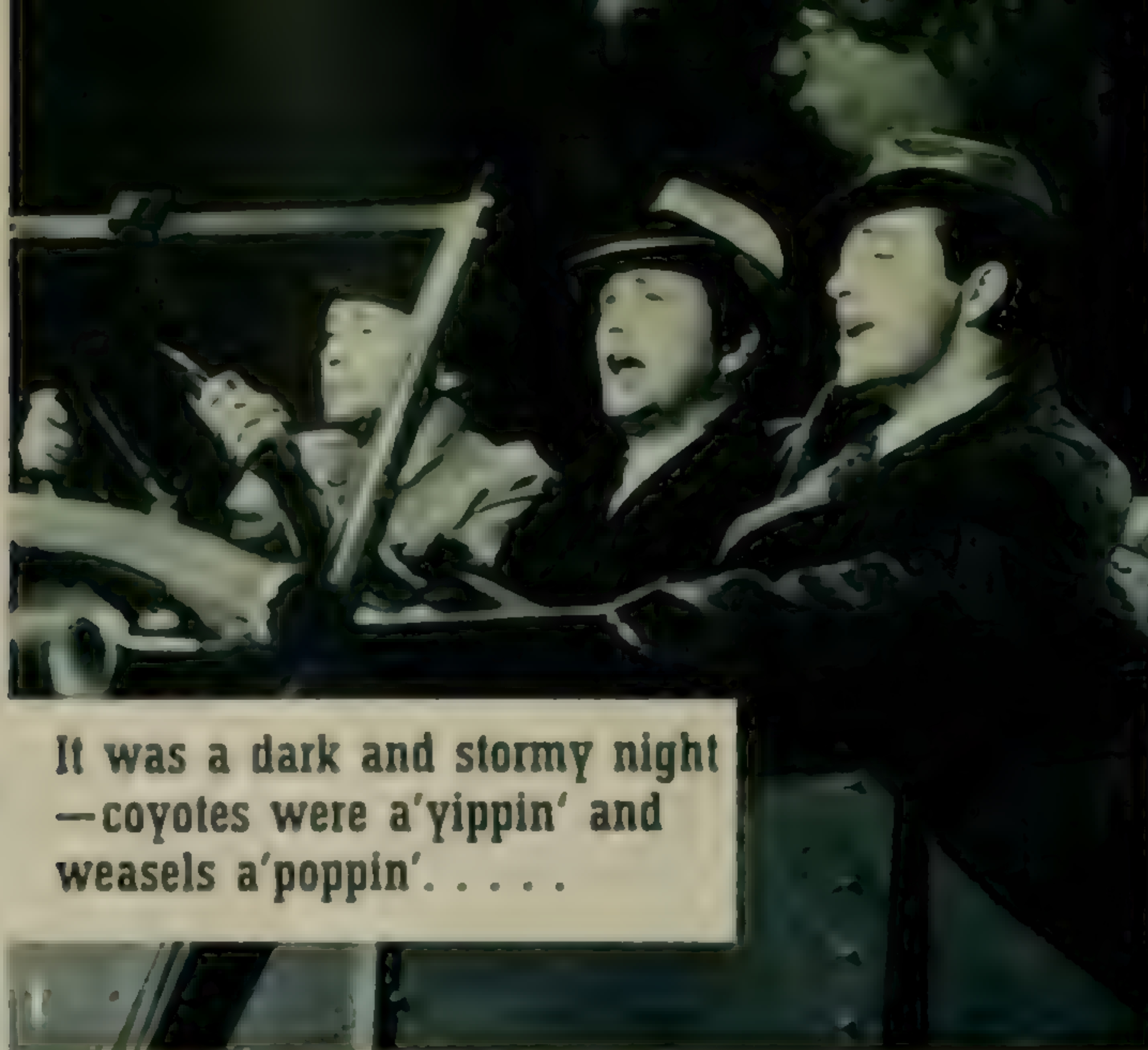


The Cowboy and the Lady

Start here

An encore to Photoplay's popular "picture story" quiz—an old-fashioned, rip-snortin' melodrammer about the Cowboy and the Lady. The game is easy to play—just fill in the missing links of the story with film titles. Whenever a break (indicated by dotted lines) in our story has occurred, we have inserted a scene from a motion picture. Fill in the title of each picture, following the numerals for sequence and, when you are through, you will have a complete story. We'll start you off: It was a dark and stormy night—coyotes were a'yippin' and weasels a'poppin'. "Three Comrades"—Now you go on from there. The hair-raising tale is complete on page 84

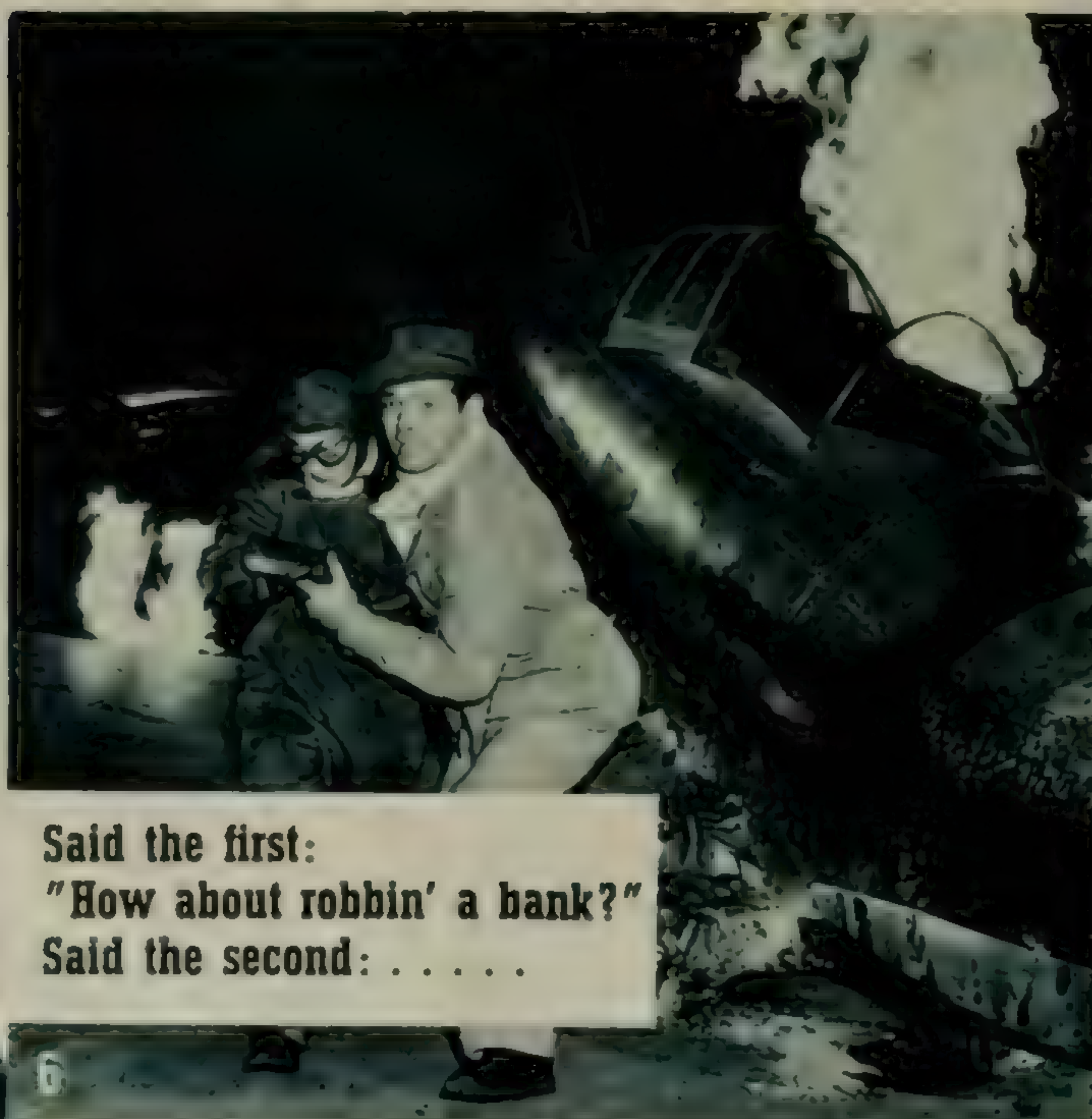
From the film, "The Cowboy and the Lady," comes the title of our picture story



It was a dark and stormy night—coyotes were a'yippin' and weasels a'poppin'.



were a'settin' around a campfire, a'talkin' about gold. They were



Said the first: "How about robbin' a bank?"
Said the second:



But the third just muttered darkly to himself,



and, a'plunkin' herself down on his knee, added, "My name's



Our hero thought she was

For your convenience in guessing picture titles, use the spaces below:

- | | |
|----|----|
| 1 | 11 |
| 2 | 12 |
| 3 | 13 |
| 4 | 14 |
| 5 | 15 |
| 6 | 16 |
| 7 | 17 |
| 8 | 18 |
| 9 | 19 |
| 10 | 20 |



my



Came morn—his



the

3

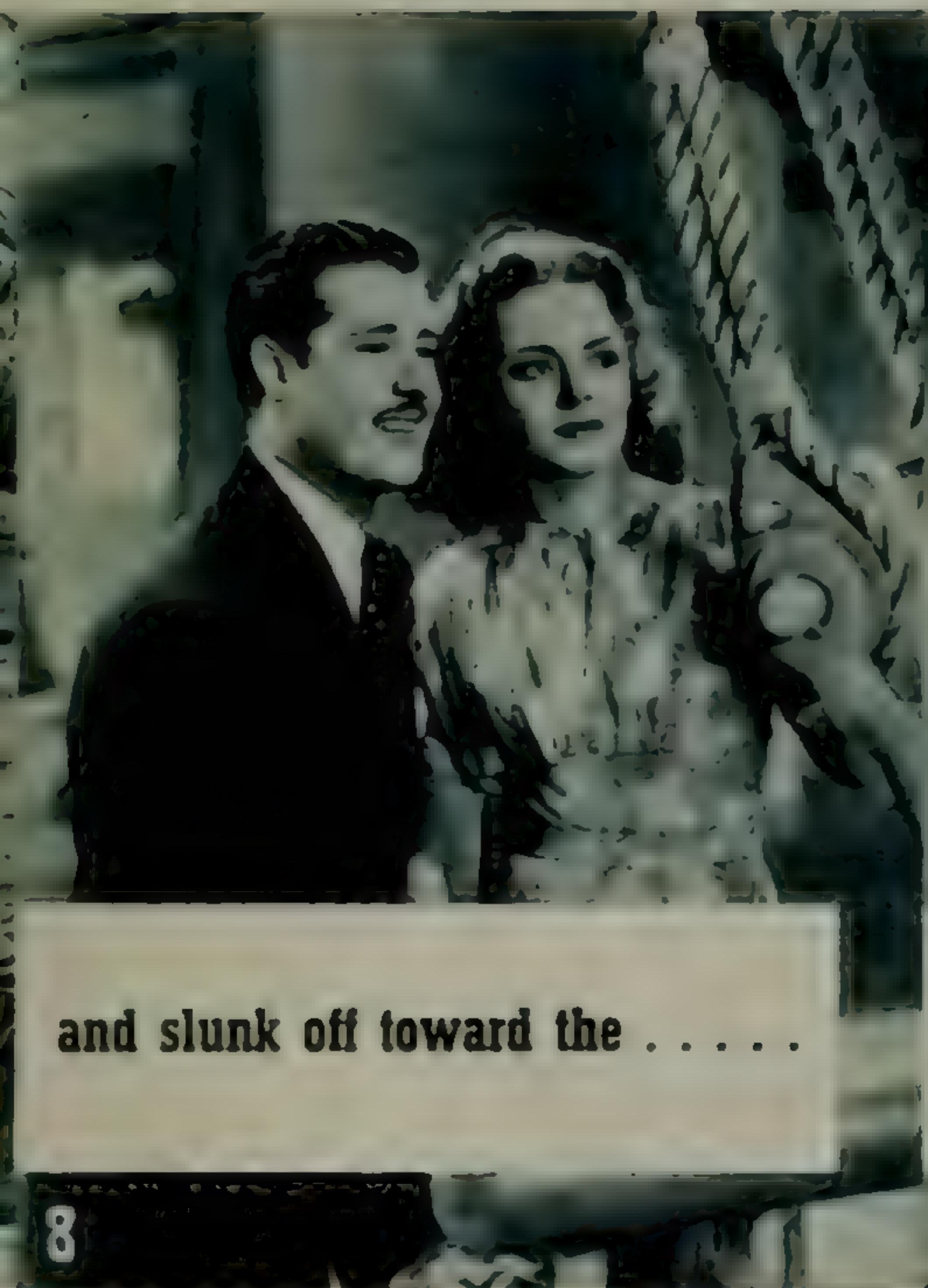


and the



It was hard to coin dough
out thar in the

5



and slunk off toward the

8



To Hell, "the town saloon
which was

9



He was a'settin' thar a'thinkin'
a'thinkin' hard, when a gal hove
into sight. Sez she: "Hi-yah

10



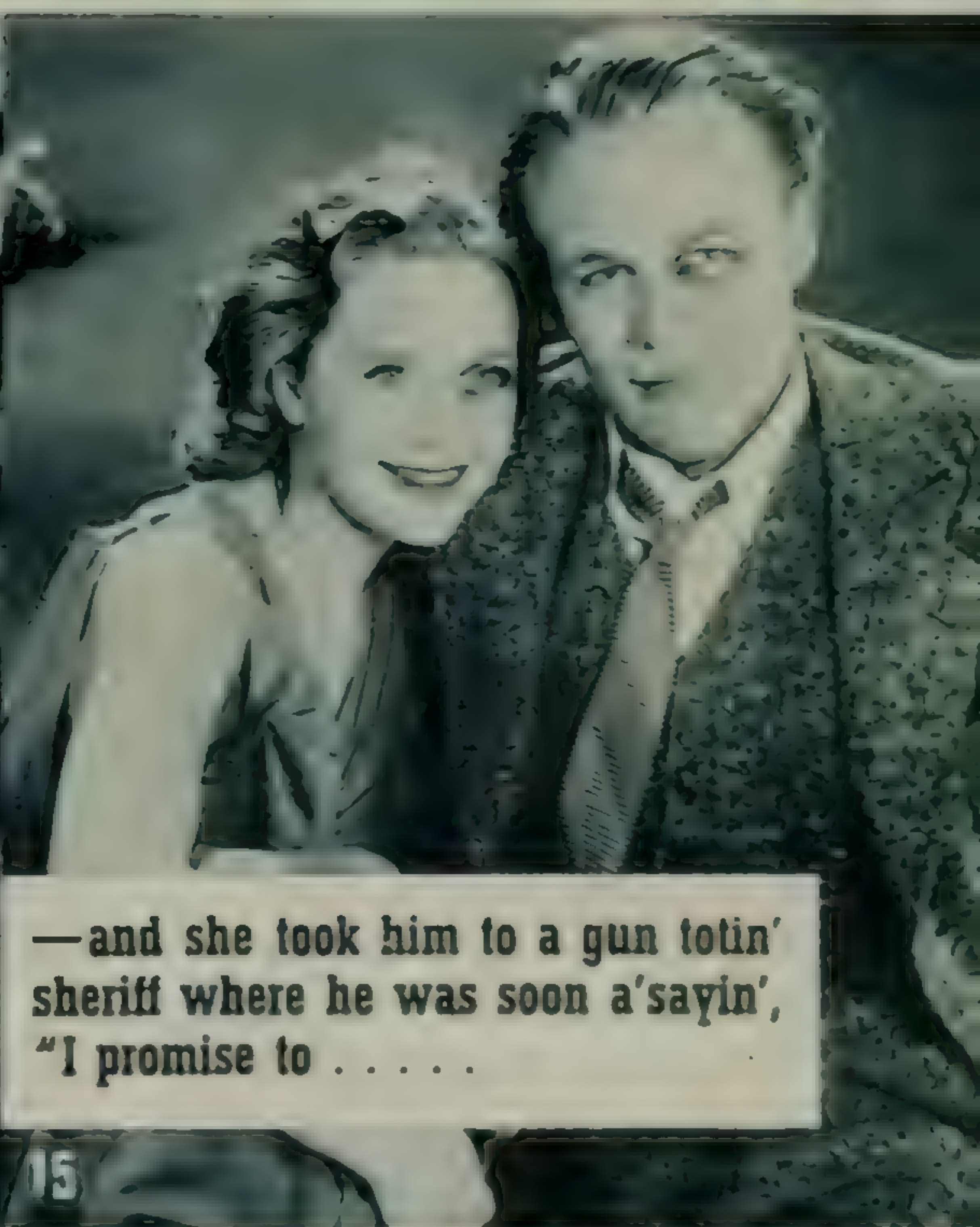
Cuz, befuddled as
he was by

13



he mistook the peroxide in her
hair for the gold he was a'seekin'.
His heart took a

14



—and she took him to a gun totin'
sheriff where he was soon a'sayin',
"I promise to

15



had turned to brass. He
was stuck with a

18



who turned out to be

19



plumb crazy and fit only
for to be an

20

NEWS *from* NEP

"Fair and warmer!" says Mr. Weatherman, so Photoplay covers the water front. The result—this brief preview of brief fashions for summer bathing beauties. Be you blonde, brunette or redhead, you simply can't resist 'em

Rita Hayworth (left) of Columbia's "Only Angels Have Wings," shows a Victorian trend with her Kleinert ensemble. Her white crinkled rubber suit with its rubber lace edging boasts a floral trim of varicolored rubber poppies. The drape of her cap is also caught with a poppy cluster. Wedged-heeled bathing shoes complete her quaint costume. From Knobby Knit, Beverly Hills, Calif., and Lord and Taylor, New York. Jo Ann Sayers (lower, left), seen in M-G-M's "Within the Law," selects for beach wear a white satin lastex one-piece, front-skirt suit, with leaves printed in blue, yellow and green. Suit, designed by Mabs of Hollywood, from I. Magnin, Los Angeles. Frills on bathing suits are the last word in 1939 swim styles! Virginia Grey (lower, right), now in M-G-M's "The Hardys Ride High," plays on the beach in Shepherd Knitwear's two-piece model of navy blue taffeta printed with pink polka dots and ruffle-edged with white piqué. From Coulter's, Los Angeles



UNE

Streamlined Jean Parker (right), of Hal Roach's "Zenobia," wears "Strapless Wonder," B.V.D.'s daring black satin lastex swim suit. Sans skirt, the high waistline is attached to a softly draped zipper-closed bra. Jean's attractive new Toby Clark beach chair is covered with bright orange canvas. The May Co., Los Angeles and Gimbel Bros., New York, feature the suit. Dorothy Arnold (lower, right), recently seen in Universal's "The Family Next Door," wears "Mexicala"—a colorful name for a colorful suit! The simulated two-piece model of cotton matletex (West Coast Manchester) is gayly printed with white stripes and polka dots of white and blue on a background of red. The trunks are of solid matletex shirring; the plain bra fashioned on a matletex band. Desmond's, Los Angeles



Shirley Ross (left), of Paramount's "Some Like It Hot," models Bradley's strapless suit of silky Formalur fabric (knitted of rayon and superelastic Darleen yarns). Even high divers can wear it, for its fitted bodice is boned, back and front, and has an adjustable drawstring. The skirt's flare is taken from winter's skating garb. Cramer, Palmer House, Chicago

— OVER —→

MORE NEWS FROM

NEPTUNE



Starlet Jane Wyman (above), whose newest Warner film is "The Kid from Kokomo," suns herself in a novel Catalina swim suit called "Puckerette." It is fashioned of tangerine matelassé oilskin and stylized by gathered side panels and a finely shirred front-waist inset. Suit from Bullock's, Los Angeles

Arleen Whelan (center), appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Boy Friend," models the "Halfskirt Zip-In," Jantzen's Velva-Lure action suit. This delightful rayon fabric has a velvety sheen that gives a glamorous appearance. A Talon fastener is a unique style feature which makes it easier to slip into the suit. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

Anne Shirley (lower, left), of RKO's "Sorority House," wears Gantner's two-piece swim suit of polka dot shirred satin lastex. The halter bra ties on to the shorts in front with a casual bow. The suit features Gantner's famous "floating bra." Palais Royal, Washington, D. C., features the suit



PHOTOPLAY
Fashions
BY GWENN WALTERS

Evening coats for summer are long and colorful. Irene Dunne, appearing in Paramount's "Invitation to Happiness," wears a Bernard Newman model of soft Rodier woolen styled in early American manner, with fitted bodice, a dropped waistline and a gathered skirt—jeweled buttons accent the bodice and a chiffon scarf finishes the neckline. Irene's gown beneath is of pale grey chiffon

F A I R L A D Y

Superstition does not haunt the steps of Rosalind Russell, M-G-M star. Thirteen giant hooks and eyes close the chartreuse jacket of this dressmaker suit, created for her personal wardrobe by Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles. The red, chartreuse, blue and black printed Ducharne crepe scarf is novel variation for the so-popular wimple—it is the hood collar of the short-sleeved blouse that tucks into the straight black skirt which, like the jacket, is of London Shetland. Rosalind's rough straw rolled-brim hat with forward-tilted crown was created by John-Frederics

*London Shetland Fabric from
John B. Ellison*



ES

Dress Up for the Fairs



All-important accessories (left) give verve to Claudette Colbert's dressmaker suit of black Rodier cashmere that features a straight skirt and a softly tailored jacket. Tiny white crystal beads, looped across the front of the white crepe blouse, give a shimmering high light to the black suit. A kerchief edged with fine lace, a rhinestone and enamel breastpin in lily motif, white antelope gloves, a white faille turban with black veiling, a summer muff of silver fox and a ruby and diamond bracelet give distinction to this classic suit Claudette wears in Paramount's "Midnight"

Colorful high lights on dead black make Claudette's dinner dress of Ducharne crepe Roma (above) a fashion triumph. Also designed by Irene, it is styled with slender, clinging lines and short sleeves—the bodice, open to the high waistline in front, has appliqué of gold and vermillion poppies at shoulders and waistline. M-G-M has borrowed Claudette from Paramount to star in "It's a Wonderful World"

Photography-Richie



Color and contrast fabrics individualize this dressmaker suit from the personal wardrobe of Bette Davis, star of Warner Brothers' "Dark Victory." Moss green, black and white plaid the sheer woolen fabric that fashions the circular skirt and outlines the black sheer woolen bolero; the blouse repeats the moss-green coloring in its jersey fabric. A wide black suède belt girdles the waistline. White gloves, an over-the-shoulder bag of black patent, and a wee chapeau of straw with black chiffon streamers complete Bette's costume which was selected from I. Magnin, L. A. Notice Bette's new "baby" coiffure



In a polka-dot season, Bette chooses a navy culotte-skirted gown, boldly spotted with white coin dots. A red leather belt joins the tailored crepe blouse (with hood attached) to the crepe culotte skirt. Bette also selected this casual gown from I. Magnin, Los Angeles. The collection of gold and black "Juarez" costume jewelry (above), set with simulated pearls and garnets, was inspired by the beautiful jewels worn by Bette in "Juarez," which is her newest starring film for Warners. This and other patterns of "Juarez" costume jewelry, designed by Ricarde of Hollywood, may be found in the smart shops everywhere—the pieces of this pattern, "Maximilian," courtesy of The Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood



Week-end Wardrobe

Pack up your old kit bag and leave your troubles behind. It's summertime—playtime. Pack "this" and "that"—but not too much. Lana Turner, appearing opposite Lew Ayres in M-G-M's "Calling Dr. Kildare," poses on these two pages in a colorful week-end wardrobe that may help you with your planning. For spectator's sports—a two-piece contrast frock (above, left). The jacket blouse is of white Celanese rayon Celbrook sharkskin—the pleated skirt, belt and ascot of maroon and white printed pure dye silk. A wide maroon grosgrain band circles the peaked crown of the large natural straw hat. For dress-up—a two-piece frock (below, left), of grey Paga cloth accented by maroon buttons and gloves, and a natural straw hat and bag set—the bag is worked with raffia in gay hues. For play—a little suit of Celanese rayon crepe (below, right), zebra-striped in brilliant greens, blues and white. The separate gathered skirt ties on over the blouse and shorts. All three of the costumes on this page were designed by Kornhandler, Los Angeles, and were selected from Roos Brothers, Hollywood

Photography—
Carpenter





For casual mood—a peasant slack suit of white and salmon pink (top). The full-sleeved blouse is of white crepe, the flowing slacks of salmon pink Celanese rayon Celbrook sharkskin. A garland of salmon pink flowers hides the diminutive crown of the "inverted saucer" natural straw hat. For the beach—a robe of heavy Celanese rayon crepe (right), zebra-striped on a white background. The pleated skirt attaches to a fitted bodice that closes with two self-covered buttons. For swimming—a one-piece silk lastex swim suit in basket-weave design (above, center), with white and blue posies sprinkled on a blue background. The brassière top is held by a halter strap. Created by Mabs of Hollywood. The slack suit and beach robe were designed by Kornhandler, Los Angeles





PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAZARNICK



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT



Photoplay Fashions YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

"Peasant Thoughts" is our name for Vicki Lester's attractive cotton and Dupont rayon shirtwaist dress (left). Delightfully informal—the gay printed skirt, topped with gleaming white, will inspire you to tie the matching print bandana on your curls. Print in rose, blue or grey with white top. Sizes 9 to 17 and 12 to 18. "Cotton Dot" (above, left) for a young and charming frock adorned with yards of ric rac braid. Vicki wears it without the lined bolero for dancing, wears it with it for dining. Make a grand entrance—the wide sweeping skirt will do it. Red or blue on a white ground. Taffeta slip. Sizes 9 to 15 and 12 to 16. For that "Scarlett O'Hara" feeling, Vicki selects this exquisite picture frock of embroidered cotton (above, right). The pleated ruffle on the skirt is edged with ric rac braid and the shoulder ruffle to match is separate. Red or navy on white—white taffeta slip. Sizes 9 to 15 or 12 to 20. "The Eyes have it"—we mean that envious glint that tells you your gown is a triumph—if it's this bow-bosom cotton evening gown worn by Vicki (opposite page, top)—brilliant with floral stripes, dramatic in its unbelievably wide skirt. Blue or red background. Sizes 9 to 15 and 12 to 16

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York,
New York

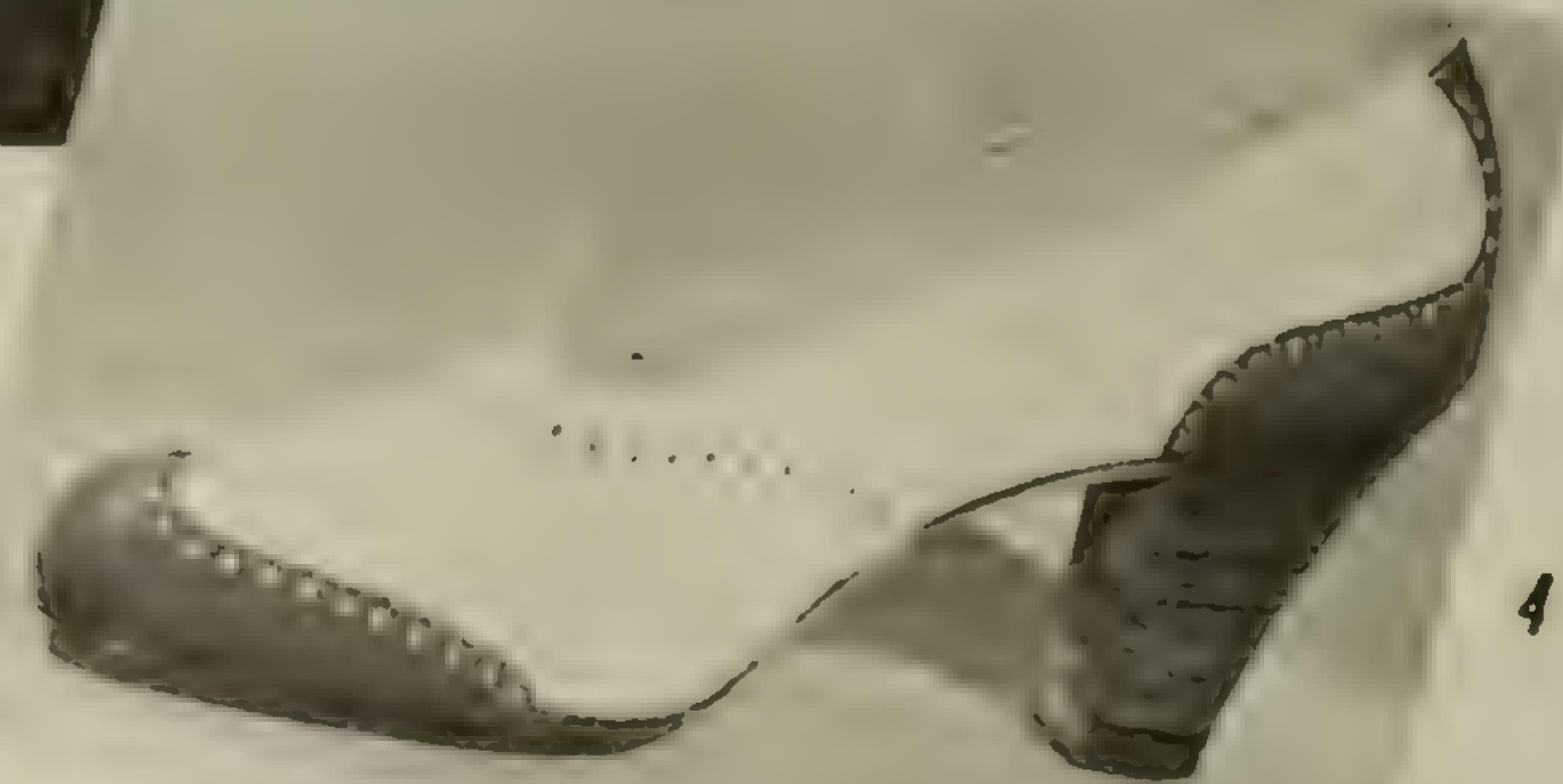
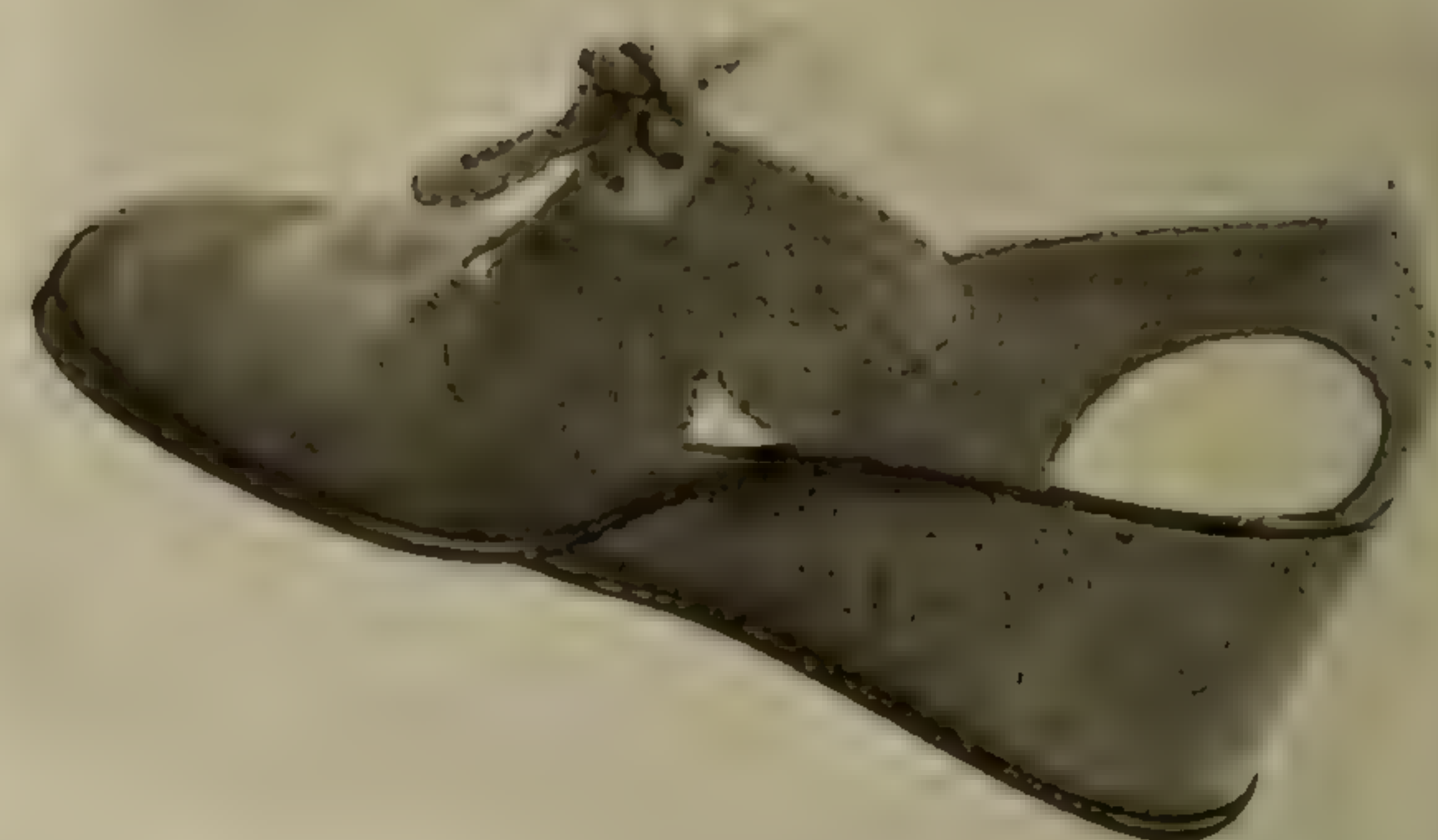
PASTELS

Lucille Ball, star of RKO's "Panama Lady," wears a cool white summer frock of embroidered Dupont Spun Rayon that launders like a kerchief. The frock is styled so that the self-color embroidery of the fabric is placed as edging trim for the deep V-neckline, the short sleeves and high pockets of the blouse; and forms a striking detail winds around several times to define the slim waistline. The long self-fabric belt winds around several times to define the slim waistline. Lucille selected this Eisenberg Original at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Halle Brothers, Cleveland; H. Liebes, San Francisco, also carry this classic frock which is available in pink, light blue and maize with self-color embroidery, as well as in white.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BACHRACH

Fashionable FOOTSTEPS



Foremost on the shoe horizon is the basic shoe that complements summer costumes. Joan Blondell, appearing in Universal's "East Side of Heaven," wears a classic Tango pump of white buck and tan calf (note its beautiful detail in photo No. 4), with her white jacket frock of Coudurier imported linen, printed with hats and sea horses of red, yellow, green, blue and chartreuse. The halter blouse is of chartreuse crepe. Joan wears these pumps, not only with this Irene Original from Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles, but also with several other summer frocks. Looming just as brightly on the shoe horizon are countless numbers of novelty shoes that transform inexpensive casuals into costumes of distinction and individuality. Pictured are some of these whimsies. (1) A bright blue coarse linen-weave fabric, with wedge heel and floral in-step motif. (2) A red kidskin model, with "double" platform sole of contrast blue, quilting on the vamp and grooves on the heel. (3) A perforated oxford of chartreuse felt with raised sole and "tea cup" heel. (4) Joan's Tango pump. (5) A red felt play shoe, with cane straw covering on the platform sole. This group of shoes, which are in a variety of colors, were photographed through the courtesy of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles. All are Delman models except the Tango pump, which is manufactured by Brauer, St. Louis, and was selected from J. W. Robinson & Co., Los Angeles. This Tango pump may also be obtained at Marshall Field Company, Chicago and Macy's, New York

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



Father Time is at work! Miss Durbin spends a gala evening of dancing at Victor Hugo's with assistant director, Vaughn Paul—



—but, confidentially speaking, our choice is this eager-eyed unsophisticate at the "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" preview: teenster Deanna with Mrs. Durbin

Our peeking Cal has been at it again to bring you the inside stuff on those fascinating folk of fabulous filmtown

Bette's "Victory over the Dark"

PEDESTRIANS in the valley town of Van Nuys stopped in sympathy as the hand of a beautiful young blonde gripped the leather strap of a "Seeing Eye" dog. At the town's busiest intersection, the dog paused for the traffic to clear before leading his charge, her eyes covered with black glasses, across the street.

A motion picture actor, glimpsing the little drama from his car, almost started from his seat as if to hail the girl. The cry died in his throat and he drove on, remarking to his companion,

"There was something so familiar about the girl it gripped me by the throat for a minute. I—almost—oh well, skip it."

Sometime later that same actor sat in a

theater watching "Dark Victory." As blindness crept over Bette Davis, causing her to walk valiantly but stiffly across the garden, the actor let out a small hoarse sound that was lost in the emotional storm in everyone's heart.

At home, he frantically called Bette on the phone.

Yes, she had been the girl with the dog. She had completely obliterated her sight with glasses, placing her life within the dog's care.

It developed, as Bette explained, she is establishing in California a home for the raising and training of "Seeing Eye" dogs.

"I wanted to know how blind people feel when under the complete care of their dogs. I wanted to share their experience so that I could better understand their problems and the dogs."

Another "Victory over the Dark," for Bette Davis.

Isn't It Ducky?

AMONG other things on the Mickey Rooney five-acre ranch, is a swimming pool and two ducks. The ducks, like all good barnyard fowls, have their own pen on the back lot, but every

day that Mickey is working he tucks one under each arm and carries them up for a dip in his private pool and he doesn't even blush when someone wisecracks about "teaching ducks to swim."

Coeducational?

IN AN effort to find the one and only baby to appear with Ginger Rogers in her new picture, "Little Mother," RKO-Radio sent out a call to Central Casting and soon the lawn was filled with tiny, laughing, squalling mites marshalled by eager mamas. One of the little mothers was in an unusually excited rush to have her baby tested for the part. She kept shoving the young hopeful up in the front of the camera, only to be told she'd have to wait her turn.

The turn finally came, she snatched up the baby and scurried away in great haste. Ten minutes later, she was discovered a few sets down the line, without the baby, of course, acting as one of the little coeds on the scene of Anne Shirley's picture, "Sorority House." P. S. Now there are two in the family working in the movies.



Jockey Jack Westrope is Nan Grey's steadiest "steady." Rumor has them Mr. and Mrs.



Comedians Benny and Burns take the Tropics seriously



M.G.-M's dancing lady: Eleanor Powell and her mother

Indian Invasion

HOLLYWOOD, so long used to being spectacular, has been outdone at its own game and within its own gates by a dozen American Indians. The red men were brought to Filmdom by 20th Century-Fox to appear in Shirley Temple's new picture, "Susannah of the Mounties." The studio sent a business executive, a technical director and a publicity man clear up to the Blackfoot reservation in Montana for them. Of the twelve they brought back, only one had ever been off the reservation before.

They arrived in all their tribal regalia—leather suits beaded and fringed, feathered headdresses, long hair and paint—chosen in the main, not by the studio representatives with an eye toward pictorial possibilities, but by the reservation superintendent as a reward for being "good Indians."

The studio publicity man had been sent on the expedition not so much to get publicity as to keep the press from making wisecracks about "heap big Injuns in Hollywood," since 20th Century had put up a bond of \$50,000 to



Lana Turner and her best beau, Greg Bautzer, at the West Side Tennis Club's "showboat" jamboree

insure, besides the red men's safe return, their protection against ridicule. But they needn't have worried. Everywhere the befringed and befeathered twelve went such was their quiet dignity and magnificent authenticity that no one thought of writing a funny story.

There was Mad Plume, appointed leader of the expedition because he is considered the best Indian on the reservation. Mad Plume owns broad acres of wheat and many head of cattle and sheep. He is an honest, God-fearing, self-respecting Indian who, although eligible for an old-age pension, has refused it. "I and my family do not wish charity," he told the government men. "We provide for ourselves."

There was Chief Coward, too, scion of another illustrious Blackfoot family and a man of importance in his tribe. His name, like the names of the others, is born of tradition. An ancestor chief had a son who, believed by the tribe to be cowardly, was known as "Little Chief Coward." But, in an emergency fraught with danger, the son acquitted himself with unexpected bravery, which made the name "Coward" one of glory, honored by Little Chief Coward's descendants to this day.

There were also Yellow Kidney, Night Shoots, Many Guns, Old Person, Bull Plume, Turtle, Spotted Eagle, Iron Breast, Big Beaver and Little Blaze.

MOST of them own land and stock on the reservation. All of them know the menace to the red man secreted in a bottle of "fire water" and haven't tasted liquor for from twenty to forty years, if ever. All of them spoke pretty good English, although it was typical of Indian reticence that when the expedition left Montana only two had made known their command of the language. The others had indicated they neither spoke nor understood it and it took the exciting days on the train and others still more exciting at the studio to loosen their tongues.

The visitors were housed on the 20th Century lot in an especially built "hotel." At first, the place was heated by gas, but so impressed was the studio manager by their dignity and appearance that he ordered fancy electrical equipment installed. They were valeted by a special man who did nothing but look after their wants. They were taken on sight-seeing tours of the city and beach resorts. They were escorted to the premiere of "The Little Princess," creating almost as much hullabaloo when they arrived as did Shirley Temple herself. They were given \$5 each and taken to a five-and-ten-cent store where they spent every cent on gimcracks to take home... all of this, of course, in addition to appearing in "Susannah of the Mounties."

For their services, the twelve received \$50 a week each, a lot of money to an Indian. All expenses were paid. Orders were that the best was none too good for them. When they found this out, they demanded steak to eat three times a day until their hosts, fearing that such a concentrated diet might prove injurious to their health, suggested they cut down their rations a bit... which proved to be the only fly in the pleasant ointment of their Hollywood visit. Their feelings were hurt at such a display of inhospitality. As Mad Plume explained, sorrowfully, "When Blackfoot have visitor at home, visitor has all food he desires. White man is bad-mannered."

The unpleasantness finally passed over, however, and before they left the studio the Indians had, with appropriate ceremony, initiated the young publicity man who escorted them to Hollywood into the tribe, no small mark of affection. They named him "Running Eagle" and, yes, he accepted their invitation to be a blood brother in the truly solemn spirit in which it was offered. As we say in Hollywood, he "played it straight"... as indeed it was.

A Woman In Love

THE elopement of Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey is still bringing an aftermath of stories concerning the event.

Cal, for instance, was driving through Glendale the day the news broke and paused at a stop signal where a newsboy was shouting the news. "Extra, extra," he called, "Hedy Lamarr elopes and breaks a million hearts."

Catching our eye he poked his head through the car window and sighed, "And I do mean mine, see?"

We saw. We sympathized. We drove on.

Powell's Decision

IT'S SAD news for the legion of Bill Powell fans who had hoped soon to see the actor on the screen again. But only recently Bill made a momentous decision that must have cost him many hours of lonely meditation. Once his mind was made up, however, he didn't hesitate, but drove, for the first time in many months, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where he had spent so many glorious years as a star.

(Continued on page 64)

Flash from Cupid's Bureau: an elopement on March 29th to Kingman, Ariz., changed Carole Lombard's name to Mrs. Clark Gable; her address, from Bel-Air to San Fernando Valley. Our best wishes to the newlyweds!



The house of two Gables—the former Raoul Walsh ranch which Clark did over from attic to cellar for his bride



Another view of the beautiful white farmhouse which carries out an Early American style both outside and in. Filled with antiques, colorful wall-papers, it has an air of charming informality and comfort which makes the Gables' home one of the most attractive in the Valley



Eucalyptus and pepper trees surround the house and (above) the stables and barn



A rustic well completes a country picture of a "non-Hollywood" estate

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMAN FINK



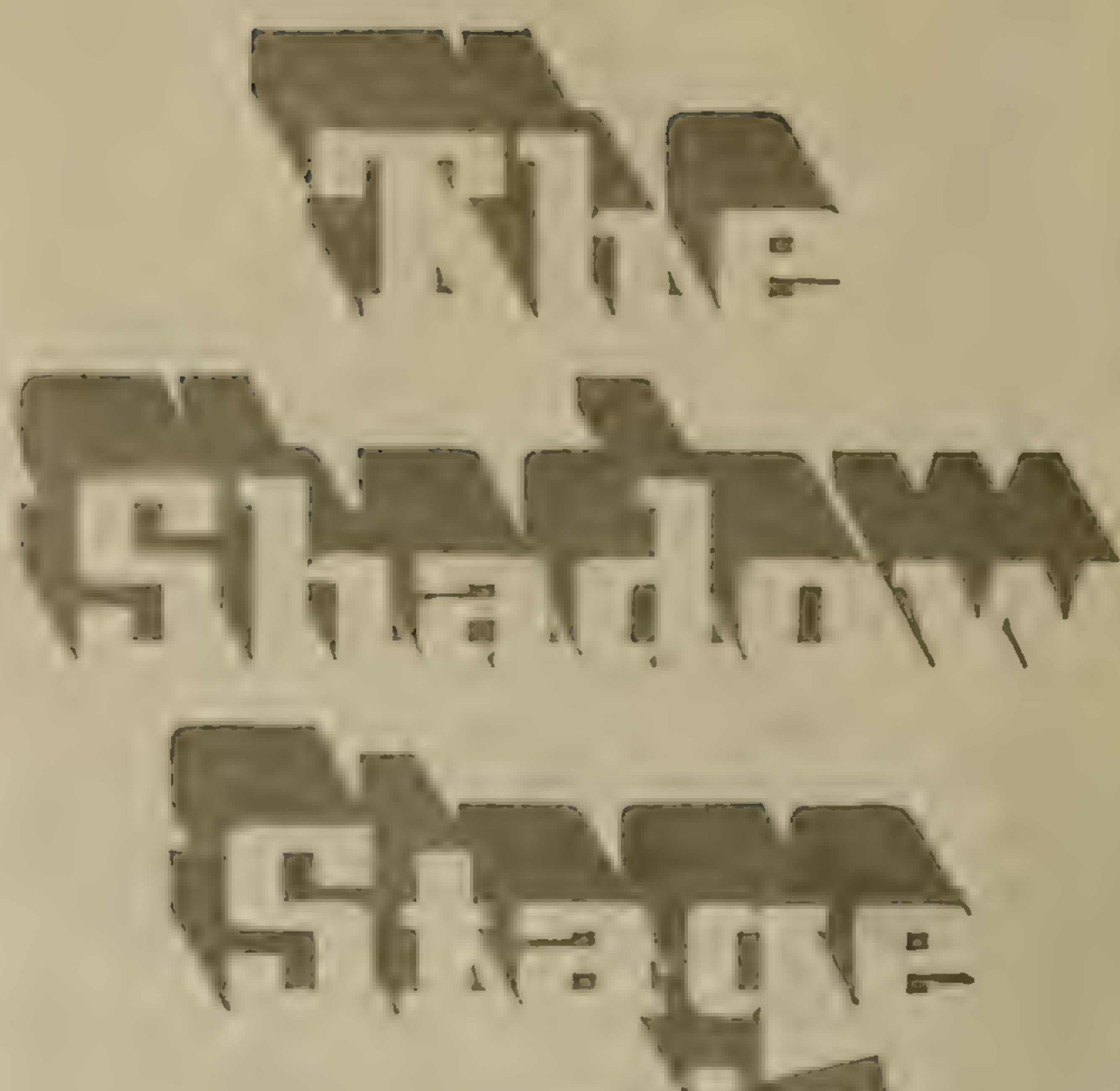
THE KID FROM TEXAS—M-G-M

A WEAK, trite little story keeps this picture from A rating, although its cast and performances are excellent and many of the situations are laughable. It's about a cowhand from Texas who wants to play polo, so he stows away with a shipment of polo ponies to Long Island where he falls in love with Florence Rice, who's engaged to Robert Wilcox. He gets his chance to play, ruins the game and ends up in a rodeo. Climax of the picture is the polo match between his rodeo cowboys and the socialites. Dennis O'Keefe is the cowhand, and he deserves a much better assignment. Jessie Ralph turns in her usual splendid characterization as Florence's aunt; and Virginia Dale is the rodeo girl who loses O'Keefe. Buddy Ebsen gets most of the laughs.



ZENOBIA—Hal Roach-United Artists

THIS is the first of the comedies in which Harry Langdon replaces Stan Laurel. He is adequate. The main laugh gag is the elephant, *Zenobia*, who trundles through the film. The setting is a Southern mansion and Hardy's rôle is that of a doctor who has given up healing ailing neighbors with pink pills. His main worry is his daughter, played by Jean Parker. She's in love with James Ellison, but James' mother, Alice Brady, is a prig and insists he marry June Lang. Just here Harry Langdon arrives with *Zenobia* from a carnival and *Zenobia* doesn't feel very well and Hardy gives her pink pills. This makes *Zenobia* quite grateful, and if you can make any sense from the rest of the story you are a smarter audience than this reviewer.



A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS—
Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

THE Brontës were never noted for gay writing, and the studio here has made a point of adding no touch of humor to the tale of "Wuthering Heights." It's a study of a group of neurotics—and no wonder, when you take a look at those moors where they live. The piece introduces Laurence Olivier as *Heathcliff*, the strange orphan lad befriended by the family who live in the Heights; as a child he has a gypsy quality which intrigues young *Cathy*, but her brother resents and hates him. Thus, as the children grow up, love grows between the outcast and the girl, even though the brother, a sot, forces *Heathcliff* to live in the stable and act as a servant. *Cathy*, played as an adult by Merle Oberon, finds herself torn between her sheer physical love for *Heathcliff*, and her desire for jewels and pretty dresses, as offered by upright, rich David Niven. At last *Heathcliff* goes away, gets a fortune, returns to find *Cathy* married to David; and just to make everybody unhappy, the discarded lover marries David's sister, whom he loathes. Thus hate rules everywhere, and there is keening over the moors, and the film settles right down to a good cry. Of course it is given magnificent production and because of the really fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, to say nothing of Niven's restraint, there is a haunting quality about the picture which will stay with you. Olivier has a tendency to be Shakespearean, but has vitality. Geraldine Fitzgerald, as the sister, is very good, and Flora Robson does her job with finesse.



★ THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE
—RKO-RADIO

ALTHOUGH this is a sweet picture and will have enormous appeal, there is one thing distinctly wrong with it; and we may as well discuss that before launching into praise of its good qualities. The trouble is in the story, and that can't be blamed on Hollywood because it is a true story, that of Vernon and Irene Castle, who danced. Gosh, they did dance! But that's about all they did. You see Vernon, a poor straight man for comedian Lew Fields, met Irene when she was an amateur and they fell in love, and got married. They stayed in love until Vernon cracked up his plane, and himself in it, during the war. So far as career is concerned, they were discovered in Paris and made a terrific success. And that is simply that. There is no conflict whatever, but it's got everything else. It's got so much nostalgia, courtesy of Nostalgia King Richard Sherman, you will drown in the flood of your memories if you're thirty or over. And it's got the inimitable Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire team, playing the Castles, recreating for you the dances Vernon and Irene originated, plus others. Edna May Oliver plays the crusty old woman who discovers the pair, and Walter Brennan noses into practically every scene there is, as Miss Rogers' faithful old servant-crony. He gives a fine performance. Astaire is unusually adept in dramatic scenes and adept, as usual, on his feet; Ginger is stunning, and surpasses herself while dancing.

You will not want to miss this. It sparkles like a polished, crystal glass.



★ THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL—
20th Century-Fox

IT'S no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment out of the story of a technician's life. Mr. Zanuck tried it, with such edifying success he took over San Francisco's Fair just for the preview.

Don Ameche plays Bell, and after the long series of comedy rôles in which he has been featured it is nice to see he has kept his propensity for meaty dramatic portrayal. It was not necessary to emphasize to any point of boredom the details of Bell's inventing the telephone; his story is also concerned with early work in the teaching of deaf-mutes to hear and talk. Even his wife, played with sympathy and patience by lovely Loretta Young, was unable to hear—and, of course, it was largely through his love for her that Bell turned to listening devices which eventually resulted in that black instrument you pick up so many times daily. The love story, in any case, has warm emotion and touching pathos, as well as lighter moments. Just to make the piece sure-fire, the money interest (so close to the heart of all audiences) emerges when Bell at last finds success only to discover a big corporation will try to take his rights away from him. His friends, believing in him, mortgage their belongings in order to give him assistance.

You could not ask for more superlative production; Irving Cummings has directed with a sure touch, and the principal stars are given perfect support by such troupers as Elizabeth Patterson, Henry Fonda (as Bell's assistant) and Charles Coburn.



★ BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

JEANETTE MACDONALD does have the best luck in her pictures. This story could have been so easily ruined since basically it is somewhat dated. Yet here again the MacDonald has a hit, largely due it is true, to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of a pianist, Lew Ayres. He is given a scholarship abroad. They need money for expenses, so Jeanette accepts a job in a musical whereupon she is a sensation and Lew doesn't match her success. The pair get a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but as the script writers would have it, Lew is asked to score Jeanette's new show. Best music is when Jeanette sings the *Madame Butterfly* melodies. Ayres continues to prove his recent comeback was a good idea.



★ THE LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY—Paramount

GEORGE RAFT, Paramount's problem child, has made another picture. Hollywood, ever since the success of "Kentucky," has hurriedly rounded up its stock of horses, its prop bluegrass and its Southern accents for the cycle that picture started. In this, you do get some swell races and plenty of action set in the beginning on its hurry-up way by the meeting of Raft and Ellen Drew. He's a gambler from the North, she's a Southern gal—and they can't agree about thoroughbred horses. But Raft has that virile quality that makes short work of a little Kentucky daughter's prejudices. Miss Drew is an attractive and talented young woman. Raft swaggers convincingly. Hugh Herbert and the too-long-absent ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy.



SOCIETY LAWYER—M-G-M

REMAKES are always questionable as to quality. This one was called "Penthouse" in 1933 and starred Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter. Now Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce in the same story, and at least you are sure of some finessed romantic interludes. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer but this cools when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo from a murder charge. Lee Bowman comes in here somewhere, and has to be saved by Pidgeon's astute arguments as well. Of course, when real love comes to Walter, Virginia brings it—and very prettily, too. Eduardo Ciannelli has one of his heaviest rôles to date and handles it with obvious delight. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Broadway Serenade Dodge City
East Side of Heaven Love Affair
The Story of Alexander Graham Bell
The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle
The Lady's from Kentucky
Three Smart Girls Grow Up
Wuthering Heights

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"
Errol Flynn in "Dodge City"
Bing Crosby in "East Side of Heaven"
Sandy Henville in "East Side of Heaven"
Irene Dunne in "Love Affair"
Charles Boyer in "Love Affair"
Loretta Young in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell"
Don Ameche in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell"
Fred Astaire in "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle"
Ginger Rogers in "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle"
Walter Brennan in "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle"
Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
Charles Winninger in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
Robert Cummings in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
Merle Oberon in "Wuthering Heights"
Laurence Olivier in "Wuthering Heights"



★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

IT'S to be hoped that Sandy will not be through like Baby Leroy at eight months. He's probably past that dangerous age anyway. Sandy is the star of this picture—stealing it, as cute moppets have a way of doing, right from under the noses of the principals, Bing Crosby and Jean Blondell.

You may expect, as from all Crosby films, plenty of sweet melody sung by that voice of his. The songs are hummable, but not up to the usual standard. Perhaps we have come to expect too much of the Bing, because, no matter its faults, the piece is entertaining. Mischa Auer does his regulation melancholy Russian act and there's a thoroughly unpleasant radio announcer, played by Jerome Cowan who has only to tip his hat to a lady and hisses are elicited from any audience.

Well, now for the story. It begins with Bing who sings messages for a telegraph company. Jean Blondell works at a hotel switchboard and the two of them are eternally on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's Sandy, grandson of a millionaire (C. Aubrey Smith). His mother, Irene Hervey, is an old friend of Crosby's; is married to a drunk (Bob Kent); has left the drunk and is trying to keep her child away from a court order. Complications get everybody into trouble and Bing sings his way out of it. Production details are handled deftly, most of the laughs go to Auer, Jean looks pleasant and very pretty. A first-rate picture, wholesome and entertaining.

(Continued on page 22)

WE COVER *The Studios* BY JACK WADE



Cameraman George Diskant and RKO's
between Ginger Rogers and David Niven

*There's something old, something
new, something borrowed, something
blue in this month's film news*

"SOMETHING old, something new, something borrowed, something blue"—that classic chant of all brides is exactly what we need to sum up the Hollywood studios this month, where "something old" is that never-to-be-forgotten "Beau Geste," now being remade with Gary Cooper, Bob Preston and Ray Milland; where "something new" is Hollywood's wonder director, Garson ("A Man to Remember") Kanin, at work on "Little Mother"; and Claudette Colbert becomes the "something borrowed," for she's at work in M-G-M's "It's a Wonderful World"; while Bette Davis provides the "something blue" in that tear-jerker, "The Old Maid."

We look in on one of our theme pictures, "It's a Wonderful World," at M-G-M. We find Claudette Colbert, James Stewart and Ernest Truex mixed up in a noble experiment with Director W. S. Van Dyke. They're shooting the whole picture from a newfangled camera boom. And in two successive scenes we watch them do the very first scene in the picture and the very last!



Bette Davis, the screen's number one Duse, Director Edmund Goulding and Miriam Hopkins are responsible for this month's tear-jerker — "The Old Maid"



That famous old classic, "Beau Geste," comes to life with Bob Preston, Gary Cooper and Ray Milland. But a mouse steals the show from them



not. And in a minute that's just what they do. Only this time Jimmy isn't despondent any more. He's got Claudette in his arms. That's the last scene of the picture. For the rest, see your neighborhood theater.

The minute the acting stops Jimmy Stewart grabs a big malted milk his valet has brought him and starts working on it.

"Tell No Tales" is our next stop on the M-G-M set line-up. A rumor that a hundred dollar bill figures prominently in this picture is enough to attract us. There's always the chance somebody might leave it lying around. But when we arrive Melvyn Douglas, calm and collected as usual, is tucking the century note in his vest pocket while he loads up on movie whiskey—cold tea—at a bar.

Nevertheless, we stick around to watch Melvyn, Louise Platt and Gene Lockhart perform for Leslie Fenton, another ex-actor turned director.

Melvyn plays an ace newspaper reporter in this mystery thriller. He receives a \$100 ransom pay-off note at this very bar and starts tracking down some kidnapers. Every step he takes uncovers another story. He wades through five desperate, daring chapters before it all comes to the unraveling stage.

We brave the smoke pots which energetic "grips" are swinging around in the air to make a realistic tobacco fog in the saloon, and watch the scene. In it Gene Lockhart plays a tune on the piano. He pounds out his own composition "All the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise."

"Gene," protests Melvyn, "would you mind playing something else? It brings back sad memories. When I was flat busted in a furnished room once in New York, some guy next door played that thing all day and all night."

"Where was that room and when did you live in it?" Gene asks, and Melvyn tells him.

"Then I'm sorry I disturbed you," Lockhart grins. "I was that guy next door. That was just where and when I wrote it!"

Our favorite Metro series, "Tarzan," is in Florida shooting Johnny Weissmuller under water at Silver Springs. So we take in "Calling Dr. Kildare," which has all the earmarks of another series starting up.

Lew Ayres, of course, is the young interne in a big hospital where Lionel Barrymore, director of the hospital, teaches him that science isn't the only side of medicine; there's the human side, too. Lana Turner seconds the motion, but in a different way. She's a pretty young thing who brews Doctor Lew a peck of trouble.

Lew is aseptic and sterile in white when we arrive, but they're squirting prop blood and perspiration on his handsome face. The set's a big hospital with prim rows of cots and nurses gliding about on the scrubbed floors.

Lew and Lionel go through their lines while a real doctor stands on the side lines and

(Continued on page 72)

Now she's a poetess—Claudette Colbert who goes to town with Jimmy Stewart in M-G-M's screwball comedy, "It's a Wonderful World"

SECOND CHANCE

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

*Concluding the delightful story of
a grand old trouper, whose nature
could not change but whose luck did*

The story thus far:

WHEN Marie La Tour, star of silent pictures, discovered that she was almost penniless, she hit on the idea of launching Betty, her orphaned granddaughter, on a Hollywood career. This career hit its first snag when Marie discovered that Benny Rossman, an enemy of long standing, was in charge of Goldmont Studio, the home of her past successes. Betty, however, on her own, met Christie Beall, a young director at Goldmont, who cast her for a minor rôle in "Bringing Up Mother."

On the first day of shooting, Chris asked Marie to be on the set to give Betty confidence. Since Rossman was out of town, she agreed to do so. Chris asked Marie to run through Betty's scenes for her. He shot them "just for a gag"—or so he told Marie.

At the studio preview, the audience reaction was lukewarm to Betty's performance, but when Beall's second version, with Marie in Betty's part, was run off, her performance rolled 'em in the aisles.

Betty accused her grandmother of double-crossing her and ran away from home.

At about this time, old Jelliff, ex-hooper and a close friend of Marie's, arrived in California from New York. Marie told him about Betty and also about her dire financial state. Even the success of Marie's part in "Bringing Up Mother" amounted to nothing when Rossman saw it. He not only refused to release this version, but also fired Chris, telling him he could take the cans of film. He never wanted to see him—or them—again.

Meanwhile, Marie discovered that Betty was staying at Lydia Watts' home and went there to beg Betty to return. It was on that same day that Jelliff, job hunting, was run down by an automobile. When the news reached Marie at Lydia's, Betty, in swift sympathy for her grandmother, returned home with her.

Jelliff would be laid up for weeks. With bills piling up, Marie appealed to Chris to help her find work. He arranged for Mr. Reis, producer at Liberty, to come for cocktails. He advised Marie to pull the society act, be "hard to get."

The setting was perfect, Betty had gone off for the afternoon with adagio-dancer Alec Lorm. Reis was all that Chris had pictured him and was taken in completely by Marie's *grande dame* act. Just as Marie had "reluctantly" agreed to make a picture for him, somebody

came across the hall. It was Mrs. Phoopher, the owner of the house. She was outraged that her "caretaker" was entertaining in her living room and ordered Marie and her guests out. Marie knew that her goose was cooked as far as a contract with Reis was concerned—but it was good to see Betty, who had crossed the lawn on hearing upraised voices, come toward her with outstretched arms.

Now continue this story:

FEW people have got moral courage enough to admit they'd rather have a banana split than Russian caviar. But I know what I like and have never been scared to admit it, so I must say the sugary little house Chris found for us was just what I preferred. If nothing else, it was a whole lot cozier than the big Beverly Hills mansion from which we had just been kicked out. But then any place you have been kicked out of loses its flavor.

Our new half-portion home was in a bungalow-court, and Gawd knows you could of caught anything the neighbors had on account the buildings were so close together. Radio City would of been a good name for it, because radios to the left of us, radios to the right of us volleyed and thundered, to quote the author of the Electric Light Brigade. Everything in the place turned out to be something else the minute you examined it, which is what thoroughly modern means in Hollywood. The desk had washtubs underneath, the near-oil painting on the living-room wall dropped down and turned into an ironing board, and every door had a surprise behind it, ranging from iceboxes to beds. But there was Bougainvillea and sunshine over all and a very low overhead. From his in-a-door bed Jelliff admired the whole thing contentedly.

"Seems more like the old days when we was all young and struggling together," he says. "It's the first time I've been uncomfortable enough to feel perfectly at home in years."

Betty was looking at my old theatrical trunks in disgust on account they were occupying pretty nearly all the floor space.

"And these wretched things," she says. "They lend the finishing touch of atmosphere. Gram, I don't see why on earth you insist on keeping them."

"Those trunks have owned me for the past thirty years," I says, "and I don't know if I could persuade them to give me up. Some day I and they will have it out. But in the meanwhile we'll just line 'em up like a sofa and throw a portiere over them. They will make a good place for unwelcome company to sit."

NOT, however, that any company came for the next several days. Alex Lorm hadn't been around since the night of the Big Blow and while Betty refused to talk about him, I gathered she had decided against Swing Adagio as a way of tossing herself into fame. Or maybe Alex had come to the conclusion she wasn't worth tossing. Anyways, Betty went around with an

air of being off all men for life. She had avoided speaking to Chris when he helped us move Jelliff and when a little later Chris finally blew in one day to see if we were getting along all right, Betty saw him first and sneaked out of the back door. I hadn't the heart to let him know this, because he looked so worried and tired.

"We are all feeling fine," I lied to him. "Betty's out looking for work and something is bound to turn up soon."

"I am getting the Hollywood handshake, myself," he told me, trying to laugh. "You know, shaking hands and being pushed away at the same time! If a fellow's out of work for two weeks he's trying to make a comeback according to this lousy town. And I'm only one day under the dead line."

I wished him luck and pretty soon he left, both of us wearing phony smiles. And after that we didn't see him for quite some time.

Chris had tried to lend me money but I wasn't taking any. We were eating my gold vanity case at the moment, but there was still a couple of bracelets and a watch or two left in the larder, which was sufficient to give an old trouper, such as myself, courage to face quite a lot. But eventually, as time trickled on and no jobs marched in, even my back-flips didn't seem to help my nerves much. One cheerful thing however was the way Jelliff got well. The day he sat up in a chair and asked for a copy of *Variety* I knew he was practically cured.

WHEN this happened I went out and bought two copies of the same issue so's we wouldn't fight over who was to read it first. Then we took them out onto the porch where we could sit in the sun and I was up to my ears in news of old friends, thoroughly enjoying myself on account that *Variety* is the only foreign-language publication I can read fluently. Then all of a sudden Jelliff gave a shout.

"Turn to page sixty-eight," he yells. "See, where it says 'Inventory Dig-up Tops New Pix Grosses.'"

Well I turned to the right page but for once I could not translate immediately.

"Well?" says he in a triumphant tone. "I didn't want to say anything the other evening out. . . ."

"But what?" I says, bewildered.

"Can't you read?" he shouts, getting even more excited. "It's about that reissue of 'Lillie of the Valley'—don't you remember it?"

"I'll never forget it," I says with a shudder. "Why remind me?"

"Because it's topped all grosses for the month, that's why," says Jelliff, "including the A pictures from the major studios. That means your name is a household word all over the country today. You mean something again, Marie. Not out. . . ."

"It's just a fad," I says feebly. "It can't mean anything, really."

"The hell it can't," says Jelliff. "Don't you
(Continued on page 78)

THE STORY OF A GREAT STAR'S COMEBACK

ILLUSTRATION BY MCCLELLAND BARCLAY

"Gram," Betty called, "I've got them." With which she stood up and the cans of film on her lap dropped off and commenced rolling

MCCLELLAND BARCLAY

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 62)



Pat O'Brien was one of the many film folk Miss Murray met while in Hollywood



Macfaddens' visiting star enjoys a tête-à-tête with another star—Joan Blondell



Left: a personally conducted tour of the Warner lot by actor John Payne. Above: Errol Flynn with Miss Murray

"I'm not going into 'The Thin Man Returns,'" he said. "I've thought it all over and if anything should happen to my health while we are in production, it would mean a complete loss of time and money to you. I do not believe I should shoulder that risk."

And with never a hint of the grief that decision must have cost him, he drove out the front gate with a smile and a wave of the hand to the many friends he left behind.

Recently at a preview of a Bob Hope radio show, Bill stepped from the wings for his rôle to the thunder of applause that lasted for four full minutes.

He stood there and waited, a smile on his face and a mist in his eyes.

So good luck and best wishes to one of the best—Bill Powell.

Idealist

WE had a tête-à-tête with young Jo Ann Sayers on the Metro lot the other day. We think we have never seen a prettier, nicer, more charming youngster than she is . . . nor one who is carrying higher the torch of idealism. She has been in Hollywood almost a year, but to date no disillusionment has marred her enthusiasm for a career, her confidence in herself, her belief in others, her youthful joy at merely being alive.

You remember her . . . her screen debut was in "Young Dr. Kildare," as the young society girl who became a "mental case." You remember her in "Huckleberry Finn," "Honolulu" and "Fast and Loose." Yes, and she's good, you say. Well, we think so too.

Yet it is something else about her that attracts us most—the kind of girl she is. Her real name is Miriam Lilygren and she has lived in Seattle most of her life. She is a former student of the University of Washington and a "Tri Delt." She has a mother and father and two sisters, one older, one younger than herself. She is crazy about them all. She thinks her parents the handsomest couple she knows and the best company. In 1937, her mother, an aunt, an uncle, her elder sister and herself were all enrolled at the University and having the time of their lives.

She got her screen contract "as easily as falling off a log." A talent scout saw her in a college play and in due time she was asked to sign on the dotted line. The Lilygrens held a family conclave about this. They decided it would be "fun" for "Mimi" to be in the movies. The money didn't count. Her father is well off. But it would be interesting, they thought.

So, with her mother and younger sister, she moved to Hollywood and became Jo Ann Sayers. Since then, life for her has been "just about perfect," she says. Her career seems all set. There has been no unpleasantness, no disappointment, no heartbreak. Success has come like magic—easy, lovely magic.

Well, we hope it will keep on that way. We hope nothing will happen to change the happy, sincere, lovable youngster that Jo Ann is now. But we aren't so sure as she is about that. We've been around Hollywood for a long time and have seen things happen to kids like her—sudden, unexpected, bitter things. She is different from most of the picture girls we know right now . . . more, as we said, idealistic; more certain the world is a beautiful place to live in.

But we have jotted down in our "little black book" a reminder to interview her again one year from now. We wonder if she will be the same girl. We sincerely hope so—but our fingers are crossed.

(Continued on page 66)

PATRICIA MURRAY

Meets the Stars

Macfadden Publications has a star of its own—pretty Patricia Murray who is appearing in "I'll Tell the World," Macfaddens' four-reeler, filmed in Hollywood for the New York World's Fair

**SMOOTH FRAGRANT
SKIN WINS HEARTS**

MEN LIKE GIRLS
WHOSE SKIN IS
SWEET—IT'S THE
MOST APPEALING
CHARM OF ALL

DOROTHY LAMOUR

**LUX SOAP'S ACTIVE
LATHER LEAVES SKIN
REALLY SWEET,
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT**

A **LUX TOILET SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH IS THE
BEST WAY I KNOW
TO PROTECT
THIS CHARM

YOU'LL LOVE THIS
LUXURIOUS **BEAUTY
BATH**. TRY IT!

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Man about Town"

THIS lovely Hollywood star tells you a secret that is helping girls everywhere to win popularity—romance. When you make Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're sure of daintiness. The **ACTIVE** lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*. You'll love it.

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars Use

The smart "modern minimum"!



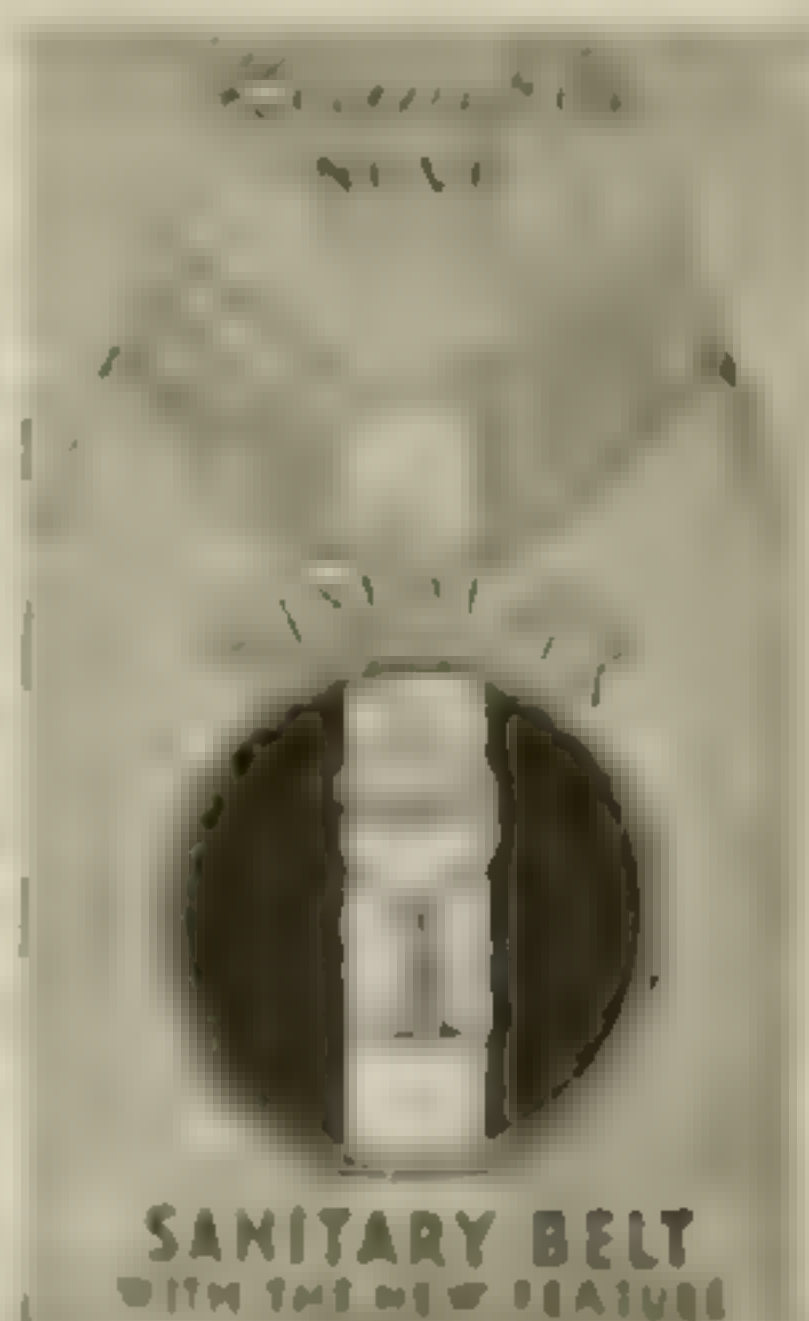
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ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE

CHANIN BLDG.
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NYC

DEAR SIR PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS NOT A COMPLAINT BUT I FEEL THAT THE FOLLOWING ITEM IN YOUR APRIL ISSUE SHOULD BE CORRECTED QUOTE WE SHANT FORGET THE LOOK ON HER FACE WHEN SHE SAW HOW THINGS WERE. SURPRISE HURT DISMAY WERE WRITTEN THERE FOR A TRAGIC REVEALING INSTANT UNQUOTE SINCE I DID NOT ATTEND THE GUNGA DIN PREMIERE HOW CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN NOT BEING PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE PANTAGES THEATER THAT NIGHT. I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT OF ALL THE FAN MAGAZINES YOURS WAS THE MOST ACCURATE SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY SURPRISE AT READING THE ABOVE SINCERELY

KAY FRANCIS

Something to Shout Over

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is pretty elated over Nancy Kelly these days and not entirely on account of the good work she has done in "Jesse James," "Tailspin," et al. No, it seems that the studio's photographic department has discovered that Nancy "has legs," which is a cameraman's way of saying she has good legs and is therefore a fine subject for "leg art."

They found it out one day when she was posing for "stills" in connection with "Stanley and Livingstone." Straightway, studio fashion experts descended upon her with bales of bathing suits, shorts and other abbreviated apparel. She has been spending something like a day a week posing for pictures in same, ever since.

Dorothy Lamour Versus Sarong

A PIECE of cloth, wrapped as a sarong, has grown into a nightmare of grief for Dorothy Lamour. Little dreaming the garment she wore in several early movies would become her trademark throughout the movie world, the star now wishes she had never seen or heard of the South Seas costume. Out of it has grown humiliation and, as Miss Lamour claims, hindrance to her career.

Climaxing a series of unhappy publicity stunts the false rumor spread that Dorothy had consented to appear at the New York World's Fair minus her clothes.

Naturally this report was instantly denied but the hurt in Dorothy Lamour's eyes still remains.

"And all" as she weeps, "because of one piece of cloth."

Let's put on a campaign of "No More Sarongs for Lamour," and help a grand gal along.

Ding Dong, Wedding Bells?

AS soon as Tyrone Power purchased Grace Moore's beautiful Beverly Hills mansion, the reports of his early marriage to Annabella, French actress, flew thick and fast.

When Tyrone refused to comment, a writer approached Annabella, but the only reply was, "Look, I can chew gum just like American girls."

So here comes the bride, chewing gum n'everything, maybe.

In Passing

WE WERE looking through Ann Sheridan's confidential biography the other day. You know, those questionnaires gotten up by the studio and filled in by the stars, which "outsiders" like ourselves aren't supposed to see, but do, sometimes. Ann's didn't contain any dark secrets, though. Even the contention of Warners' publicity department that she is only twenty-four years old, was corroborated here. We noticed one funny little thing, however, which, we thought, is just like Texas Annie, who wouldn't take herself seriously on a bet.

In answer to the question, "What is your chief ambition?" she had written, "To be an actress, ha, ha!"

Good Clean Fun?

THERE is a certain man-about-Hollywood by the name of Albert Morin who, besides being an actor, has worked himself up into the unique status of Filmtown's No. 1 Professional Ribber. His performance is smooth. He is usually introduced to you as a man who knows a good deal about whatever business or profession you happen to be in. Then he proceeds to insult you in a subtle but wholly obnoxious manner. If you are a writer, he insinuates your stuff smells and mentions authorities to prove his point. If you are an actor, ditto. And all the while, those "in the know" are having an elegant time watching you burn.

It was on a set at 20th Century-Fox that they fixed up a Morin rib on Jack Haley. First, a publicity man introduced Ribber Morin to Jack as an important Canadian drama critic. "Be decent to him, Jack. He can make or break you in the Dominion," the publicity man begged.

Right away Morin started out to insult Jack. He remarked he had never heard of him. After each scene he offered suggestions as to how Jack could "get away from hamming." Later, he frankly announced he thought the picture would be awful, but said he supposed it would suit the "stupid American public," well enough.

Jack, of course, was furious and at last he started to tell his tormentor where he could go and what he could do. Whereupon the publicity man, feigning consternation, hurried him aside. "For Pete's sake, Jack," he pleaded. "That guy is dynamite! Don't make him mad. He can ruin you and also this picture in Canada! You've got to apologize."

Jack expostulated, but finally agreed. "Okay, if I've got to. But he's a blankety-blank—"

Still he made an effort. "Say," he began to Ribber Morin who, knowing what to expect, was waiting for it with an extrinsolent leer upon his face. "I want to apologize—"

But that was as far as he got. His outrage was too great. "No!" he yelled, suddenly. "I'll be damned if I apologize! You're a blankety-blank-blank, and I don't give a blankety-blank-blank if you ruin me in the whole blankety-blank-blank British Empire! I still think you're a So-and-So!"

Whereupon everyone laughed; Morin's real identity was explained to Haley and that was that.

Speaking of "ribs". . . They ribbed Sidney Toler on a piece of script for "Charlie Chan in Reno" the other day, too . . . Fixed up a couple of pages with so many large and difficult-to-pronounce words in it that no one could have said 'em. Finally, when Sidney came to the tongue-twister phrase, "admirable perspicacity" he caught on, but he didn't tip off actor Morgan Con-

way who had also been given lines in the fake script. Conway had a terrible time, made no easier by Toler's critical prodding . . . In fact, he sweated and stewed so hard that at last, jittery beyond control, he lit a cigaret, the first he'd had since he'd sworn off smoking five years before . . . Which was more than Sidney had bargained for and he's been apologizing to Conway ever since.

Help Yourself to Beauty

—that's the title of a book by Helen Macfadden, daughter of PHOTOPLAY's publisher. A former Ziegfeld girl and a beauty in her own right, she brings you the most expert and up-to-the-minute beauty advice—direct from the glamour girls of the stage and screen. In her early teens, Helen learned that the building of health led to the building of beauty; that a sound and intelligent physical life is the power behind allure. Her "dos" and "don'ts" in the care of the skin, of bathing, of posture; her "whys" and "wherefores" of proper diet and exercise; of the hair, the eyes, the teeth; of make-up and colors complementary to blondes, brunettes and redheads—give a superb working knowledge of how to develop and care for your good looks, whether you are schoolgirl or grandmother or—like the author herself—the charming young mother.

"Loos" Woman

MADELEINE CARROLL tells this one on herself. It seems that her first screen rôle of any importance was in a British-made picture called "The Guns of Loos." Upon its release, the film was hailed joyously by a small paper published in a suburb of Birmingham, England, her home town, with a piece obviously meant to be headlined as follows: LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD LOOS HEROINE!

Which, Madeleine points out, would have been startling enough, without the "E" which the printer accidentally added to LOOS.

Chef Chuckle

THEY have a chef at the RKO commissary who is something of a creative artist. He is always making up special dishes and naming them after RKO celebrities. Examples: "Ginger Rogers salad"; "Cary Grant soufflé"; Anne Shirley *potage* and so on. Usually these dishes, with their titles, become a permanent part of the commissary menu.

His last inspiration, however, was quickly relegated to oblivion by studio officials. It was named after a certain contract player not too noted for his histrionic ability . . . and its chief ingredient was ham.

Hymie Is a Policeman—

PHOTOPLAY'S picture man, Hymie Fink, is bursting with pride these days, for he's been appointed a member of the Shirley Temple police force. It is really something to boast about, for Shirley does not invite every Tom, Dick and Harry to join.

The police force has quite a history. In her younger days (two years ago), Miss Temple, inspired by the game of "Cops and Robbers," organized the cast and crew of her current picture into a police force, using paper clips for badges. Then, tiny "G" men badges, which Shirley's mother donated to the cause, replaced the paper clips, until Shirley's director, Allan Dwan, had two hundred badges specially made. These he pre-

(Continued on page 68)



Peereesses of the British Realm

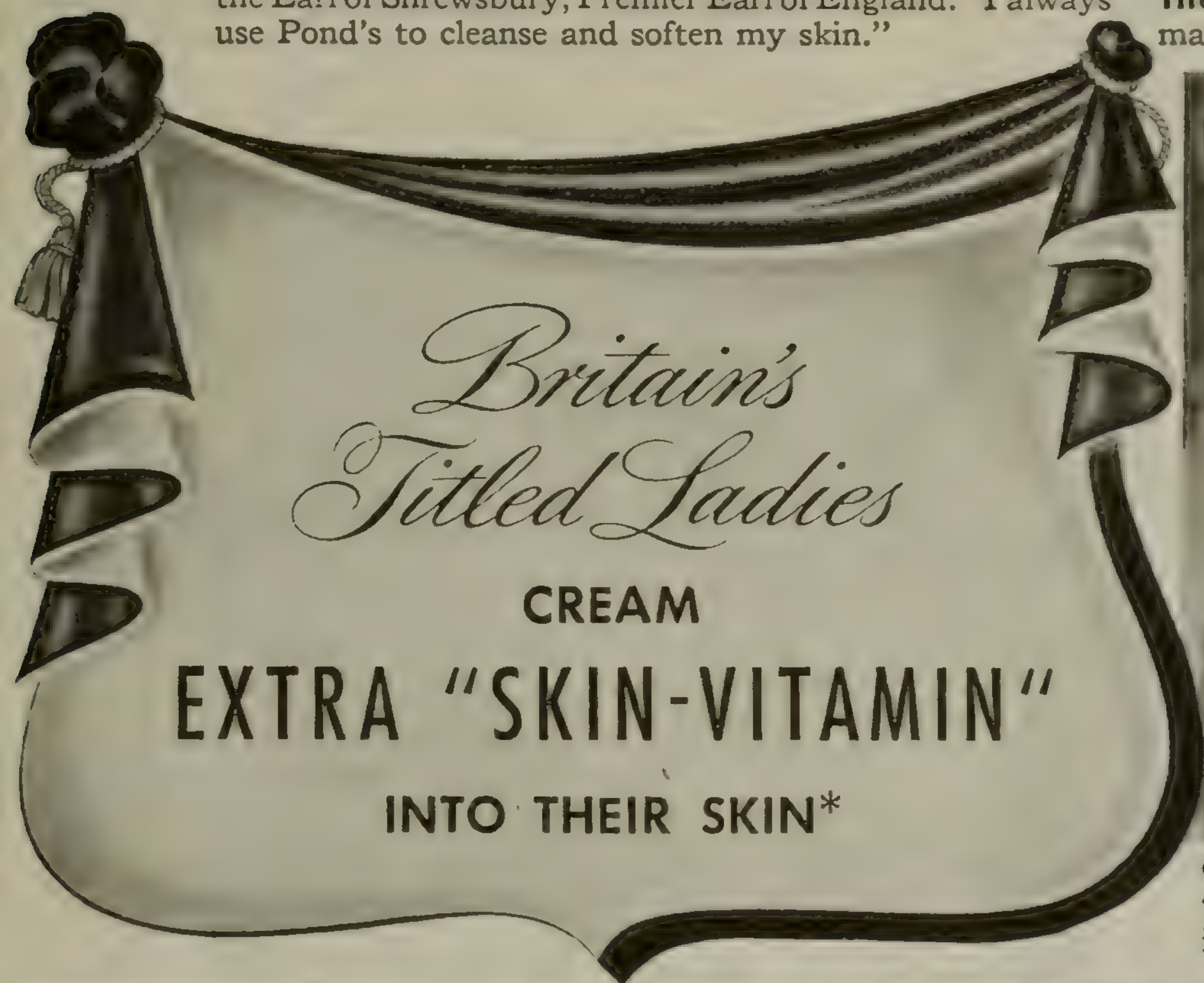
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Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.



Often Sings at charity affairs—The Lady Alexandra Haig, daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."



Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"



In Smart Society Journals, photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds sparkle and glamour to my make-up!"



In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream.

Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

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...Doris as she appears in "Juarez," produced in regal splendor by Warner Bros.

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sented to Shirley as a big surprise, and now the members sport badges made in the form of a small shield with an eagle mounted on top and the words "Shirley Temple Police" engraved on the shield.

There are no politics in this police force, and only Shirley herself says who shall or shall not belong. In the roster of members are such people as J. Edgar Hoover, the President's grandchildren, Sistie and Buzzie, and Noel Coward, not to mention Shirley's favorite electricians, prop men and photographers. You do not have to be a famous movie star to be appointed—in fact there are very few movie people in the force.

Shirley keeps a keen eye peeled for any infractions of the Force's rules, and woe to the member caught without his badge or not keeping it shined! Her fines for disobedience are plenty strict, and there is absolutely no higher court of appeal. At the end of each year, the fine money is donated to some worthy cause.

—And He Gets a Summons

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, JR. (Manny, to you) turned six the other day, and Hollywood's small fry society turned out in full force to help him celebrate. No Eton suits and pink frilly dresses for this affair—no siree! It was a rip-roaring Western jamboree, with all two hundred of the young guests dressed for the occasion in full cowboy and cow-girl regalia.

Invitations to the party were the real McCoy in court subpoenas, issued by "Chief" Manny, who summoned his guests to appear on the appointed date at the "Higginsville Jail." Manny's special deputies, equipped with police badges and double-barreled cap pistols, met at the home of Captain Vengeance of the Beverly Hills Police Force, and were transported from there in a genuine, honest-to-goodness "Black Maria" a mile up the canyon to "Chief Manny's Higginsville Ranch." There the kiddies found ponies to ride, lassoes to swirl, a hoosegow with real bars to get locked up in, and literally hundreds of hot dogs to consume.

Hymie, who pinch-hit for Cal York at the affair, had to run his legs off to keep up with such exuberant young celebrities as Norman Powell (Joan Blondell's son), Gary Crosby, June and Stuart Erwin, Wesley Ruggles, Jr., Ricky Arlen, Peter Douglas (Melvyn's youngster), Sandra and Ronnie Burns and Miriam Hopkins' boy, Michael. Need we add, a wow of a time was had by all?

We Prophesy

KAY GRIFFITH will change John Howard's mind about remaining a bachelor, and soon... Cesar Romero may change Ann Sheridan's mind about remarrying again and also soon...

Wallace Beery will re-woo his divorced wife Rita, with a determination to be a better husband next time, if he wins her. Not that Wally wasn't always a kind one...

Tyrone Power placed that sparkler on Annabella's finger to forestall false publicity concerning him and Sonja Henie when they began to work together on their new picture, "Second Fiddle."

Portrait of an Actress Viewing Stills

AT Irene Dunne's for tea, recently, we learned quite enjoyably that Irene's sense of humor is not confined to the screen alone.

A publicity man from RKO Studios brought out a packet of still pictures for her to pass on prior to their release to the press and, begging our pardon for thus intruding business upon social amenities, Irene seated herself behind her desk and began to skim through them, keeping up a running fire of comment as she did so.

"I look as though I had a toothache in that one... Ah, Topsy herself! See the way my hair stands on end... Better title that one, 'Hearts and Flowers with a Stomachache...' Ye gods, 'The Dying Swan!' I don't see why I must appear so vacuous when I try to look ethereal... I look like a convict in that one... And a wrestler in that one... And Whistler's 'Mother' in that... Heavens, my double chin! I had been trying to keep it a secret..."

And so on. She okayed them all, though.

"You know," she confided, "I don't seem to care as much as I used to how I look in print. I was getting so tired of seeing myself in 'Glamorous Poses Numbers One to Ten' that I figured the public might be, too."

Boulevard Vignette

IT was a big preview night on the Boulevard. The kliegs were racing, flooding the sky; the fans were blocking traffic. An autograph-hound stopped Ann Rutherford.

"Won't you sign my book, please?"

"Certainly." Ann suited action to word, but was not rewarded with thanks. Instead—

"Oh, but you didn't write 'Polly Benedict'" (Ann's rôle in the Hardy series in case you haven't been following them).

"No, my name is Ann Rutherford..."

"But you are 'Polly Benedict,' aren't you?" the fan insisted.

"Yes, but—that is—"

"Well, then," imperiously—and fans know how to be imperious at times, take it from us—"write it down!"

So, obediently, Ann did as she was told, wondering just what sort of fame it is, anyway, that robs you of your own identity!

"Papa" Spank

THAT young English actress, Virginia Field, was working in three pictures at once and trying to get them all done so as to reach London in time to be presented at the March court.



Photo from Three Lions

A dictionary proves a godsend to a Paris gendarme and Luise Rainer, who has deserted Hollywood for the French capital

One day, she came driving lickety-split up to Metro, late for a fitting, only to discover there was no space to park her car. No place, that is, except the executive parking lot. This is the size of a golf course and there were only three motors standing in it.

Miss Field drove right in. She had trotted through the studio gate and was half a block down the studio street when the gateman called her back. "You'll have to move your car," he told her. "Papa doesn't like it."

"Who said anything about my car?" The girl was getting livid.

The gateman pointed to the figure of a gray-suited man disappearing into a building. "Papa."

"And who," asked Virginia tensely, "does 'Papa' think he is?"

The gateman grinned. "Louis B. Mayer," he said.

Miss Field moved her car.

The Rescue of Charlie McCarthy

EDGAR BERGEN happened to sit next to us at the studio preview of "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and while we were waiting for the "curtain to rise" told us an anecdote from his past that (being a rabid McCarthy fan) practically made our hair stand on end.

It seems that when Edgar and Charlie were touring with a Chautauqua unit one summer, Edgar went out to lunch in the little town where the Chautauqua was playing, leaving Charlie in his usual suitcase in their dressing room.

Suddenly a fire siren sounded. "The Chautauqua tent is on fire!" people screamed.

Edgar said he is sure he set a new world's record in his sprint to the flaming tent. But he would have been too late and Charlie would have been no more had not an opportune rain come up and put out the fire.

The Private Exploits of Tarzan

TARZAN WEISSMULLER has been running about a good deal with Beryl Scott, a San Francisco deb. When someone asked him the other day if he would marry her, he said, "I think so."

That would be when his divorce from Lupe Velez is final next August, of course. But don't rely too much on the idea. This department, upon such information, likes to remember last summer at the Catalina Isthmus village. Johnny had his boat over there and averaged about three dates each day with three different girls.

We asked the bartender at the Isthmus one night, "D'you think he'll marry any of them?"

He laughed. "All in time, all in time," which sounded to us like a crypticism.

In any case, Tarzan won't do anything very active for a while. He has a cracked elbow. The great swimmer slipped and came a cropper in his own bathtub.

Cal's Thought of the Month

A critic has panned Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picture, "Huckleberry Finn," starring Mickey Rooney on the assumption that the proceedings were more Mickey than Huckleberry.

If this be true it's the first time Cal has ever seen a Mickey Finn in pants.

MYRNA LOY

IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

"LUCKY NIGHT"

See it at your favorite theatre.



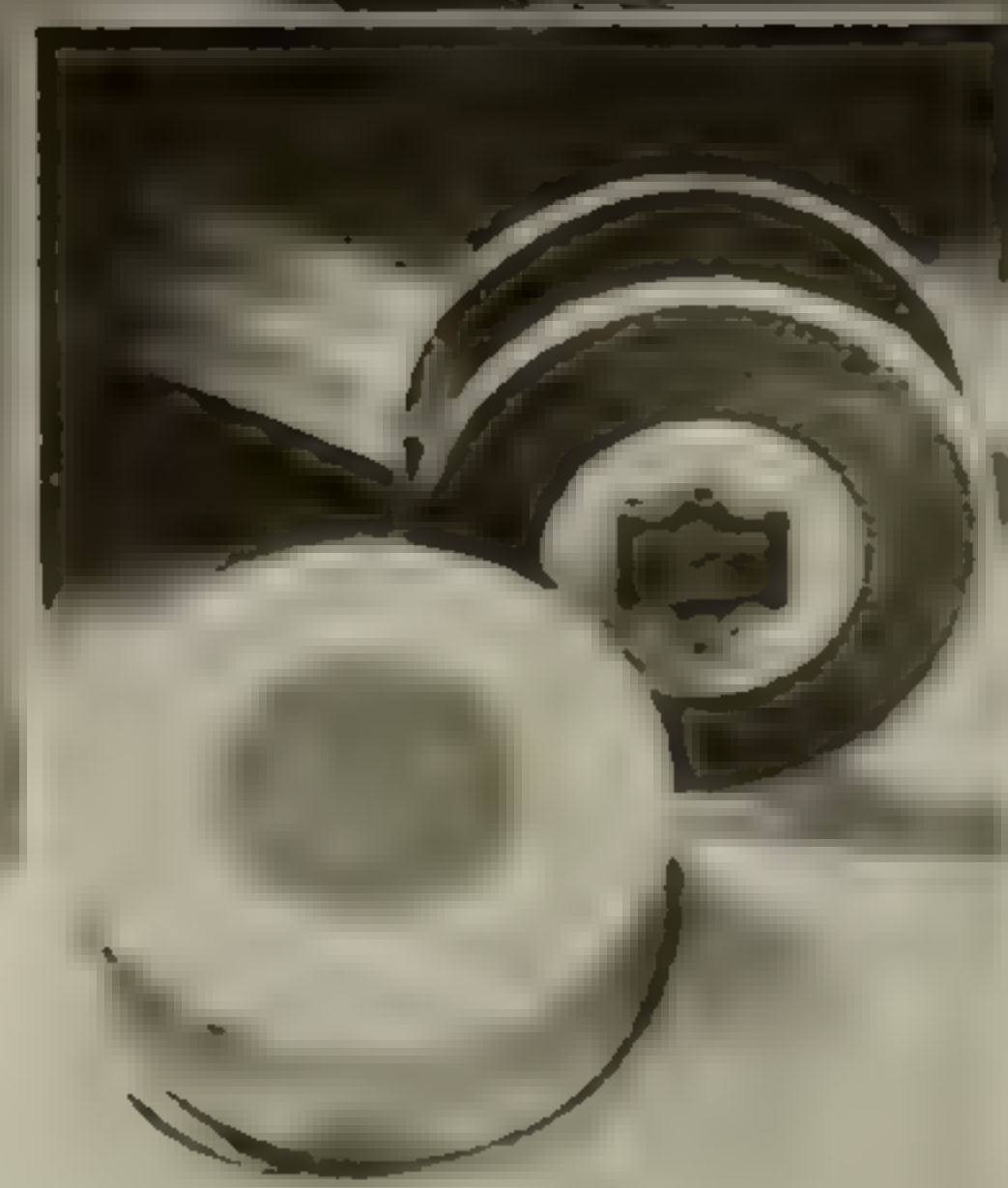
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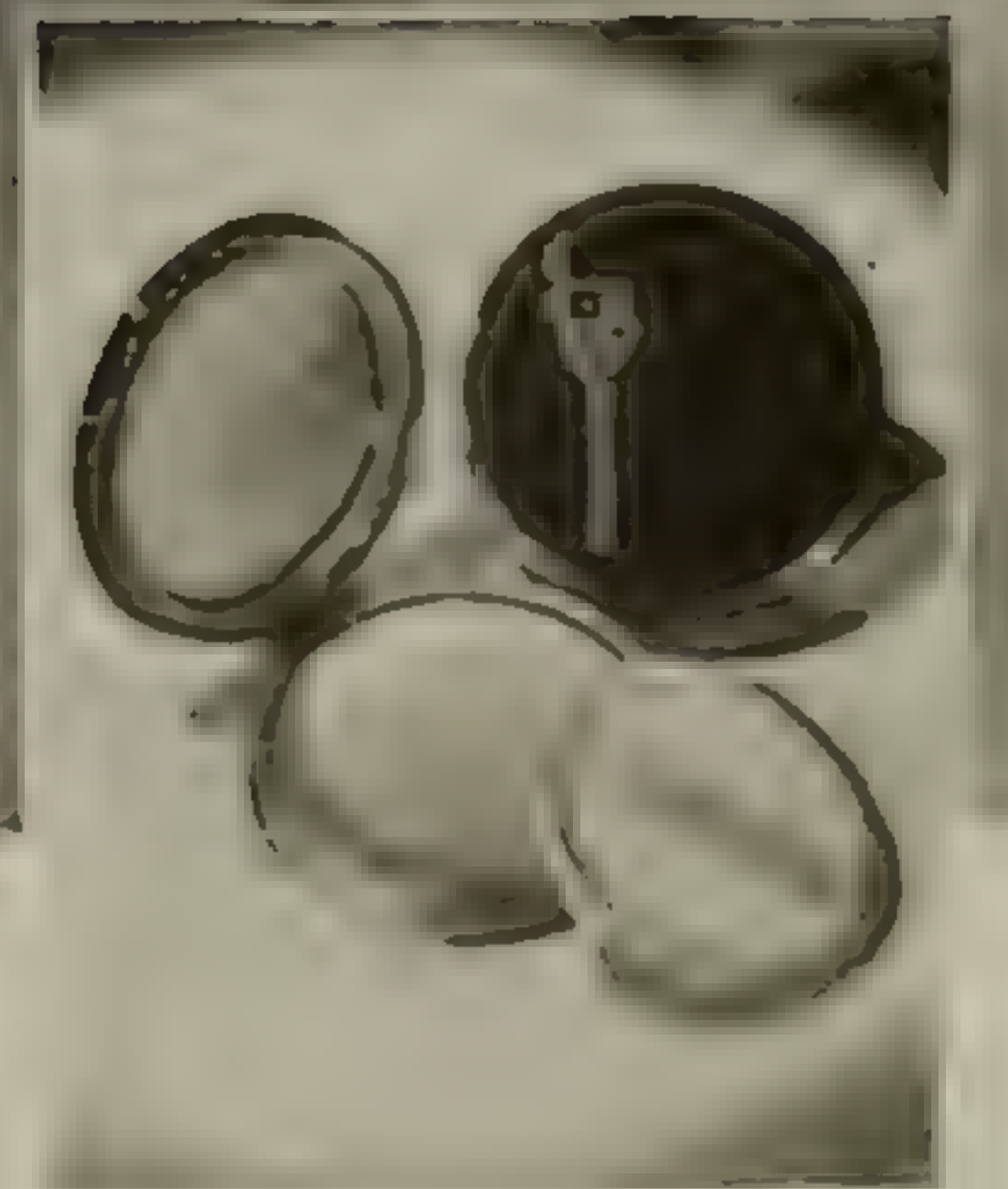
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Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 11)

main scene from a bathtub and the less clothes the better box office is always true of her works. . . .

APROPOS of Lamarr it is very funny the way the other girls are going around and whispering that the reason Metro couldn't complete "I Take This Woman" is that Hedy can't read lines . . . well, the public read Hedy's lines in "Algiers" and was more than satisfied . . . so just leave the acting up to Bette Davis and give us some more of the same Hedy that "Algiers" showed and we'll be quite content. . . .

That, in turn, makes us wonder what they will give Bette Davis as the reward for her work in "Dark Victory" . . . since they've given her two Oscars for her work so far I guess they'll have to give her the whole darned Academy this time . . . she is that magnificent. . . .

I wonder if anybody but me, when reading of Jackie Coogan and his troubles, begins to feel sorry for Freddie Bartholomew, too . . . not but that Freddie's money, such as there is of it left since all his legal difficulties, is very safe . . . but where is the boy heading? . . . M-G-M now has Rooney as a first-league boy star and the way they are developing that youngster Terry Kilburn is something to watch, too . . . also isn't it typically Hollywood to be staging a comeback at the age of eight, as Sybil Jason is as the result of "The Little Princess" . . . still I suppose all actors of any age or sex relax a little when they observe a man like Lewis Stone getting the lead in "It Can't Happen Here" which ought to be a terrific hit . . . Lewis Stone has simply worked steadily for the past forty years . . . he's saved his money, too, so that he is a very rich man . . . besides there are actors like John Halliday, though not many of them . . . Mr. Halliday after a most successful career on the speaking stage and a less important career in movies . . . for reasons I'll tell you in just a moment . . . has enough money to live just as he wants to live . . . the way he wants to live is in Hawaii on a lazy, sunny plantation where he can loaf and read . . . so he does just that . . . and when he feels his money is getting just a little low . . . he takes a picture job . . . they are always being offered him . . . he can pick and choose . . . he comes back every year or so . . . as he did for "That Certain Age," you remember . . . picks up ten or fifteen thousand dollars which is Holly-

wood chicken feed . . . and then retires to Hawaii until such time as that sum is used up . . . that's why he hasn't pushed his picture career more . . . if he did, he'd get into the higher salary brackets and have less leisure . . . and leisure is what he wants most . . . pleasant, isn't it . . . and proves not all actors are temperamental spendthrifts. . . .

WHILE you are still in there in the running, however, it must scare the daylights out of you, if you are a star, to have another performer with a similar type of appeal start climbing up into the big spotlight . . . because, going back to Gary Cooper again, if I were Gary I'd worry about Henry Fonda . . . particularly with "Young Mr. Lincoln" coming along . . . Gary would have been marvelous in such a part . . . but it's my hunch that Henry Fonda will likewise be a marvelous young Lincoln . . . and it is getting to be much too long since Gary has had a picture that was worthy of him. . . .

The first time I ever met Henry Fonda I started right off liking him and for this reason: he was under contract to Walter Wanger then and Jimmy Stewart, still pretty unknown, was, as he still is, under contract to M-G-M . . . it was the morning after "Next Time We Love" had been previewed, however, and the whole town was talking about Stewart . . . so Henry Fonda barged into Wanger's office, where I was, and said to the producer, "You see? If you had been smart you could have had Stewart instead of me under contract" . . . that's really the way Hank feels about Jimmy, too . . . thinks he's the greatest actor in the world and ten times better than Fonda . . . but I don't agree . . . Jimmy Stewart is a great one-performance actor . . . as a frustrated lad à la his "Made for Each Other" he does remarkably . . . but he's always too much that one part . . . Hank Fonda isn't . . . to me he is real star stuff of the young Will Rogers type. . . .

All of which adds to up to the fact that movies and movie-making are a nerve-racking, exciting, satisfactory and terrible business and that the longer you study it the less you know about it . . . and that the world can't become a really bad place as long as there is a new Deanna Durbin picture to look forward to . . . and where that most romantic of all Hollywood couples, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, are at last able to get married. . . .



Time hung heavy on Reginald Gardiner's hands when Hedy Lamarr became Mrs. Gene Markey—but not for long! Here he is with Constance Worth at Café Marcel

A House to Live In!

(Continued from page 32)

honest-to-goodness home, built to be used for rest and play, dining and reading, entertaining on a small scale, outdoor life on a large scale. A remodeled country house, built about 1916, of which when you see it you don't say: "Imagine being able to have that house!" You say: "Me, too—some day." It is our pick of the "Me, too" houses of Hollywood.

It is of the familiar ranch-house style, designed for living all on one floor, but the second-story addition was completed recently to make room for the second son, Denny, born to the Devines last January. Mrs. Devine, who was born on a ranch, like Andy, says they will keep on adding rooms on top of their house for every child they have. That's the kind of house it is. As a matter of fact, a second dormer to the right of the first will serve only to improve the "balance" of the architecture, if the Devines have a third child some day. L. G. Scherer, Hollywood architect in charge of the remodeling, has arranged these dormers protruding from the sloping roof so the addition takes little or nothing away from the low-to-the-ground appearance of the house, which is one of the chief assets of this type of architecture.

Actually, this style house can find a harmonious background on any level lot, provided the lot is wide enough to allow for the sweep of the front walls, which measure 120 feet wide. The house is fifty-four feet deep. Such a house should be placed on a lot measuring at least 130 by 100 feet. The family's living quarters are all to the right of the porte-cochere, useful in rainy weather, (yes, even in California!) and the maid's room and the garage are to the left.

The outside of the house is unsurfaced redwood siding, placed vertically on the front and back façades and horizontally on the sides, for interesting variation. The house is dead white and the roof is of cedar shingles, painted rust red.

It is the interior plan which impresses you most with its livability, however. You enter by walking up the brick-surfaced loggia, past the large bay window of the living room, into a small entry, with a guest closet to the right. The living room itself is of pretty good size—fourteen by twenty-one feet and six inches—but the impression of space is created by the way in which this room opens into the dining room at the left and the card room at the right. This effect has been intensified by the same vertical knotty pine paneling in all three rooms, with a special hand-woven rag rug made to run through dining room, living room and card room. The thin coat of white paint used on the paneling, so the knots in the pine show through, the rough-textured stone fireplace, a few well-chosen sporting prints and water colors on the walls, all help keep up the informal atmosphere.

The card room, so-called because it is a convenient place for a game of bridge, is actually the only guest room in the Devine house, unless you count the trailer, which is parked behind the garage and in which Tad, the older son, takes his afternoon naps. There is a pull-out double day bed in the card room which folds neatly back to make a divan when there are no guests. Note the farmhouse-y effect of the small-patterned wallpaper on the ceiling, a nice way to introduce pattern into a room with all wood walls.

The master bedroom, at the extreme right end of the house, is a beautiful

combination of rusticity and modern convenience. Partly paneled in white-painted knotty pine, partly in wallpaper with a blue background, it has a series of built-on shelves at either side of the windows and at the head of the bed. There is nothing complicated or costly about these shelves, though the carpentry work has been done to make them perfect matches for the wood trim of the room. That shelf-cabinet-bookcase arrangement at the head of the bed makes it possible to turn lights on and off, answer telephones, regulate the air-conditioning system and listen to the radio, without stirring from bed. Notice the strips of wood which run horizontally under the windows to carry out the pattern of the shelves above. A tiny detail, but it adds much to the charm of the room.

BEHIND the dining room and part of the living room lies the kitchen, one of the most interesting rooms in the house, because it too has felt the touch of livability. The Devines live a great deal in their kitchen. They discovered that, whenever they had guests, which is often, the girls had a tendency to congregate in the kitchen to talk while they got "snacks" from the icebox, hence, the round table and built-in semicircular padded seat in one corner. The Devines call this "the Brown Derby corner." It is handy to the icebox, right across from the stove, and just a step through the door to the utility side of the "bar," which is shown in the living-room picture as a pine-doored cabinet to the right of the fireplace. Through this bar opening, refreshments can be served into the living room without the cook or the butler leaving the kitchen. The bar is a modern innovation, made to look right in this setting.

Back of the kitchen, at the foot of the stairs leading up to the second-floor nursery, is Tad's bedroom, large enough for sleeping and playing and to accommodate his nurse's cot. The bay window looking out over the acres of Ando Ranch—which is really a ranch, with horses, cows, chickens, even a tobacco patch—lets in a great amount of light. By reason of the staircase placed at the back of the house, the two children's rooms are entirely apart from the rest of the house, so that the nurse can go from one room to the other without disturbing the family and their guests.

The nursery, although the newest part of the house, is in keeping with the rest, with white-painted pine paneling and wallpapered ceiling, done in white, yellow and blue and having cross ventilation, ample closet room (for storing children's bulky equipment) and its own private bath.

The whole house could be built, new, today for \$15,500, exclusive of the cost of land, according to Mr. Scherer. This includes a twelve by twenty foot basement to house a gas-fired, forced-air heating unit and water heater, with adequate storage space besides; insulation of double layers of metal foil in the roof, and the five bathrooms which, in most families, could be cut down to three, without much loss of convenience and at a saving of about \$600. The price also includes the garage, but not the stables, groom's quarters, tack room, poultry equipment and other "extras" which Andy has and which would not be part of the average family's scheme of living, anyway.

In fact, it is just the kind of house you and I might copy, despite its eminence as a "show place" of Hollywood.

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THE LOVELIER SOAP

WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 61)

THE GRAND DUKE
SAID I WAS
GRAND



I didn't know he was a Grand Duke—I just knew he was looking wistfully at that fresh package of Beeman's in my hand. "Have some?" I offered. "With pleasure!" he answered—and bowed as if I were royalty!

"This refreshing Beeman's flavor," he confided, "—it has that delicious American pep! Never can I resist its tempting tang! A thousand thanks for this soluscious treat! You are—how shall I say it?—one grand friend!"



straightens them out on a few technical points. "This," chuckles the doctor, "is the softest case I ever had." But he's a little early. Because in a minute Doctor Lew Ayres cuts his hand on a surgical knife, of all things, and the real doctor has to step in and patch him up! But you won't see that in the finished film—no indeed!

M-G-M's pride and joy and two time Oscar winner, Spencer Tracy, greets us from a strange sound stage this month—at 20th Century-Fox where Spence is on loan making "Stanley and Livingstone," which was front page news for weeks and weeks when grandpa was young.

TC-F really started shooting this picture a year and a half ago when an expedition, headed by pretty Osa Johnson, followed Stanley's exact route through darkest Africa and shot 100,000 feet of film, against which most of the Hollywood end of the picture is being filmed.

Hollywood has doctored up the Stanley-Livingstone saga slightly. But outside of a romance between Nancy Kelly, a British consul's daughter, and Richard Greene, a reporter, the spectacular rescue expedition for missionary Dr. Livingstone by newspaperman Stanley forms the meat of the script.

Spencer Tracy is a strange apparition with a full gray beard and white hair. He wears heavy jungle boots, a pith helmet and duck trousers that once were white. Cedric Hardwicke, playing Livingstone, is even more dirty and mussed up. It's the scene where they meet—one of the most famous scenes of the Nineteenth Century. "Roll 'em! Camera! Action!"—and Hollywood recreates it:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"—

NEXT door we find Warner Baxter in the midst of a return bout with the colorful character that made him a big star. "The Return of the Cisco Kid," ten years after "In Old Arizona," is the biggest tribute his studio can pay Warner for hanging on to his youth.

O. Henry might whirl in his grave at what they've done to the story plot of his Cisco Kid, but it sounds sure-fire to us. A boy loves a girl. So does the Kid. He plots the boy's death in a frame-up, then his big heart softens and he rides recklessly over desert and cactus to save him. We can see that chase now—on the screen, that is. This set is the patio of a Mexican inn. Cesar Romero, a killer-diller, in the most hideously greasy make-up we've ever seen, long black hair and a huge wart by his nose, is whooping it up with Warner. Mescal fizzes or possibly tequila slings do the trick aided by an energetic guitar ensemble.

The script calls for all this debauchery to be broken up by a pistol shot.

"Now, boys," says Director Herbert Leeds, "we won't use the shot. We'll dub it in later. Camera!"

Cesar and Warner go into their roistering and in the middle—"Ba-looom!"—right behind their table a gun goes off like the crack of doom. Warner and Cesar almost reach the ceiling.

"Sorry to double-cross you, boys," the director apologizes. "But the only way to get a good fright reaction on anybody's face is really to scare 'em!" Yeah—but we aren't acting in this picture!

Back from the suburbs we crash RKO-Radio in the heart of Hollywood and find Ginger Rogers doing a solo in "Little Mother," with David Niven in

Fred Astaire's usual corner, without, of course, the taps.

We have to admire Ginger. She's one actress who has licked the type-casting bugbear. She can sing and dance for our money until the cows sneak in at eventide. She can also act.

"Little Mother" is the songless and danceless brand, a straight comedy-romance. Ginger plays a shopgirl who finds a baby on her doorstep one day. The store thinks she's a bad girl and fires her. Then the store owner's son tumbles for Ginger and his papa gets the idea the infant is really his bar sinister grandson.

Ginger and David Niven are on the set when we approach. David's in mufti for a change. Garson Kanin, the twenty-six-year-old new Hollywood wonder boy, directs them.

We watch until the scene—Ginger's first date with David—finally gets the director's okay, then we take a quick trip out to Selznick-International to check up on what goes on with "Gone with the Wind."

We catch a scene in the Wilkes mansion, where *Scarlett* meets *Rhett* for the first time and *Ashley* breaks the sad news that his true love is *Melanie*. Remember?

Leslie Howard, in a fawn-colored coat and stock, is courtly, Olivia de Havilland in a poke bonnet is demure and Vivien Leigh in a green sprigged muslin hoop dress and wide green-trimmed hat is simply devastating.

To describe the exquisite costumes Selznick has supplied for even the "Wind" extras is impossible. The color of this one scene and the perfection of its detail is a work of wardrobe art. Every Technicolor camera-take is a screen painting and every one is shot as carefully as an artist wields his brush. Maybe "Gone with the Wind" won't be ready for release until next Christmas, as the rumors say, but when it is—there'll be something to see.

BACK at Paramount we find the "Beau Geste" company returned to the lot after eight weeks of trials and tribulations on the bleak sand dunes of Yuma, Arizona. "Beau Geste," a little two-million-dollar quickie Paramount is turning out, is of course a remake. Reason—the old version netted a fortune in its day. It was a swell picture besides, if you'll remember.

"Beau Geste," 1939 edition, launched the greatest location trip in modern Hollywood history. Paramount set up a tent city on the windy dunes, nineteen miles from Yuma. Eight hundred men, a thousand horses and thirty-five camels milled around among the rattlesnakes, scorpions and centipedes and the howling sandstorms for two whole months, minus modern conveniences.

When we find Gary Cooper, Bob Preston and Susan Hayward (a cute little redhead who figures to go places in this one), they're all safely back on a sandless sound stage, dressed up in evening clothes. But all of them are still coughing their heads off from Yuma acquired "sand colds." Breathing sand does it.

This set gives us some of the oddest news we've had in months. We had noticed on the call sheet outside the stage door this unusual legend, "One mouse," and below, "One mouse's stand-in." Believe it or not, the cheese-eater has a mechanical stand-in running around the floor, while the flesh and blood mousie is being held in tow by a horsehair harness. You can't see that

on the screen and it keeps the Mickey from ducking into a convenient hole from false modesty.

We head next for "The Magnificent Fraud." This picture is about a French actor, Akim Tamiroff, who plays the part of a Latin-American dictator when said ruler shuffles off unexpectedly to upset the plans of Lloyd Nolan, who is about to put over a ten-million-dollar loan.

A great many other characters are involved. Ralph Forbes, Mary Boland and Patricia Morison are among the most important.

A word here about this Morison girl: she's due for a star build-up at Paramount because of her neat acting in "Persons in Hiding." She's smallish, with long black hair and blue eyes. She got off to a good acting start as Helen Hayes' understudy in "Victoria Regina." Paramount has just bought Phyllis Bottome's "Danger Signal" especially for Pat—so don't forget the name.

NEITHER Samuel Goldwyn nor Hal Roach has anything on the fire this month. Walter Wanger is still frozen solid on the story for his "Winter Carnival." So our next stop is out in the San Fernando Valley at Warners' where Bette Davis is just starting "The Old Maid."

Here we see movie-making at its highest peak, with its greatest actress, Bette Davis, embarking on another almost certain dramatic triumph.

"The Old Maid" is tried and true dramatic material—and that, we'd say, is absolutely all Bette Davis needs. Zoe Akins wrote the play from Edith Wharton's story. Helen Menken and Judith Anderson made it a hit on Broadway.

Briefly, it's the story of a woman forced by the circumstances of her life and loves to watch her own daughter grow up without ever letting her know she's her mother. The end is tragic.

Jane Bryan is the daughter. Miriam Hopkins plays Bette's cousin, whose life is woven closely about hers. George Brent is a wastrel lover.

Both Bette and Miriam, two of the palest bona fide blondes in Hollywood, are decked out in flouncing hoop skirts, poke bonnets, ribbons and laces, for the period is 1861, the setting, Philadelphia.

The scene we watch is inside an old-fashioned lingerie shop set; they're buying Miriam's trousseau. Edmund Goulding, Bette's favorite director, perches behind the camera on a stool, cool and dignified.

He directs quietly, reasons and cajoles with Bette. We think we have discovered at least part of the secret of Bette Davis' greatness. To wit, Mr. Goulding.

The sun is just beginning to set when we drop by Universal to call on "The Sun Never Sets." The whole company, Basil Rathbone, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Barbara O'Neil and buxom Virginia Field are busy at that world-wide British afternoon rite—tea.

"The Sun Never Sets" is British flag-waving, pure and simple. A long line of British consular career men meets rebellion in younger son Doug. He will have none of the white-tie-chin-up-carry-on stuff. That is, he won't at first. But after being exposed to the pomp and circumstance of India, South Africa, and scattered outposts of Empire, Doug comes through for dear old England.

It's already on the tag end of Hollywood's working day and we're ready to call quits for another month.

The Unconventional Side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 15)

are wondering whether or not that man can play Nicky Arnstein?"

There is another director in Hollywood, also a great favorite of mine, who happens to represent the unconventional side of the city of annuities and irrevocable trust funds. It goes without saying that I mean Edmund Goulding, who is now being praised from coast to coast for the truly magnificent job he has done directing "Dark Victory." Not only did he bring out the very, very best in Bette Davis, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Humphrey Bogart but he succeeded in remaining the selfsame Eddie Goulding, a dreamy Irishman and a man with a thousand talents, whom I have known for over a quarter of a century.

A gentleman of the ensemble, a song writer, an actor, a playwright, an associate producer and a director, Eddie Goulding knows everything there is to be known about the stage and screen. Sometime I wonder why he bothers to hire any actors and actresses at all when he can play all the parts himself. He doesn't talk as loud as Ratoff but he can hold his own in any company. After all these years, he is still an eccentric showman and not a calculating banker. He rides around in a car that would never make me imagine that a Vanderbilt is visiting Hollywood, as I thought when I first beheld Cedric Gibbons, the husband of Dolores Del Rio, drive past me in a breath-taking, maroon limousine. Eddie goes to the studio wearing what looks to me like a pair of lounging pajamas and a dressing gown and, the greatest miracle of all, he is not overawed by his own success.

Not any more than his favorite star, Bette Davis. During the filming of "Dark Victory," she saw only a few rushes. All the Warner Brothers' horses and Warner Brothers' men could not drag her to attend the preview and even the cajoling genius of Eddie Goulding failed to persuade her to walk into a projection room where "Dark Victory" was being run for a few guests. She does not think that "Dark Victory" is great only because of herself—and that fact ought to endear her to another unconventional friend of mine, Samuel Goldwyn, who recently made an almost historical speech before the members of the cast of "Wuthering Heights."

"You must realize," said Sam, "that this is a very special picture. No one in particular can claim full credit for it. It's not a Merle Oberon picture, it's not a Laurence Olivier picture, it's not anyone else's picture—it's just a Samuel Goldwyn picture."

THE mention of Laurence Olivier's name brings to my mind the name of that, by now, famous compatriot of his, Vivien Leigh, who, believe it or not, did no more to get the part of *Scarlett* than a woman in the moon. Much as it may enrage the Hollywood wiseacres, she actually came to Hollywood on a vacation. Like everyone else, she was sure that it was in the bag for Paulette Goddard, but she counted without George Cukor who, while no longer directing "Gone with the Wind," is entirely responsible for the present glory of Vivien Leigh. George is a fine director, one of the finest there is, but George's idea of acting is not that of Charlie Chaplin. And he could not help but feel, while rehearsing Goddard in several of the scenes, the fine hand of Charlie. His parting words to Paulette Goddard were: "Thanks so much and, oh yes, will you tell Charlie that he did quite a

clever bit of directing in that last scene?"

But to return to my unconventional people. There is Nunnally Johnson, the associate producer, on the Twentieth Century lot, a most efficient and brilliant man, according to all who know him in Hollywood, but a Great American Legend, according to his friends back East. It was he who said to a lady when asked whether or not all the inhabitants of his home town (he comes from Georgia) resemble the characters in "Tobacco Road":

"Oh, no, Madam, the Tobacco Road people are considered the country club set where I come from. . . ."

It was likewise he who, while describing a writer whom Johnson considers to be the "world's worst" exclaimed:

"That fellow is so bad that he oughtn't be permitted to use the language at all. . . ."

"Suppose he gets hungry, Nunnally, what then?"

"Oh, let the blankety-blank stand still and wave flags."

The newest Nunnallyjohnsonism—they collect Nunnallyjohnsonisms in Hollywood and keep them under lock and key—has to do with his recent vacation. Mr. Johnson claims that one night, while returning to his hotel from a gay party, he overheard the manager of the hotel pray. The prayer went as follows:

"God, please take Nunnally Johnson and send back the American Legion. . . ."

I HESITATE to describe Charlie Chaplin, a stickler on etiquette and a perfect host, as an "unconventional person" and yet . . . What would you call him if you had heard him—as I did—describe the story of his forthcoming "The Dictator," a picture in which he plays two parts: that of a Jewish barber and that of Der Fuehrer. Said Charlie, as if anticipating an argument:

"Why shouldn't I impersonate Hitler? After all, don't forget, that the son-of-a-gun stole my mustache . . . Look at his photographs taken during the war when he was still a mere corporal. He was wearing then a typical German mustache . . . That was in 1918 when I was already making dozens of pictures . . . So who is impersonating whom?"

A genius is always unconventional. That is why I cannot finish this article without mentioning Darryl Zanuck's name. God knows, there is nothing mad or eccentric about making money, hand over fist, for one's stockholders and turning out one hit after another but, if conventionality is just a pen name of mediocrity, then Zanuck is the most unconventional man of all. In the weeks and months to come you will hear plenty about him. Wait till you see "Rose of Washington Square" and "Stanley and Livingstone."

Re-reading what I have written so far I discover that I have not mentioned Hedy Lamarr yet. This surprises me as much as it will surprise the readers of this magazine. Just imagine anyone writing about the Hollywood of today without mentioning Hedy's name at least once. What is the matter with me. I wonder? Could it be that I think of her nowadays as Mrs. Gene Markey and that hearing everyone say, "Markey married the prettiest girl in Hollywood," I naturally conclude that they are talking about Joan Bennett? For to me, Joan was, is and will always be "the prettiest girl in Hollywood."



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ALVIN WATCHES

The Stars Are Lonely, Too!

(Continued from page 19)

producer. Others arrive more quietly and are forced into seclusion until they are ready to burst upon the American screen. They seek one another's company for understanding and comfort. Some fail, eventually, and return home—Simone Simon, for example, the girl with the double-barrelled name and the distracting pout, and Anna Sten, who tried to make a comeback. Others succeed . . . Hedy Lamarr, whose name is now synonymous with glamour. Until Miss Lamarr made "Algiers" and found herself acclaimed, she must have often been lonely. But Hedy has taken out insurance. She has fallen in love and has married.

THE starlets have their lonely moments. The kids who have come up from the ranks, or who have won beauty contests and have reached their mecca of Hollywood and a screen test. Some keep on and grow more promising with each picture. Some appear briefly and one never hears of them again. How many have failed and unwilling to go home, to face that let down feeling, to brave the curiosity of the home town and their friends, have stayed on, getting some sort—any sort—of work that will keep them in Hollywood.

Then there are the long-distance marriages, the marriages which were undertaken in the glow of youth and hope and which could be happy given the chance; which are perhaps happy still but which must struggle to survive the disintegrating effect of mileage and of diverse careers. Rumor attacks these poor people if they go to a party with escorts other than their husbands . . . or with women other than their wives . . . But if they stay at home, they probably are bored with themselves and their surroundings—they are used, after all, to attention and excitement.

Garbo's famous "I want to be alone" has become almost an American classic, a gag. How true is it, I wonder?

She came here a healthy, talented, bewildered girl, because the great director Stiller wouldn't come without her. She made a hit and, at first she was far from alone. She posed for all the usual stills, the publicity shots, and willingly. It is said that she vowed that if a success she would never do it again. That may be conversation. It is possible that she is a real introvert and that she shrinks from crowds and a great many trivial people. It is also possible that she has acquired this, that she was not born that way at all, but that Hollywood and her early years there have conditioned her. I am not guessing, I wouldn't know the answer. But although Garbo has friends, close friends, if not many of them, there must be times when she does not want to be alone. But either she has become so conditioned to her particular fate that she believes in it or else she does not know how to break through the barriers which she herself, and the studio, have built around her. Perhaps having become a legend, she believes in that, too . . . But there must be moments when she is bored beyond words, when she would like to be young and gay and perhaps the center of a circle of interesting and interested people. As I said before, I wouldn't know. But she's lonely, I think.

Scandal, rumor—false or true—has caused much unhappiness in Hollywood, much withdrawing into self, much loneliness concealed or revealed. Loss of love by death or misunderstanding has caused loneliness. For these people,

stripped of their glamour and names, glow and publicity are, after all, just people. Like anyone else, they are mortal, fallible, prone to unrest and error, to unhappiness and uncertainty. Even the heartiest extroverts can't be on top of the wave all the time.

Then there are those in Hollywood who, by their very natures, are unable to join in the general crazy rush after excitement and time killers. I have always thought of Ronald Colman as a lonely man, despite his close and loyal friends. But I imagine since his marriage the picture has changed.

Joan Crawford . . . a less lonely figure you couldn't imagine. Or could you? . . . spectacular marriages, never enduring, the incessant struggle to climb still higher the ladder to success, and now rumor busy linking her name with someone else. Yet lonely she has been, I fancy, all her life. For that is the "joker" in the game of success.

If you must have fame, if you must reveal your special gift to the world, if you want what the world can give you by way of reward, then you have to pay for it. The screen stars pay in the continual publicity. Without this they would soon cease to exist. When it pursues them into their private lives and pries at their private emotions they turn on it, with anger and anguish. But they can do very little about it.

There is a good deal for the run-of-the-mill person to learn from these people whose lives are one tremendous struggle . . . a tug of war you might say . . . a struggle on one hand for success and its attendant discontents, and on the other for personal privacy . . . a struggle against boredom, against growing sated and stale, against loneliness. Yet a few of the stars in Hollywood have come near a solution—which is, I think, to take what comes, to make the best of it, with a sense of gratitude, a sense of and a complete realization of values and, on the other hand, to live as fully and naturally as possible within the limitations placed upon them.

THERE is no cure for loneliness. There is no certain preventative. But the lucky, the sane, the visionary among the stars have learned that faith, fundamental belief in themselves, in human nature, in the panacea of hard work, in the loyalty of a few, can serve to alleviate the common lot of human beings. These have learned how fickle is the public which makes and, if it wishes, breaks them, how futile in the last analysis the hurry and ceaseless striving . . . these have somehow managed to insure themselves against boredom by lasting interests and against heart-break by a belief in enduring love. It may fail them, but they will have courage to go on.

These are the lucky ones whose insurance against loneliness continues to give them protection. One star I know has a passionate interest in modern art and there is no place now in his life for loneliness. An increasing number of others are insuring themselves by bearing children, or adopting them. Every year the demand for orphans increases and the Cradle, that famous foundling home in Illinois, fills more and more Hollywood orders. Still others have moved out of Hollywood and have created real homes in the country, ranches where the closeness to nature fills the void in their lives.

Loneliness touches every man but those who have faith go on.

PHOTOPLAY

From Ranch to Riches

(Continued from page 16)

promoted Annie to first place in the photographer's esteem. She is something an angel dreamed up for them—the glamour girl epitomized: immense eyes of deep photogenic hazel, mobs of red-gold hair that simply can't be authentic but is, fabulous fingernails and eyelashes out to there, incredible legs and skin . . . No wonder they go mad every time she appears in the gallery for a sitting.

The corridor through the Warners publicity department is always lined with new pictures of their various players. As a rule, the press boys walk straight through, eyes forward. Looking at pictures is too much like what they get paid for. But the other day, a sitting of Annie went up—and now you have to blast your way through that corridor. The old hard-boiled press, sold to a bunch of "leg art"—after all these years. But *what* leg art!

On the other hand, Annie has a lot more than the high visibility with which Nature so lavishly endowed her. As proof, the other day I asked Bette Davis: "Who, in your opinion, is the most talented and promising young personality on your lot?" Without a pause, Bette answered: "Ann Sheridan!" And Bette isn't handing out ill-considered opinions. Annie nearly swooned with joy when she heard that. Bette is the bright shining idol in her life.

ANNIE has just finished "Dodge City," with Errol Flynn, a story of the good old pioneering days of 1872. Our Annie is a good ole pioneer woman—can't you just see her in a sunbonnet and a tight bodice up to her chin? Well, you never will—not this trip, anyway. She went for a costume fitting, and we found that out. Annie does her pioneering in a dance hall, wearing those costumes that always look as if the gal had started to undress from the top down and just then the telephone rang. The astute Brothers Warner, having uncovered the facts concerning Annie's shoulders and—uh—extremities, are not going to begin concealing their assets now. The fact that she can act the house down doesn't bother them any, too. Big plans are on the way.

With Joan Blondell, Kay Francis and Anita Louise all departed from the stu-

dio, it looks as if Annie will have a busy year.

Annie says anyway she has worked up to the "slapping stage" of her career, and hopes it is over. "In 'Angels,' I slapped Cagney. In 'Naughty But Nice,' Dick Powell and I trade slaps. I nearly break Powell's jaw when we get going! There isn't any slapping, so far as I know, in the next one; entering a more dignified phase, you see . . . Just so I don't have to play misunderstood wives next, that's all I ask," Annie says.

She is much more intense about her work than she used to be, but she still manages to keep the intensity well under cover from the average observer. She would rather kid about it. But when she goes into a scene, she is surprisingly workmanlike and conscientious.

A girl can't have her mind on her work *all* the time—it wouldn't be normal—not when she loves to dance as much as Annie does.

AS for men—"Men are wonderful things—I like men very much. In numbers. Not concentrating on any particular one right now. Playing the field." (The field is thrilled, judging by the telephone calls that came in all the afternoon. Annie was indifferent, but—well, you know. Not *too* indifferent.)

"Marriage? . . . My goodness, I just got out of one. Why get in another? . . . But I'm not off marriage. Not a bit. It's a grand old custom—one that's here to stay, I'll bet. I hope to marry again some day, some time, and have fourteen children. Uh huh, fourteen. A nice round number, don't you think? . . . Right now, you see I'm concentrating on my career. Excuse me a minute. . . ."

The telephone was ringing again. Annie said yes, she would love to go dancing at La Conga tomorrow night . . . But I know very well she was concentrating on her career all the time, because she plainly said she would have to be home before midnight!

And for Annie, the one who used to close up all the night clubs and wear out three pairs of dancing partners a week, this is revolutionary. It is almost exactly the same thing as not going out at all.

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Lewis Stone Is Really Judge Hardy

(Continued from page 21)

that we are about of an age, the Judge and I. And I am fifty-nine, going on sixty. I think that neither of us pays much attention to the dreary business called 'growing old.' I know that I don't.

"I feel as I felt a quarter of a century ago. I eat anything and everything as I have always done. I shave myself every morning. I still," laughed Mr. Stone, "take a certain military pride in my clothes, my carriage, trimness and smartness. It still matters to me what tie I wear. The Judge, likewise, is not unmindful of his appearance."

It occurred to me, as I listened to Mr. Stone, that not only does Mr. Stone's own background explain Mr. Stone but also that *Judge Hardy*, too, might easily have stemmed from the line of sturdy, straight-spined Scotch Presbyterians which is Lewis Stone's ancestry.

Mr. Stone was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, November 15th, fifty-nine years ago. His father, Bertrand Stone, was in business with his father, Timothy Stone: Timothy Stone & Sons, makers of boots and shoes.

Lewis Stone's paternal grandmother had four children: Mary Stone, Agnes Stone, William MacDonald and Bertrand. Bertrand alone remained at home. Mary, Agnes and William MacDonald, sent abroad to make the Grand Tour, to study painting and music in Paris, suddenly, wildly, incomprehensibly "went on the stage." Grandmother Stone's heart turned to stone indeed when the fantastic news was broken to her. Forthwith she closed the door of her house and heart to these "changelings." She removed their tin-types from the family album. She forbade their names to be mentioned in her hearing.

Then, one day, after the passing of years, one blizzard day when Grandmother Stone, now eighty-five, was walking the five miles to church as was her invariable custom (because in the Stone household, on the Holy Sabbath, not a carriage wheel turned, not a horse moved in the paddock), Grandmother Stone fell and broke her hip. She lay in bed for two years and more. No one ever knew what thoughts passed through her mind, but when Grandmother Stone rose from her bed at last the door of the homestead was opened wide and Mary and Agnes and William MacDonald came home.

"Those years of pain and idleness," Mr. Stone said, "gave her, I am sure, the one and only virtue she had not formerly possessed—tolerance. The greatest of all lessons, tolerance. The greatest of all virtues. . . ."

"It was my first lesson in tolerance, too, hearing that story told. I never forgot it. I needed to remember it, too. For my mother was of the same fiber as my grandmother. My mother did not actually refuse me admittance to her home when I announced my intention of going on the stage. But she did give every evidence of tight-lipped disapproval of such a gypsy choice. She refused to discuss the matter with me. And when, on one occasion, I positively nagged her into coming to see me as Bill Sikes in 'Oliver Twist' (one of my earlier ventures) she sat there in the audience watching me as though she were seeing a Gorgon's head. When, later, I asked her what she thought of me she shut her mouth grimly and looked at the ceiling. What she thought of me was, apparently, a bit of information she was not going to impart."

SURELY from just such a background may the beloved *Judge Hardy* have sprung, strong-armed with the sterner virtues, sweetened by tolerance. . . .

The Judge, too, I think, knew gaieties in his younger days as, in his younger days on Broadway, Lewis Stone knew the life of a young man-about-town . . . and again, as Lewis Stone knew tragedy in his early life when his young wife, mother of his two small daughters, so suddenly died, so the Judge must have had his heart bruised, his sensibilities shocked, since only from such bruising can the juices of human kindness run with so fine and healing a flavor as our Judge presents on the screen.

"Yes, I guess in many respects the Judge and I are alike. Like myself, the Judge is not one to retire and take his ease. He has worked hard all of his life as I have worked hard all of my life. And neither of us could be happy away from his chosen profession. I feel that the Judge loves his work as I love mine. I am so glad, so glad I am an actor.

"Nor would the Judge be half the man he is without his family. Nor would I. Nor any man. I have two daughters, as you know, both girls in their twenties now, both married. Their own mother died when they were very small (Mr. Stone remarried a few years ago) and, as a result, they have always been with me through all of the various ages and stages. Yes, we are good friends, my daughters and I. And so the Judge's 'family feeling' is something I need not feign or assume.

"The Judge, too, I feel, is the type of man who does his work conscientiously, to the best of his ability. And then lays down his gavel and goes home. And, similarly, I lay down my script and go home. And it is home. We have a five acre farm in the San Fernando Valley here in California. I have my chickens and ducks and horses and truck garden. I keep chickens and ducks because I like the noises they make. Farmyard noises. I don't know what kind of farmer the Judge would make," smiled Mr. Stone. "I do know the kind of farmer I make. I get fine spurts of farming frenzy and potter about the land. And then the gardeners, patient after the manner of their kind, go about undoing the damage I have done. I have a workshop on the premises and spend hours in there, whittling and whistling away, ruining good lumber, turning out something perfectly inconsequential.

"We live a very normal, very quiet, very happy life. We play an occasional game of bridge. Now, I don't know about the Judge's game. But for myself I can say only that I am one of the best 'contributors' to be found anywhere. They even match for me! We go to a neighborhood movie now and then, Mrs. Stone and I. We have a circle of friends, most of them nonprofessionals. The girls come home for holidays and visits.

"If to be healthy, happy, busy, without skeletons in the closet or frenzied ambitions, is to be unexciting, then I am afraid that we are very unexciting people. But we have our fun," smiled Mr. Stone, "we have our jobs, we have Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow . . . the Judge and I. . . ."

It would make an amusing tag line for me to say that when I left Mr. Stone I said, "Good-by, Judge Hardy." The really amusing part of it is that I really did!

Bright Victory

(Continued from page 24)

He was expelled from the University after six months, because of a shindig on the campus which became a hullabaloo and then a free-for-all; it seemed to the authorities a significant thing that George was the only one of thirty students who emerged from the fracas comparatively unmarred. Father Dan, casting about for something to occupy his protégé until the time for his use should come, took him over to the famous Abbey Players theater and got him a job lugging props.

The stage suddenly became a living entity to George. With his face and brawn it was easy enough to persuade the director he could handle a walk-on in a scene or two; and, with growing poise, he wangled a bit and then a part and finally a lead. He did these things, until the night when Father Dan came backstage to say, quietly, "Come with me tonight, lad, if you would help your country."

An hour later George ducked his head to follow the priest through a low-roofed passage into the cellar of an outskirts shop. Behind a table sat a man whose mouth was a grim line, whose eyes observed George minutely from beneath lowered lids.

"This is Michael Collins," Father Dan told George, and the young man's eyes shone. He stepped forward and saluted.

"It's proud I am at this moment, sir," he said. "In my way of thinking you are a great patriot and a great leader."

Collins stood up and held out his hand. "Thank you. We need good lads. You're one I see."

It was the highest praise he could offer.

COLLINS assigned him as his dispatch carrier. Then, for months, life was an exhilarating brew, holding the mystery and the secret-society quality dear to any youth's heart. New hiding places must be devised for papers, about his body and on the motorbike; new stories and explanations must be prepared for the British soldiers, who were getting a little suspicious of him at last.

They were stopping him more often, now, searching him with greater diligence. It may have been because of that night when he hopped a truck, prearranged to be driving that road at that hour, for Belfast—

There was fog this night, and even the towns were dark. George, walking slowly along the edge of the road, heard the truck coming and as it slowed beside him he began to whistle "Where the River Shannon Flows."

"All right, George," the driver said, and he climbed up on the front seat.

Suddenly a shout came from a hedge-row, which they could see dimly to the right, and after a moment something hard struck the metal roof above them, clattered across it and fell into the road. At that moment George saw the dark uniform and the face of a British captain he had met in Dublin, peering over the brush. Then the figure, the face, were gone.

That object lying behind them in the road had been a hand grenade which had not exploded.

"Close one," the driver said laconically.

"Right, sir," George said. But, gun in hand, he leaned out and looked back again into the fog. If he had been able to recognize—or think he had recognized—that officer . . . Well, it could work the other way, couldn't it?

The time was growing short, in any

case. Collins' preparations for the final push were almost complete; and then would come climax, the pitched fight which would mean victory and all the things the brave little band had worked for; or defeat—and almost certain death.

Then, one afternoon, George sat at a table in a Dublin restaurant, eating mutton and reading a newspaper whose headlines told of raids by the British, of forays in the early morning hours, of clashes at remote villages. The waiter came up with coffee and George moved his arm to make room for the cup.

He felt that the waiter was looking at him curiously. He glanced up.

"Here you are, sir," the waiter told him, setting down the coffee. He added, softly, "Have you packed for your trip, yet?"

George stared after the man as he walked away. What the hell!

Something cold knotted in the pit of his stomach at that instant. The waiter had not been babbling. This was a signal, of some sort. Leaving the coffee untouched, he tossed coins on the table and, keeping himself from running with difficulty, went to his room.

He took a case of papers from his Gladstone, sorted them, burned some on the grate and slid the rest between the material and the lining of a window curtain.

He was lying on the bed, smoking and reading, when the squad of British soldiers knocked on his door. . . .

They departed disgruntled an hour later, leaving the room in a shambles but with the curtain untouched. "Don't go out of Dublin until you are given official release," the officer instructed him.

For a few minutes George stood motionless, staring at nothing, trying to make sense from what had happened. No logical answer presented itself. Slowly he turned and began gathering his clothes to stuff them haphazardly into the Gladstone. When that was done he put on his hat and topcoat, took the bag, and went without hurry down the back stairs of the building.

Father Dan was waiting for him, in the growing dark, at their regular meeting place beneath a road bridge leading out of Dublin.

"The Holy Mother be praised!" the priest muttered, taking George's arm. "You're out of it, then, George, they've got Collins. They caught him in ambush and . . . But that makes him a martyr. When they've finished with the others they'll be after you. You'll have to make a break for it."

"I'll stay," said George, "and see the thing through."

"It's hopeless," Father Dan's hand was urgent on George's arm. "We'll try again, later—and then . . . But you've no time. I heard them talking. By morning, after they've found what they're hunting for, you'll have a price on your head of a hundred pounds."

For a moment the two stood in silence.

"God be with you," the priest said at last.

A moment later George stood alone, the world and his future in ruins.

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Second Chance

(Continued from page 62)

remember something special about the time you made that picture?"

"Only that it was made in the old shack of a studio Goldmont used to have off Vine Street," I says, trying to push away the years.

"The reissue is still a Goldmont release," says Jelliff. "Wasn't there something funny about your contract with them? Judas-horned-betachment, I know there was!"

"Well," I says, "Goldmont was a kind of half-baked outfit at the time and didn't have much dough. It seems to me..."

"It seems to me I drew up that contract," Jelliff interrupts me. "And that you've got certain rights... say, I suppose we could force Benny Rossman to show us a copy of it, but..."

"Maybe it won't be necessary," I finished for him. "Jelliff, my trunks! Do you suppose by any chance I saved my copy?"

THE idea was enough to set us frantic. I helped Jelliff inside and began to sling that veteran baggage around like a red-cap and then we dug in.

There were programs and clippings, but there was nothing even resembling a document. Then, just as I was about to give up, my eye caught an old menu. It was full of something else which dropped at my touch. Jelliff grabbed the folded paper with a yell like a jitterbug and set his spectacles on his nose.

"Here we are," he gulped. "Let's see, let's see, I pretty well remember it, but..."

Jelliff had done a job on that contract which would of made a modern Hollywood flesh-peddler jealous. He had drawn up a document by which instead of pay, I and Jim had taken part cash and a third interest in the picture. What was even more surprising, Jelliff had put in about reissues and dramatic or other speaking rights, as well as any published version. There was no question in the world but that I still owned a piece of the month's top box-office release!

"My Gawd," says Jelliff tremulously, "didn't I tell you you needed a man's protection?"

WELL, there is an old saw which says "An umbrella today keeps the rain away," and it certainly looked like we had found a parachute. We were going to be able to bail out, but not, we figured, without opposition. Benny was hardly likely to ring for the cashier the moment we mentioned "Lillie of the Valley." And then, speaking of theatrical Angels, just as I and Jelliff were in the middle of talking about this the telephone rang and I answered.

"Miss La Tour?" says one of those buttermilk female voices peculiar to private secretaries, "Mr. Rossman of Goldmont calling." I put my hand over the receiver and told Jelliff.

"I'll bet he's got me another janitor job," I whispers and then Benny was on the phone.

"Hello, Marie," he says pleasantly. "I haven't seen you in a long time. How's things?"

"What do you want me to do for you, Benny?" I says.

"Now, now," says Benny, "don't go flying to any conclusions. I've merely been thinking over what you said about our old quarrel and I'm man enough to admit you're right. Can't we bury the hatchet long enough for a little talk?"

"If it's buried where I can reach it easily," I says with caution.

"How about three o'clock at my office?"

"Okay," I says and hung up. Jelliff stared at me like an eager hound while I told him what had been said.

"I'm going with you, if it kills me," says Jelliff grimly. "You may think you can do without a man's protection, but..."

BY the time I and Jelliff and his crutches reached the Goldmont lot that afternoon, we had decided to play dumb bunny and let Benny do all the talking. The Big Front looked quite surprised when I introduced Jelliff.

"Agent, eh?" he says. "So even you have one in your pocket!"

"Witness for the defense," I corrected him. Benny, plainly excited, handed around cigars, even offering one to me.

"Look here, Marie," he finally began, "you did a little work on a picture called 'Bringing Up Mother' while I was in the East, remember?" I nodded.

"So I have been having some trouble with that picture," says Benny. "We've been getting howls of protest from the exhibitors and we've withdrawn the picture for a remake. Here is a chance for us to do each other some good. We can still remain enemies if you like. But I've been talking with the people who saw your footage and they are all agreed it ought to go back in."

"Miss La Tour," says Jelliff, "only did that work as a favor. She was a stand-in, so to speak, without standing, salary or contract."

"I knew you were an agent," says Benny sadly. "Go on from there."

"She'll want a lump sum for the time she's already worked," says Jelliff, "and five hundred a week during the remake in case you need her."

"It's a holdup," says Benny, "so I'm not going to bargain. We've got half a million dollars in that film and in order not to throw it out the window, I have already got six of our best writers enlarging Marie's part." In spite of myself I couldn't help but feel pretty excited by that.

"That's interesting," I says, "but why am I so good all of a sudden?"

"Two reasons," says he. "First, anybody who can get belly laughs out of a projection unit, holds something. And the second reason is that reissue of 'Lillie of the Valley.'"

Then he shoved some papers towards Jelliff. "A memo agreement I had prepared," says Benny. "You might look it over." Then he picked up a couple of telephones while I and Jelliff went into a huddle at the other end of the room.

THE contract Benny offered was so near to what we wanted that there was no argument necessary, except it called for options, which Jelliff made me cross out.

"Just the one picture," he insisted in a whisper.

"You might be good, you know. And how about that old contract? Shall I jump him on it now?" I thought quick and shook my head.

"I may be a sentimental old fool," I whispered back, "but I'd rather set myself in right here on the strength of what I can do, than by means of any threat. We'll let 'Lillie' come up some time later. Right now I'd rather give an accounting than ask for one."

Well, by that time Benny had finished putting his phones through their limbering up and we were ready for the dotted line. Benny added his signature and then buzzed his secretary.

"Miss La Tour and I want to look at

PHOTOPLAY

her sequences right away," he says to the black box on his desk. "Let me know the minute projection is ready and tell them to move fast!" Then he sat back and relaxed.

"That's fine," he says. "I always did think you had the real thing, Marie. And I believe we're going places now."

"Do we get the same director?" I says, trying to seem casual. "I liked him a lot."

"Well, maybe," says Benny, doubtfully. "But I think if we could get a fresh angle. . . ." Then the black box buzzed.

"Sorry, Mr. Rossman," says the buttermilk voice, "but projection says you released that footage to Christie Beall, several weeks ago."

There was an instant of stunned silence while Benny stared at the black box like he was going to bite it.

"Get Chris on the phone," he shouted. "The thief. I want him quick."

It was a long nervous wait before Chris could be got on the phone and Benny explained what he wanted.

"Get those cans and yourself over here," says Benny. "I suppose now you've got to do the remake, damn it. Hurry, Sweetheart." I could hear Chris' gleeful shout over the phone.

"I'll be there in twenty minutes," he says gaily.

Then Benny ordered a projection room to be got ready and we sat down to wait again talking lightheartedly about this and that and then at last the door opened and there was Chris. One look at his gray face and a chill went down my spine.

"Well?" says Benny.

"The films," says Chris through white lips, "they're gone! They've been stolen!"

WHEN I and Jelliff got home late that afternoon we were just about as cheerful as two old pieces of pressed seaweed.

Betty's face went white when I told her what had happened and, as I continued the story, she got to her feet and threw away her kitchen apron. Her eyes were dark and so terribly serious that I broke off talking for she had me scared.

"Gram," she says, "I've done you enough harm. I've been a fool. I've been the jinx of this outfit, not you, and it's time I took myself off your hands once and for all."

"I've got something to attend to," she says grimly. "I only hope it can be done." Then she made for the door.

"Wait, you screwball," I shouted after her, but she acted like she didn't hear me. Jelliff put a hand on my arm.

"She knows something," he says. "She's been acting funny lately. Best let her get whatever it is out of her system. I believe in discipline, but. . . ."

WELL, my mind did an old-fashioned flash-back to that talk Betty had with Alex Lorm in the hall. But, I didn't mention it right then.

And so when Chris showed up, I got all set to spill a carload of troubles. But he was a jump ahead of me before I could open my mouth.

"Behold the great Deliverer," he says, "who can't deliver! Just to make everything perfect, Reis called me after I saw you. He'd been reading *Variety*."

"What?" says I and Jelliff both together.

"Yes," says Chris. "He forgives your social deficiencies in view of your box-office possibilities. The hook comes with the fact that some dummy told him that the stuff I had of yours was a discard from 'Bringing Up Mother,' and he wanted to see it right away."

"So do we," I agreed.

Then he caught sight of the empty cans on the table. "The sauce of my

life is out, I see," he remarks.

"Yes," I says, "your little fillette-of-sole-mate is out and I'm worried about where." And then I told him very carefully everything I knew about Betty and Alex. How Alex thought she had money of her own, and how he'd wanted her to form that fool Swing Adagio team with him, and last and worst, how it had seemed like he had some sort of hold on her. Chris listened attentively, his face growing blacker all the time.

"Damn it, I wish I'd known this before," he says. "She may have gone to him now!"

"Have you seen Lorm lately?" I asked, scared by his earnestness.

"Not since that day he came to my house trying to sell me the idea of spotting his dance in some picture," says Chris. And then suddenly I could see a thought cross his mind.

"That was the day I locked up your footage," he says excitedly. "He knew what was in those cans!"

"Chris," I says sharply. "Do you suppose by any chance. . . .?"

"I'm going to find out," he says furiously. "And no later than now. You'd better come along in case Betty's there."

"I'll watch the house," says Jelliff. "Wish I could go with you but. . . ."

RIDING along in Chris' car through the star-filled night. I felt like it was all a part of an old movie and that the Mack Sennett cops would catch up with us any minute. But they didn't and when Chris passed his own house and drew up in front of the neighboring one where Alex Lorm lived, I came back to reality with a crash.

There was only one dim light in the bungalow ahead of us, and as we walked up the path Chris began to mutter something about nobody being home. But, after we rang the bell, someone commenced shuffling around inside and pretty soon a woman—one with landlady written all over her—opened the door a crack. She sniffed suspiciously at us before answering the inquiry Chris made.

"Lorm?" she says. "Why no, he don't live here any more. He moved out last week and didn't leave no address." Then she shut the door abruptly. I and Chris stared at each other like a pair of McCarthys.

"Well," says Chris at last, "he seems to have made the usual Hollywood bow-away. And the question is, where next?"

"He has a rich childhood friend," I says, "second childhood on her part. The name is Lydia Watt."

"I know the place," I says. "Come on, let's get going!"

THE enormous Spanish-tripe mansion which Lydia Watt had exchanged something or other for, was lighted up when we got there and the butler opened the door with an air of just having made a quick change into his coat.

"Is that—is Mrs. Watt at home?" I says.

"No Madame, Madame is out of town," says he.

"Oh, she is, is she," I says, as cross as if I had the right to control her. "Then I don't suppose Mr. Lorm is here, either?" The butler gave the sort of trick cough they always give when embarrassed.

"Mr. Lorm was here a short while ago," he admitted. "He left when Miss Betty came!"

"When Miss Betty came," I says after him. "How long ago was that?"

"Around six, I believe," says the butler. I looked at my watch. It was now after eight.

"What happened after she got here?" Chris put in. "Come on man—this is very important."



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DEPENDED ON POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
FOR SMOOTHING AWAY
LITTLE ROUGHNESSES.
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"SKIN-VITAMIN" IN IT

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Smart young society favorite, always seen in fashionable places. She goes hatless throughout the active outdoor season—winters in Palm Beach.

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"SKIN-VITAMIN"
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POWDER BASE***

Women who are careful of their make-up are always eager to hear about the extra "skin-vitamin" that comes in a famous powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

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Use Pond's before powder and overnight to help supply this important vitamin for your skin. Same jars, labels, prices.

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Perc Westmore brings YOU the Glamour of the STARS



PERC WESTMORE, Make-up Director at Warner Bros., adds the transforming touch of his revolutionary color-filtered cosmetics to BETTE DAVIS—dazzling star of Warner Bros. "JUAREZ"

Westmore Color-Filtered Cosmetics Transform your Complexion Instantly

IN THE motion picture world, they call Perc Westmore "the greatest cosmetic colorist that ever lived!"...You have seen the evidence of his genius on the faces of the stars—on the set and off. Now you can see it *on your own face!* What Perc Westmore does for the stars, he can do for you—through his revolutionary discovery, COLOR-FILTERED COSMETICS. Cosmetics free of those hidden tones that cast ugly aging shadows. Make-up that gives you a thrilling *constant glow*—even under unflattering lights! Start with Westmore color-filtered Foundation Cream. Drop in at your drug, department or ten-cent store *today*—and ask to see the four luminous shades with Powder to match.

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House of **WESTMORE** Inc.
HOLLYWOOD

"Well, it was like this, sir," says the white coat. "Miss Betty and Mr. Lorm were in the living room talking for quite a while. They talked pretty loud once or twice and they both seemed excited over something. Then Mr. Lorm ran upstairs and pretty soon he came down with a couple of suitcases, and put them in his car."

"Oh, my Gawd," I says. "Go on!" The butler looked more embarrassed than ever.

"I'm not supposed to mention it," he says, "but I feel I should, to you, Miss La Tour. For you see Mr. Lorm gave me the address of a hotel in New York and told me to send the rest of his things there."

Then I asked the butler. "Miss Betty went with him, I suppose?"

"Yes, Miss La Tour."

"They've done it," I says bitterly. "They've eloped! The poor crazy child really meant what she said about getting herself off my hands and I didn't believe it."

"Hold on," says Chris, "maybe it's not too late to stop them. Didn't they say where they were headed? To Yuma? To the airport?"

"Well, sir," says the butler, now really upset, "I did hear a mention of San Pedro. There is a steamer sailing for New York tonight." Chris was fumbling with his bank roll before the man had finished speaking.

"We're going to catch that steamer," he says, hurriedly giving the man ten bucks. Then he turned to me.

"Hop along," he says, "if I step on it we can just about make the grade."

WELL, I will never forget that night drive so long as I live. The road to San Pedro was deep in fog that billowed in from the ocean along the low lying stretches, blotting out the stars and throwing our own lights back in our faces. It was a long lonely road through the foothills, anyways you look at it, and Chris spoke only once the whole way.

"Steamers are always late sailing," he says in a hoarse voice and I tried to take comfort in the idea.

Then, at last, the lights of San Pedro came into view. We dashed up over the bridge listening with all our might for the blast of a ship's warning signal. But there was no sound of it as we rattled in over the broken paving and railroad tracks of back streets, Chris taking every short cut he knew. And then, at last, there was the pier, all brightly lighted and busy, but with no sign of a ship. Suddenly I gave a cry and pointed to a ghostly form well out in the bay.

"Look, it's her," I says, "she's sailed. Oh, Chris, we're too late!"

Chris drew his brakes on so hard they screamed and dragged me out of the car.

"We'll get a boat," he hollered crazily. "We'll radio and if they're on board we'll manage. Keep your chin up."

Then, at last, we were out on the dock, which was filled with that letdown slackness which follows when a big ship has just gone. Chris was grabbing everybody he could, asking questions, and I was looking around through the nervous tears which wouldn't keep out of my eyes. Then some instinct caused me to walk out on to the open part of the dock and there on a luggage truck sat Betty all alone, crying as if her heart would break.

Chris heard as soon as I called her name and came running. By then I was running towards her, too. And first thing we knew Betty had heard us and looked up.

"Gram," she called. "I've got them. Oh, Gram, Gram, look!"

With which she stood up and the cans of film on her lap dropped off and com-

menced rolling in all directions.

"Stop 'em," I yelled. "Chris, let Betty alone. Catch those cans."

And then we were all after them, chasing the darned things which traveled as if they were alive. One rolled right to my feet, Betty threw herself in the path of another just before it leaped into the water. The last one went spinning down to the end of the pier, but Chris got it in time, and we all come together breathless with relief and excitement. I held out my arms to Betty but for once Betty didn't see them. Her head was already buried in Chris' coat, and his arms, I could see, had taken on my job.

"Oh, darling," Betty was saying. "I've been such a fool. That's the proper thing to say, isn't it? Well, I mean it. And I love you, too, what I mean." About that time I decided to walk back to the car and put those reels where they couldn't run away.

"Moving pictures," I heard myself muttering, "and I never before knew how fast they could move."

WELL, I would really prefer not to have this following part of the story published, on account it is really none of the public's business. But what with all the present light of publicity beating upon me, I expect the fan mags will make up something worse, so I might as well beat them to it and tell the truth.

Alex Lorm had stolen those films. He'd done it, as we thought, to get in right with Betty. And Betty knew he'd taken them and while she was sore at me, she hadn't done anything about it.

"At first he'd just hidden them," she told us. "And then when he heard the talk about your revival picture and Reis being interested, Alex couldn't decide whether to try and make some use of them or whether they were too hot to keep."

"But, why didn't he destroy them?" Chris asked curiously.

"He was too much of a coward to do anything definite, I guess," says Betty. "So in the end he simply gave them to Mrs. Watt and told her a fool story about their being indiscreet foreign films a friend wanted to get rid of. She promised to throw them overboard at sea."

"When I went there tonight and found that Alex didn't want to ask her to give them back I threatened to have him arrested for stealing them. We got them off the boat just in time."

"And Lorm has gone down to the sea in that old barge," I says. "Never mind, that's one kind of jail that's really hard to get out of!"

THE rest of the story is too well known to repeat. Everyone has seen my hand and footprints where I did a backflip in the wet concrete at Grauman's. Everyone knows about what "Bringing Up Mother" did when it was finally released. And Heavens knows, there was enough in the papers about it when Betty and Chris were married and it is perfectly true that she baked that wonderful wedding cake herself.

However, one thing I do want contradicted. Mr. Jelliff is not penniless as has been implied. Not since he collected his commission on that old contract, as my agent.

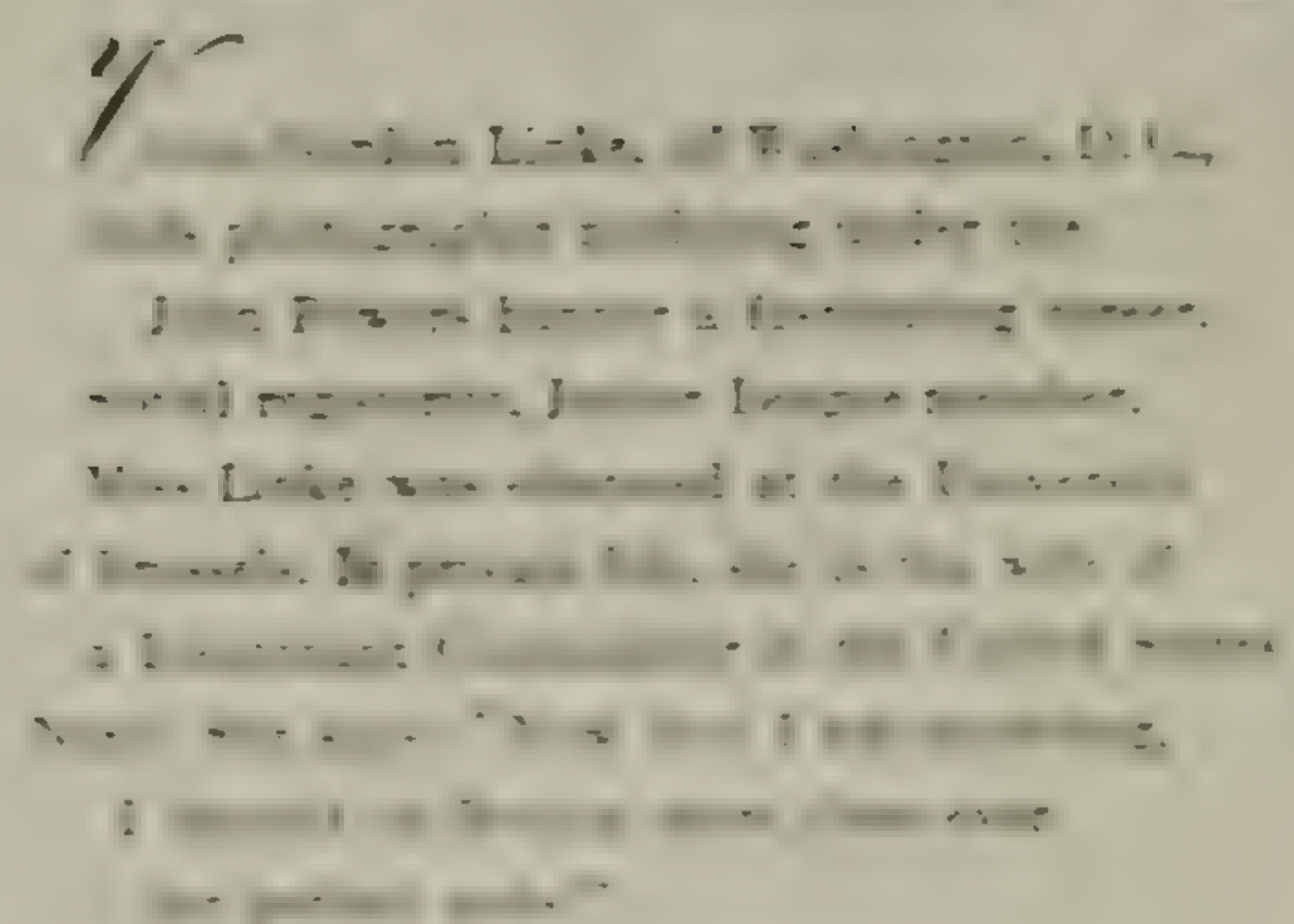
And as for what the columnists say about I and Jelliff being altar bound just because of our being seen together in the Brown Derby so much, well I wish to state that all we were discussing was the bids Benny and Mr. Reis are making against each other for my services. As Mr. Jelliff often says, we are too old to be thinking of such nonsense as marriage, BUT . . .

THE END

Continued from page 4

The pastel tones in make-up are definitely set for the spring and summer—delicate pink lipstick and rouge and pale powder. Even eye shadows are not

Cutting your hair short in the new baby manner is really the ideal solution for a carefree life for it's terribly smart and practically no trouble to take care of. You can even wash and set it yourself with a minimum of bother. If you have the kind of face that can get away with it, it takes years off your age and adds a piquant charm to your features. Norma Shearer and Bette Davis are two of the Hollywood stars who have had their hair cut this way and it's enormously becoming to both of them.



Perlen's NEW spring nail enamel shade

Vail-Tips Review contains no criticism or commendation of the author or his work. It is based on the facts furnished by the author, and is not intended to be a guide to the reader.



Revlon CREAM nail enamel

*Do you want Men to Whisper
to you or about you?*

Use a long-lasting Deodorant



"You need a true perspiration check
that your bath can't render ineffective,
that won't fail you after tennis,
a walk, dancing."

Dorothy Dix



ATTRACTIVE GIRLS will go on
longing—in vain—to have
"sweet nothings" whispered in their
ears, until they learn the simple rule
of *long-lasting* personal daintiness.

Every girl needs a *long-lasting*
deodorant . . . one that cannot be
neutralized by a shower, or become
ineffective after an afternoon of shop-
ping or an evening of dancing.

No matter how sweet you are at
the *beginning* of the day—or eve-
ning—excitement, exercise, nervous-
ness are bound to make you perspire.
Once your underarm becomes damp,
your fate is sealed.

Perspiration odor may not only
kill your glamour on *that* occasion.
Its stale odor, intensified by the heat
of your body, will hover around you
every time you wear that dress—and
people will turn away disillusioned,
revolted.

Play Safe!

If you think this couldn't possibly
apply to you, smell the armhole of

the dress you are wearing when you
take it off. It may explain the disin-
terested attitude of men you have
known.

No wonder so many refined and
cultured women consider the use of
Liquid Odorono so important to their
charm and poise. Liquid Odorono
keeps your underarm dry from 1 to
3 days. It instantly diverts perspira-
tion from that one small closed-in
area to other parts of the body where
it can evaporate freely. A doctor's
prescription, it scientifically controls
dampness, odor, staining.

Only Twice a Week!

Most women need only two applications of
Liquid Odorono a week. You can forget
about odor or dampness—or the dreadful
fear of embarrassment from them—for as
much as three days! Think how easily that
solves the problem of everyday daintiness.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—
Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Tested
and approved by Good Housekeeping
Bureau. The large size is more economical.
Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The
Odorono Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Juarez—The Life History of a Movie

(Continued from page 27)

came to our third test of Paul Muni,
one person said: 'Make him darker,'
another: 'Change the high lights.' We
started all over again but we got off
on the wrong track. Finally we came
back to the third test, which was by far
the best.

"Bette Davis didn't need many make-
up tests," Perc Westmore continued. "I
wanted her to look as fragile as Dresden
china. Ordinarily we'd give her a much
darker make-up. But we threw aside
all rules. With a very light make-up
and dark lip rouge, framed by her black
wig, her face looked definitely chiseled.
Carlotta's mouth had a Cupid's bow and
a perpetual smile. We painted Bette
Davis' mouth with slightly upturned
corners. She liked it so much that now
she paints it upturned all the time.

"We cut her hair down to about three
inches all around her head. She wears
it slightly swirled. It's definitely a new
trend. We didn't have to cut off her
hair. We could have dyed it black. But
the wig was better for Carlotta's
smoothly polished headdresses. And it's
very becoming to Bette.

"Maximilian was the blond. We had
to bleach Brian Aherne's hair and make
a plaster cast of his face to get the ex-
act shape of his jaw, so his beard would
fit. We tied each hair individually to
a mask of hairlace (a fine net invented
by Westmore in 1924). It took Aherne
two and a half hours to put on his beard
each morning and he found he couldn't
chew when he wore it. He had to drink
his lunch through a straw all during
the picture.

"Every one of the hundreds of extras
playing Frenchmen, Mexicans and Aus-
trians was made up individually. Our
make-up people were here at four in
the morning, cleaning and labeling the
three hundred mustaches used each day,
for they had to be ready for the extras
at six."

WE get our first glimpse of the shoot-
ing of "Juarez" on stage 7, where in the
huge gilded council chambers, lined
with painted tapestries, Louis Napoleon
(Claude Rains), his Empress Eugenie
(Gale Sondergaard) and his ministers
are sitting around a table. Director
William Dieterle is rehearsing the play-
ers.

The first shot is a long or establish-
ing shot of the players at the council
table. This one is made with the cam-
era and cameramen perched on top of
a long crane suspended above the heads
of the players. "Okay for sound," calls
the mixer. They can begin the scene.

Louis Napoleon has undertaken the
conquest of Mexico because the United
States has been too busy with the Civil
War to enforce the Monroe Doctrine.
Word comes to him that the North has
won the battle of Gettysburg.

"It's your business," Claude Rains
yells at his Minister of War, "to know
which side will win a battle *before* it is
fought."

To save Mexico for France, Eugenie
suggests creating a puppet emperor,
perhaps Maximilian of Hapsburg, who
will return to France the lands con-
fiscated by Juarez, the Mexican presi-
dent.

"Of course, the request for a sov-
ereign must come from the Mexican na-

tion itself," Gale Sondergaard says slyly,
meaning that they will hold a fake pleb-
iscite (like Hitler's).

MOST scenes last about a minute, or
part of it. But this scene lasts nearly
two minutes. Now it is broken up into
medium shots and close-ups so that the
facial expressions of the players will be
seen. These will be intercut with the
long shot.

The two archvillians in this scene,
Gale Sondergaard and Claude Rains, go
off the set to relax. "I don't mind play-
ing a villain," Gale Sondergaard tells
us. "Eugenie is a fascinating character,
even though she does everything she
can to balk what the picture stands
for—the cause of democracy. I'm proud
to play Eugenie because she shows up
the side of dictatorship in its true col-
ors. This is the most magnificent script
I've ever read."

Claude Rains, having his goatee ad-
justed by the make-up man on the set,
bears a striking resemblance to the
Winterhalter portrait of Louis Napoleon
in the Tuileries (bought by the studio
to hang in Maximilian's palace in Mex-
ico). "They had to cut down my mus-
tache," he tells us, "otherwise, you'd
see only my mustache in the close-ups."

The rest of the week will be spent
shooting all the scenes which take place
in the council chambers on stage 7. But
Gale Sondergaard gets sick. Jack Sul-
livan has to switch the schedule and
call Bette Davis to play one of her in-
sanity scenes.

THAT night, set carpenters hurriedly
construct the set of a Paris hotel room.
Scenic artists paint the backings of
buildings to be seen through the win-
dow. Overhead pipes are laid to give
the effect of rain.

The next morning the set-dresser
"dresses" the room with dark draperies,
a little oil lamp and plush furniture of
the period.

When we see the set, it is as dimly
lit as an ordinary room. We ask Tony
Gaudio, director of photography, why
there is so little light.

"We're using a new kind of film, so
much faster than any we've ever used
that we only need half as much light,"
he explains. "It gives the photographer
a chance to use more natural lighting so
that when you see the scene on the
screen, you won't feel you're looking at
a motion picture set."

Gaudio never touches the camera
himself. His operating cameraman does
that. But Gaudio directs the composi-
tion of every shot and its lighting.

In a corner of the set, director Die-
terle is quietly going over the scene
with Bette Davis, dressed in gray.

In this scene, she is desperate be-
cause she has come to Paris to get help
for Maximilian, stranded in Mexico.
Napoleon has refused to help her. She
is beginning to lose her mind. Now
Prince Metternich comes to see her.

Bette plays the scene. Her voice is
low, almost indistinct. We see her sit-
ting in a chair in semidarkness, her
white face distraught. In the drab hot-
el room, rain falls against the window.

"Help me . . . help me, Prince Met-
ternich. They want to kill me," she
cries.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Photoplay regrets postponing until next month the gay and frolicsome account
of teen-age activities in Hollywood, "Young Fry Society." You'll find it in
JULY PHOTOPLAY

"Who, your Majesty?" Metternich (Walter Kingsford) asks.

"The Evil One. He is trying to poison me." Tears stream down her face. "Help me to get to my husband."

It sounds so real that we forget she is playing a scene. When it is over, no one speaks. Everyone is moved.

In her dressing room, getting out of her voluminous petticoats, Bette tells us the surprising fact that her last scene has not been difficult to play.

"That's because Dieterle has such an amazing understanding of what I'm supposed to do. He plans all my action for me. I don't plan my scenes in advance. I let them work themselves out on the set. If I went around thinking about my insanity scenes, I'd go crazy."

"The really difficult thing for me," Bette says, "was learning those formal speeches. I usually learn lines by sequence of thought and my lines follow naturally. But for Carlotta, I could say them only the way they were written."

WHEN the Carlotta-Maximilian part of the schedule was finished, the Juarez part of the story began. The palaces were torn down and Mexican sets built in their place. When we visit stage 7 again, instead of Napoleon's council chamber we see an El Paso saloon. In an alcove, three men are sitting—Montares, leader of the Mexican reactionaries (Montagu Love), Uradi, vice-president under Juarez (Joseph Calleia) and a Creole, Le Marc (Louis Calhern). They are plotting to overthrow Juarez and make Uradi president.

In the background, through the latticed screen behind the three actors, we see Mexicans talking and drinking. We notice that they are acting in pantomime. This is because their voices would interfere with the words of the three actors in the foreground. When the scene is finished, the sound mixer makes a recording of their voices and laughter called a "wild track." This will be added to the dialogue later.

Now they take a close-up of Louis Calhern. He has to eat peanuts while speaking his lines. But the peanuts are too much for him. Ordinarily a one-take actor, Calhern muffs his lines. Dialogue director Irving Rapper goes over them with him. By the time Calhern has made a perfect take, he has consumed a great many peanuts. Now everyone on the set is eating peanuts.

THE man replenishing the peanuts is Pat Patterson, property man, who looks a great deal like Spencer Tracy. Patterson is kept busy fetching everything needed from a huge property trailer always on the set. Its index lists items as diverse as chicken coops, adhesive plaster and vultures.

"No matter what's called for, we've got to get it," Patterson says. "When Dieterle wanted John Garfield as Diaz, army leader, to eat Mexican corn in his prison cell, we had to scout around for it. Corn was out of season in December but there's no such word as 'can't' in the movie industry. We finally located the corn in the agricultural experimental station of the University of California, at four dollars an ear, plus postage. Garfield consumed at least a dozen ears for one scene alone and it took three days to shoot the scene."

"There were at least 10,000 separate property items in this picture and at least 1,000 hand props (those which can be carried) like letters, documents and lamps, some of which we had specially made. The rest we got from our own property department. We rented a Napoleonic coach which really belonged to the Emperor Franz Joseph and was brought over here by Eric von Stroheim for 'The Merry Widow.'"

THE exterior scenes are shot on the Warner Brothers' ranch at Calabasas in the San Fernando Valley. Here plasterers, carpenters and scenic artists have spent a month constructing a picturesque Mexican city, stretching for many acres, complete with solid stone buildings, carved wooden doors, cobbled streets and a colored-domed Cathedral.

Hundreds of Mexicans throng the streets in bright shawls, straw hats and sandals—old men, fat women, little children. You follow them into a huge square, where on the steps of a building you see the living impersonation of the Indian Juarez.

You wouldn't recognize Paul Muni. You stare at his dark red make-up, his broad cheekbones, his sleek black hair. You notice his slightly stooped shoulders, his high celluloid collar, his black frock coat. He looks every inch like the pictures of the statesman. His make-up is so complicated that his stand-in wears a rubber mask identically like Muni's make-up. But, contrary to some reports, Muni does not wear a mask. "It's done with mirrors," he smiles.

MUNI is playing one of the most dramatic scenes in the picture. Uradi, taking advantage of a loophole in the constitution, has made himself president of Mexico. Juarez comes alone and unarmed to see him in his heavily guarded headquarters. Crowds follow Juarez. Uradi orders his soldiers to fire at him, but one by one they lower their rifles. Juarez turns to the crowd, saying:

"I have come here to confront Senator Uradi in the presence of you all so that you yourselves may judge which of us is honest. Command him to come out."

Uradi is afraid. "I don't dare," he says in his headquarters. "He has an awful power over crowds."

Outside, the crowd keeps calling for him. In desperation, Uradi comes out and orders Juarez arrested. "Kill the traitor!" someone cries. One of the crowd fires a gun at him. Uradi falls dead. Exultantly the crowd shouts "Viva Juarez!"

Dieterle directs all the crowd scenes himself. Standing by the camera above the crowd, he tries to get a mounting tempo. "Raise your fists like this—now 'Kill the traitor,'" he cries passionately. But too many extras shout the lines at once. Then he picks three men with loud voices to say them.

Six times they rehearse until he is satisfied and they are ready to shoot. The Mexicans play the scene to the hilt. "Viva Juarez!" they shout, throwing their straw hats in the air.

They spend the afternoon taking close-ups of Paul Muni addressing the crowd, using "booster" lights to help out the wayward sun.

So ends another day in the production of "Juarez," a picture destined to be one of the most important of the new year, because it has something to say and because it has actors, a director and a cameraman who know how to say it.

Next month you will attend the "Dailies," where you will see the scenes you have watched being taken, you will go into the cutting room and watch the editor assembling the film, you will talk to the composer and hear the orchestra recording the score and you will be present at the re-recording, where all additional sounds are added to the dialogue. You will see for yourself how a motion picture is put together in its final form before it is shown in your neighborhood theater. Watch for this sidelight on movie making in July PHOTOPLAY.

KENNARD...up-to-the-minute as the hands on your wrist watch...streamlined open toe, open heel pump in gleaming white.

Cool as Ice Cubes
HEEL LATCH

Whites

LA BELLE...air-fitted mesh and calf combination in all white open toe tie.

Heel Latch Helps

HEEL IN PLACE
SUPPORT ARCHES
MASSAGE METATARSALS

\$5 and \$5.50
Slightly higher west of Rockies

NALDI...pump in White Suede with tan calf lace trim...open toe and heel to belittle your feet bewitchingly...gored heel strap.

Heel Latch
SHOES

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Division International Shoe Co.

MAN'S-EYE View!



UNSIGHTLY HAIR SPOILS YOUR CHARM

Rinse It Off This Easy Way!

Everywhere you go, this year, your legs are sure to show! With the new, knee-length skirts, you *must* keep your legs alluring... smooth... and *free from hair*. Remove ugly hair as millions of women do—the easy and convenient NEET way.

Just spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair... then rinse it off with water. That's *all* you do. Gently, NEET removes hair from your legs—



NEET leaves your legs like velvet

and forearms, too. NEET leaves your skin smooth as satin, and petal-soft.

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

There are no sharp, wiry hair stubs to snag your stockings... no scraped or roughened skin...

and no danger of cuts when you use NEET. For lovely arms and legs, with *no unsightly hair*, get NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off
Unsightly Hair



Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 6)

the audience. The public was tired of wishy-washy comedies, of frothy love affairs. They wanted gruesome pictures and took the bogey twins to heart. Not once was the fact mentioned that the two actors taking the major rôles might, because of their histrionic ability, be responsible for the success of the films. Only superb acting can stand tests like freakish clothes, unreal parts and second showings. Since the fans seemed to enjoy Bela and Boris so much, the "theys" decided to star them both in a super-scarie. The result "The Son of Frankenstein."

There probably won't be an Academy Award for the scene where the monster pleads with unspoken touching pathos to know why he is different from a real man. But only genuine talent could convey so clearly without one word spoken the emotions of the brute. Well, perhaps the producers won't recognize talent under the make-up but the folks referred to as "the box office" do. Maybe the poor morons with their carefully calculated "twelve-year-old-minds" are smarter after all than the Hollywood superintellecs.

MISS DORIS MAE CROWLEY,
Minneapolis, Minn.

BUT IT WAS A "BABY DOLL"

I AM not in favor of stark realism. I want my movies a cut above the ordinary life I live. Therefore, I don't mind if my heroine goes through a typhoon or earthquake and emerges lovely and well-groomed. I will also overlook faked backgrounds. When my hero walks through Piccadilly Circus, and I'm reasonably sure he has never been out of this country, I can put it all down to production expediency.

But, when I see a beautifully directed, sincerely performed story, such as "The Citadel" and discover the young doctor with a doll in his hands instead of a new baby, I am jarred right out of my enthusiastic mood. It was such a false note. It was just a plain, everyday hard-bodied doll, take it or leave it. If they couldn't get a baby, why show that particular scene at all? Other than that—"The Citadel" deserves all the credit it has been given.

MARJORIE MURCH,
Schenectady, N. Y.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

I READ PHOTOPLAY and think it is especially good. It lacks only one thing and that is a column for "teens." Us "teensters" want to know how to overcome certain problems, a few beauty hints, manners when going out, etc. I am quite sure many "teensters" will agree with me.

A CONSTANT READER,
Lansing, Michigan.

In next month's PHOTOPLAY a smart little "teenster" will find lots of hints on what to do when your best beau takes you to the graduation prom—in "Young Fry Society."

200% AMERICAN

I'M on the warpath against all producers, whose I.Q. is so low they can't imagine the American Red Man as anything but a war-painted, scalping savage. Instead of scientists (the ghouls) digging into the grave of grandfather Indian to find out how he lived in order to write it up in some musty book, producers could gain everlasting fame by taking a traveling studio and visiting the Red Man's grandchildren. Ask him to go back a hundred or more years into the legends, ceremonials and symbolism and record them for future generations. Their legends are more romantic and mystifying than any story coming out of Hollywood. Their code of honor and punishment we would do well to copy. The child mimicking Indian dancing and symbolism has no time for "Dead End" tricks. Hail to this Lochinvar who can rescue from oblivion the only real American!

MRS. VIOLET THUNDERCLOUD,
Chicago, Illinois.

P.S.—I am a paleface.

HUMANIZING HEDY

NOW that she is on the tip of America's tongue, what do you say we talk a little about Hedy Lamarr?

For one thing, there's the way she's being handled in Hollywood. I was reading that while she was working on her new picture, the studio discovered that if she spoke too much, her aura of mystery and glamour was lost and it was decided to hold her lines down to a minimum in the future.

Just how long do they suppose they can keep that up without having fifty million once gaga males yawning in her screen face? Stars such as Myrna Loy retain their popularity because they're like mild wine; they but tingle the blood nicely and leave a pleasant memory. A too heavily glamorized Lamarr makes for a "heady" drink that prompts one to wonder groggily what he had seen in it all the time.

I'm not one to view with alarm, but let me point out the classic example of Marlene Dietrich. There are coincidences, too, in both stars' careers. Each made a foreign picture which served to introduce her to the American people.

The first made-in-Hollywood efforts of both had closely allied localities which had loaned their names to the pictures' titles: "Morocco"—"Algiers."

In my opinion Hedy Lamarr has excellent possibilities as a star, but she must be more humanized by her studio in order to make the appreciativeness of the average movie fan last longer than the proverbial snowball in Hades.

E. PARUKA,
Chicago, Illinois.

SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT!

FOR just one year I'd like to see things made hard for the producers out Hollywood way. I vote a ban on all "classics," "remakes" and Broadway plays as subjects for the directors to get busy on. Then I'd like to look in on the writers on the studio payrolls burning the midnight oil trying to think up completely original plots, just to find out if there is such a thing as an honest-to-goodness writer among the highly paid literary lights of the movie colony. They've been getting too much in the habit, lately, of dusting off books like "Huckleberry Finn," or "The Little Princess" and digging up old films, or paying fabulous sums for hits from the Great White Way. I yearn for a surprise dish to vary the same old diet of strawberry shortcake.

HELEN CUMMINGS,
Salisbury, North Carolina

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, ETC.

ERROL FLYNN reminds me of the character in "Holiday"—the one who believed that a job and money were not more important than enjoying life while young enough to do so.

I'll admit that he's a strange individual and that his convictions are not of the conservative type or apt to strike most people as being sensible, but I admire him for standing by his beliefs.

He is a very fine actor, but I have the feeling he could do more if he would get down to it. In "The Sisters" and "Dawn Patrol" he came nearer real characterization than ever before. I should like to see him go deeply into some good rôles, leaving the spectacular physical exhibitions alone, although he has no equal in such pictures and has brought more color, excitement and conviction to his swash-buckling rôles than any other actor.

ELLEN BARKDULL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

HAIL, CESAR

IF ever there was a man who could be called a "charming" villain, it's Cesar Romero. He plays the part with dash, humor and devilry that tickles the audience. What the screen needs is a few more humorous rascals. I, for one, am glad Romero never wins the gal (though I bet that smile of his draws plenty of them in real life).

KATHLEEN HAYES,
Valier, Montana

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

The missing links in PHOTOPLAY'S picture story appearing on pages 40 and 41 are:

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Three Comrades | 11. Blondie |
| 2. Jesse James | 12. One in a Million |
| 3. Cowboy from Brooklyn | 13. Kentucky Moonshine |
| 4. Oklahoma Kid | 14. Tail Spin |
| 5. Valley of the Giants | 15. Love, Honor and Behave |
| 6. Too Hot to Handle | 16. Toy Wife |
| 7. Gold Is Where You Find It | 17. Shining Hour |
| 8. Gateway | 18. Shopworn Angel |
| 9. Just Around the Corner | 19. Mad Miss Manton, The |
| 10. Brother Rat | 20. Idiot's Delight |

Beauty through Surgery

Continued from page 25)

to membership in several of our well-thought-of medical societies.

Many highly regarded physicians will admit, privately, that they consider this point of view obsolete: they think that a woman who really suffers from possession of an ugly nose is as worthy of the best surgical attention as one whose appearance has been ruined by an accidental scar. Yet conservative surgeons will operate in the second case, and not in the first!

The result of this is that many of the most skillful plastic surgeons refuse to operate for such frivolous reasons as beauty, and that women who insist on cosmetic surgery are denied their help. Some of the cosmetic surgeons are highly skilled, and probably as well equipped to operate as their more orthodox rivals. Others are outright quacks. And it is very hard for a layman to distinguish between the two.

Seventy-five per cent of all beauty operations, say the doctors, are performed to remove the signs of age. But there are dozens of other operations available to a woman who is dissatisfied with her appearance.

IMAGINE the entirely hypothetical case of a youngster who arrives in Hollywood with a comfortable bank account, a homely face and an insatiable desire to become beautiful, nonetheless. She is willing to spend at least \$6,000 and six months of her life in becoming a beauty.

Look her over: she has a thick, stocky waist and is fifteen pounds overweight, from the camera's exacting viewpoint. Her nose is an undistinguished hump. Her eyes are narrow slits. Her mouth is too wide, and the lips are too coarse. Her skin shows signs of exposure and neglect. In spite of her youth, there is a suggestion of a double chin. Her chin itself tends to recede. Her eyelashes are short and skimpy. She wears glasses—and needs them. Her teeth are ugly and uneven. Her ears protrude. But she wants to be in pictures!

Very well: her first visit will be to the dentist, who will probably advise her to have her own teeth filed down so he can attach beautiful, gleaming porcelain caps. (This will cost her about \$1,000 and will take a month or so.) Next, she must take up the problem of reducing and adopt a stringent diet. Then, she will make her first call on the cosmetic surgeon.

THE first feature which he will attack will be that nose. The doctor and the patient discuss the general outlines of the nose-to-be. If it is an ugly hump or hook type, the bridge must be broken; if only the tip needs changing, no fracture is essential.

Little Jane Doe is given a local anaesthetic and the surgeon sets to work, performing all the changes from the inside of the nose, so that no scars will ever show, but—since he has caused a hemorrhage—the young lady will find herself supplied with two of the finest black eyes she ever saw. She will spend a few days in a hospital recovering, and then take the scaffolding of bandages away to admire her beautiful new nose, which the surgeon-sculptor has designed for her.

Next—the chin. Some unfortunate women with receding chins also have buckteeth: in these cases, the operation must be followed by a straightening of the upper teeth to make them point down, instead of out, and a patient may have to wear braces for a year.

But our little aspirant to beauty has simply an Andy Gump chin, with no complicating circumstances. When she has recovered from her nose complaint, she returns to the plastic surgeon's table and is again given a local anaesthetic. This time he attacks the problem from the inside of the mouth: an incision is made between the lower teeth and the lower lip. If her trouble had been a protruding jaw, he would at this point have removed some of her jaw bone. Since the opposite is the case, he inserts into the chin a piece of ivory, cut to the needed shape, and moors it firmly into place.

The recovery from this operation will not take long and, during it, odd jobs of face-changing can be performed.

The widening of the eyes is an operation which increases the range of vision and has a certain optical value.

Little Jane Doe, in search of beauty, can have her eyes widened in five minutes in the doctor's consulting-room, and will have fully recovered, with luck, in about a week. At the outside corner of the eyes, small slits are made on both the outer and inner edges. While this operation is in progress, the doctor may tell Miss Doe about the quite similar trick worked out to correct the shape of eyes that are too round: the outer edges, in this case, are sutured together, so that they heal closed, and an oval-shaped eye results.

Another common eye-operation corrects the "sleepy" effect of drooping lids: the eyelid is cut along the top of the eyeball and some of its skin removed, a simple task.

By this time Jane Doe is beginning to shape up nicely: her greatest worry now is narrowing her mouth.

This is another consulting-room operation, which should not cut too heavily into her day. The doctor gives her a local anaesthetic and, when this has taken effect, makes two incisions on the inside of the mouth, one along the upper and one along the lower lip. Tissue is removed, if necessary, and the coarse lips made finer. At the same time, the edges of the mouth are sutured together, narrowing it. (If Miss Doe had wanted a larger mouth than she had, slits would have been made at the edges, as they were on her eyes. And if she had asked for a Cupid's bow, these would have been slanted upwards, to correct their tendency to droop.)

She is lucky in having her lips too full, rather than too narrow. The second condition can be corrected, but healing requires rather more fuss and time for the tissue is stretched, after the lip has been opened up, and scar tissue about an eighth of an inch wide is allowed to grow. Similarly, upper lips that are too short can be lengthened by dropping the lip down from the nose.

WHILE all these changes were being made, our young woman has presumably been losing weight, besides. In the past some very dangerous diets have been devised: perhaps the worst one (which peeled off twelve pounds in four days) limited the ladies to a diet of orange juice and required that they take four ounces of castor oil at bed time. The skimmed milk and banana diet was another dangerous one.

Today, Hollywood women have learned not to break down their health while they lose weight. Those whose contracts require that they shall weigh only so much at a certain date sometimes take half a dozen hot paraffin baths at the Elizabeth Arden Holly-



Rochelle Hudson and
Patric Knowles in Re-
public's "Storm Over
Bengal"

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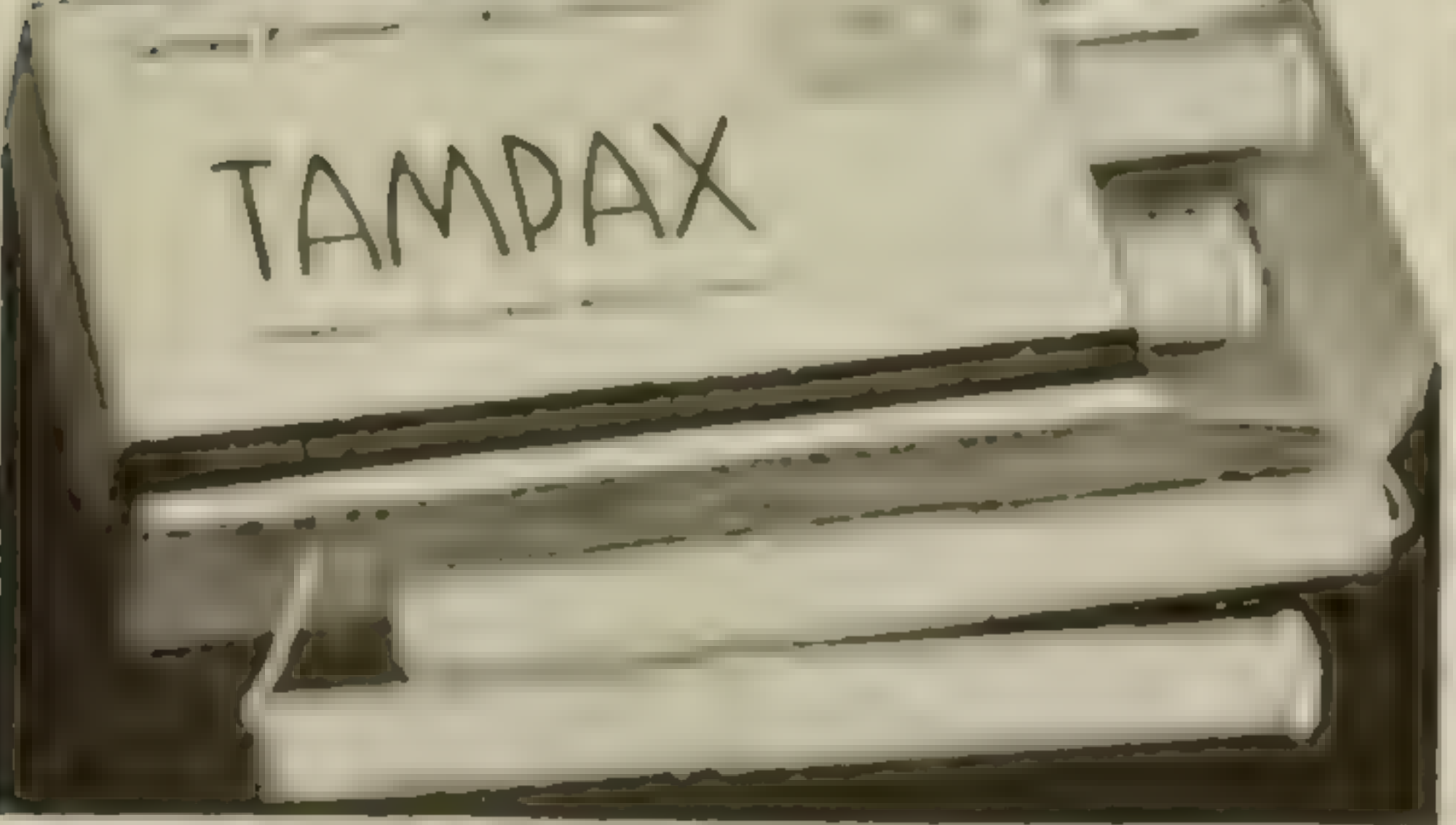
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wood salons: in these, the patient is coated with extremely hot paraffin, which closes the pores, is bundled into waxed paper and piled high with blankets and then permitted to perspire for from twenty to forty-five minutes. In a single bath, one may lose two to six pounds—for the time being, at least.

But most actresses, today, resort to orthodox medicine for help in this problem: probably Jane Doe will follow their example. They may resort to the Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara for three weeks and be put on a scientifically suitable diet for their particular condition: Mary Carlisle is one Cottage Hospital alumna. Joan Crawford is another who got her diet from her physician: she doesn't diet now, he says, but her friends have noticed that her luncheon is the usual lettuce leaf and that her breakfast consists of "black coffee and a gardenia," as one of them put it. "Joan sniffs the gardenia."

Our Miss Doe can take off her fifteen pounds by a physician's diet, but this may not solve the problem of that large waist of hers: for this, exercise and massage are indicated.

But if—as may be the case—her face has a sagging look and her breasts are not firm, back to the plastic surgeon.

SUPPOSE that our Miss Doe thinks that her twenty-two years are showing: she will not be, by any means, the first girl of her age to have a face-lift. What comes after the face-lift depends on which surgeon she patronizes: some recommend following an operation with a light skin peel. Most beauty surgeons, however, are opposed to peeling.

A complete face-lift consists of two operations: the "operation," which draws up the skin of the face and neck, and the eye-lift, which does away with crow's feet and wrinkles around the eyes. Either can be performed in an hour or less, and the period of recovery is less than three weeks.

Slight scars remain after these operations: tiny stitches along the lower lid are taken for the eye-lift, and these are easily concealed under the lashes. But the "face-lift" requires lifting the skin around the edges of the ear and leaves a slight scar in the hair line at the side-front. Of this you may be reasonably sure: any actress who wears her hair combed to the top of her head has not had it done!

Miss Doe may have her face lifted either in the doctor's office or in a hospital. A few days later, she will return to have the eye-lift. At the end of two or three weeks, when the stitches are out, she can face the world—or take up the question of a peel.

PEELING—sometimes called shelling—the skin removes the top layers and exposes the delicate, fresh skin underneath. Just how dangerous it is, depends largely on the formula used for peeling, and on the skin itself. Miss Doe, if she is wise, will go to her own doctor for an "allergy" test of the chemicals to be used in the formula: she will discover whether she possesses any idiosyncrasy which might make her react badly to the products used.

One of Hollywood's best-known experts is Irene Hobson, a silent picture actress herself, who now, at seventy, runs an expensive rejuvenating clinic. She includes, besides the peel, reducing diets, exercise, a course in a new outlook on life.

Miss Doe, if she comes to terms with Irene, will now disappear from the

world for a month, during which time she will live at the Hobson house. Her face will be treated with a special oil and covered with a mask to prevent blisters. When the old skin has been sloughed off, and the mask removed, the baby's skin underneath will be fed and nurtured with oils until it is strong enough to stand the outside atmosphere.

If our Miss Doe had not already had a reducing course and a face-lift, she could get both of these at Irene's. The "central face-lift" used here is not, however, surgical: it shrinks the face by a lotion made from tree barks. Patients are also taught how to walk, breathe, eat properly and develop a cheerful frame of mind. Irene herself, at seventy, has snowy white hair and a young face.

One of the newer peeling methods is that used by Gloria Bristol, who has branches in both New York and Hollywood. Celebrities have come to her for the removal of freckles. And it was she, she says, who peeled the face of the Duke of Windsor at Cannes, and relieved the bags under his eyes.

The Bristol treatment requires a week or ten days out of Miss Doe's life: after her allergy tests, she appears at the salon and her face is washed with colloidal sulphur soap and swabbed with a mineral salt solution. On the second day the same solution, in much more concentrated form, is applied: the face, at this stage, swells and turns very red. Later it turns brown and gives the effect of a very bad sunburn. For three days the patient must remain indoors and she will probably prefer not to see her family or friends: on the fourth day the mask begins to crack and after one or two days more it is peeled off. Twice a week thereafter, for five weeks, the patient is given plastic masks of herbs and honey. (Such shelling treatments may cost Miss Doe \$500 or more.)

SURELY now, you think, Miss Doe is ready for the casting agency. She has beautiful, gleaming teeth, a lovely nose, wide, appealing eyes, a firm, baby skin and a glorious figure. But has she?

Many girls of today suffer from sagging breasts, and this condition might still interfere with her career. Very well, then. Back to the plastic surgeon, who will re-shape the breasts, under local anaesthetic, to accord with the patient's ideal. There are three degrees of uplift possible after breast operations today, and the only scar, in most cases, is a slight one.

These operations are only mildly popular in Hollywood. You probably read of an heiress who nearly died at the birth of her child; it is said that her extreme illness was caused by the fact that her breasts had been lifted in such a way that the milk glands were out of place. This, however, is unusual.

If Miss Doe still suffers from deficiencies of figure, there is little that can be done for her: fat stomachs have been often corrected by surgery, but this drastic method is needed only for much older women, who have allowed their figures to get shockingly out of shape. And as for thick legs—nothing that anybody can do will correct them. One Hollywood aspirant permitted a surgeon to open up her legs, along the stocking seam, and to insert electric wires which burned the flesh away. It returned, however.

But our Miss Doe's ears still protrude: a few months ago, this would not have given her pause. But now, with the hair being worn high, she may wish to have them corrected, provided her

face-lifting scars do not rule out this type of hair-do, anyway. Until very recently, ear operations were performed almost entirely on men. This is a very simple cosmetic surgeon's job, and leaves a scar only where the ear joins the head at the back.

In her innumerable trips to her doctor's office, Miss Doe has encountered a surprising number of men patients. In Hollywood today, more men are having their ears and noses changed than women; in New York, the percentage remains about seventy-five per cent of women to twenty-five per cent of men, but this shows a marked increase over a year or so ago.

Miss Doe is now nearly through with her beautification campaign. She has, still, however, to see her oculist.

Perhaps he will be able to correct her eye troubles by exercises: some forms of astigmatism yield to this today. Perhaps not. If he tells her that she must wear glasses, she has two courses open to her. She can wear the dark glasses, which many women wear out-of-doors in Hollywood anyway, and have them ground to fit her eyes. Or she can ask for "contact" glasses. These are invisible to the naked eye, and may be kept on for some hours at a time.

SHE has already spent from \$6,000 to \$11,000 making herself beautiful: what are the results going to be? That depends, almost entirely, on her talent, screen personality, willingness to work and native intelligence. None of these things can be bought by even the best-heeled young woman eager to storm the studios. And they are the most important elements of all.

For many young girls have run the gamut of the beautification experts, and got nowhere.

Plenty of girls, as beautiful by birth as any doctor could make them, have found that waiting on tables was all that Hollywood would offer them. Yet youngsters eager to make the grade continue to bring most of the business into the cosmetic surgeons' offices.

Will actresses and actors resort to artifice to keep themselves in the spotlight?

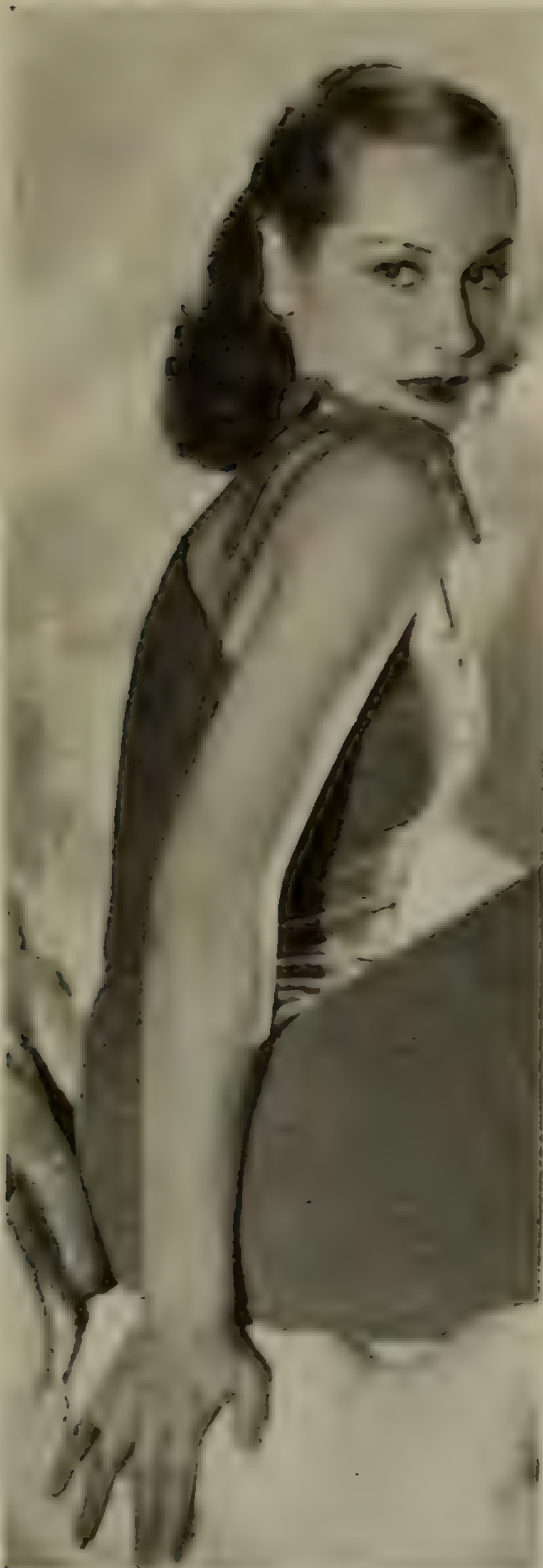
Perhaps they will. Some actresses of an earlier age did so, and with more terrible results than today's crop are apt to suffer. A former Parisian beauty, listed in the casting agencies today, plays the parts of hags and witches; she was a woman who resorted to paraffin to regain her beauty and, when it lumped under the skin, she came to the studios to make a living out of her ugliness! Other women have tried to stay young with far less disastrous results, but their hands still give them away, and no plastic surgeon knows of any operation which will restore youth to the aged hands.

And if Hollywood stars should insist, in coming years, on retaining their youthfulness, at whatever cost, they will deprive the colony of some of the most charming characters of any town: the snowy-haired old ladies whose faces show wrinkles from sixty or seventy years of rich, wise living. The great Italian actress, Duse, was a frank seventy-odd when she toured America to packed houses. Marie Dressler did not have her face lifted, and yet death caught her at the very crest of her career.

If Hollywood insists on looking young, the facilities are there. But youth, without talent, is a cheap commodity. And talent, with or without youth, is something every producer is eager to buy.

How much do you really know about make-up? If your face is too round, too long or too square do you know how to apply rouge and powder to simulate the desired shape? If you don't, you will soon learn—for the make-up men of Hollywood, the boys who can—and have—transformed plain girls into beautiful ones, will be here next month to give you the same valuable tips they have given the stars. Watch for **MIRACLE MEN AT WORK** in July **PHOTOPLAY**.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Judith Barrett in Paramount's "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get six, or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eight, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as **PHOTOPLAY**. Check up on page 91.

1. The play in which this famous pair will star will be seen on Broadway this summer. Its title is "My Dear Children":

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire
Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore
Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March
Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas

2. This columnist is also a motion-picture producer:

Mark Hellinger **Louis Sobol**
Louella Parsons **Ed Sullivan**

3. She was elected "America's Oomph Girl" by a committee of 25 men-about-town:

Carole Lombard **Alice Faye**
Dorothy Lamour **Ann Sheridan**

4. Lew Ayres was once married to:

Andrea Leeds **Lola Lane**
Adrienne Ames **Judith Barrett**

5. Only one of these actresses is married:

Patricia Morison **Rosalind Russell**
Fay Bainter **Anita Louise**

6. Although she announced her retirement from the screen, this actress

will soon be seen in another picture, "Memory of Love":

Kay Francis **Merle Oberon**
Barbara Stanwyck **Arleen Whelan**

7. This star recently celebrated both his 25th wedding anniversary and his 25th anniversary as an actor:

C. Aubrey Smith **Arthur Treacher**
Frank Morgan **Edward G. Robinson**

8. Three of these stars are married to doctors:

Claudette Colbert **Irene Dunne**
Hedy Lamarr **Evelyn Knapp**

9. This picture was kept under police guard during its production in order to maintain absolute secrecy:

Wuthering Heights
Confessions of a Nazi Spy
It Could Happen to You
Sons of Liberty

10. She is playing in the Theater Guild Production, "The Philadelphia Story" on Broadway:

Katharine Hepburn **Danielle Darrieux**
Billie Burke **Joan Crawford**

11. This young actress was discovered while selling candy in a small shop in Hollywood:

Lana Turner **Ann Rutherford**
Virginia Field **Ellen Drew**

12. Two of these actors are the fathers of twin boys:

Dick Powell **Richard Dix**
Bing Crosby **Harold Lloyd**

13. This world famous personality, who soon appear in her first motion picture "Hotel for Women":

Eleanor Roosevelt **Elsa Maxwell**
Brenda Frazier **Irene Castle**

14. When this actress was a child, she acted in several pictures with Mae Murray, who wanted to adopt her:

Madge Evans **Loretta Young**
Miriam Hopkins **Carole Lombard**

15. Ten years ago this actor made a hit portraying the Cisco Kid in the first outdoor talking picture, "In Old Arizona"; he is now playing the same character in its sequel, "The Return of the Cisco Kid":

Ramon Novarro **Leo Carrillo**
Warner Baxter **Cary Grant**

16. Three of these stars are ex-chorus girls:

Marion Davies **Joan Crawford**
Jean Parker **Jeanette MacDonald**

17. This actor was a plumber's apprentice when he was offered a part in a stage play that led him to Hollywood:

Vincent Price **Leo Gorcey**
Frankie Thomas **Alan Marshal**

18. Because of his outstanding performance in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," he was awarded a new long-term contract:

Robert Cummings **Tom Brown**
Louis Hayward **Randolph Scott**

19. Two of these actors were once commercial models:

Lewis Stone **Fredric March**
Neil Hamilton **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**

20. He is termed "Czar of the Movies":

Jack Warner **Darryl Zanuck**
Will Hays **Louis B. Mayer**



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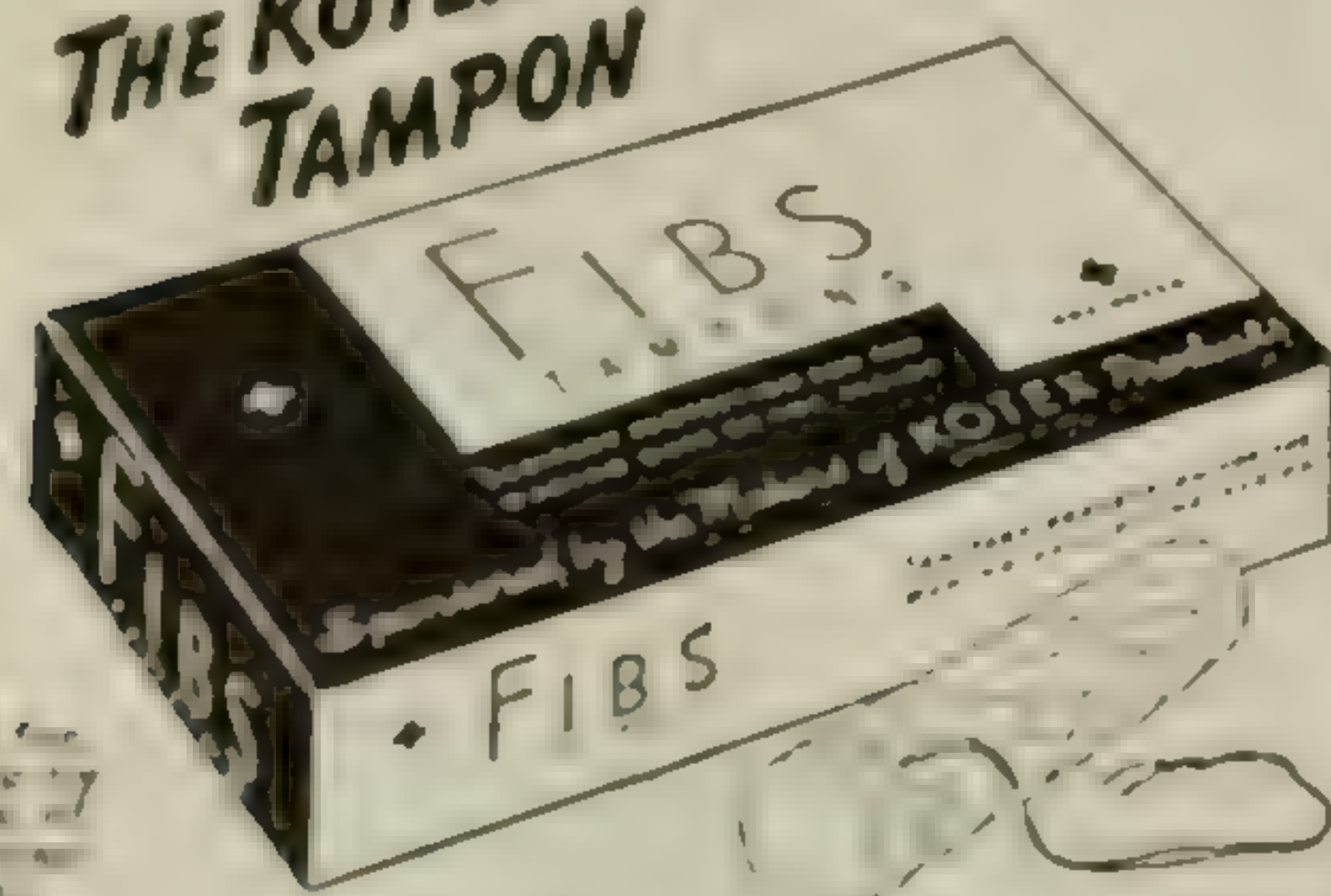
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The Dilemma of Lamarr

(Continued from page 28)

ture. There isn't a remedy for saving a film from being stillborn which they didn't employ. They stopped production and rewrote the script. They made changes in the cast. Then, growing desperately desperate, they switched directors. Mr. von Sternberg went his way, with a big sigh of relief. Mr. Borzage took over, his fingers crossed. And all the time Spencer Tracy, in a co-starring rôle, did the best he could. For the first time, however, Spencer's best was not enough.

When "I Take This Woman" was finally completed, the executives looked at it, returned grimly to their offices, despatched countless memorandums marked "Confidential and Urgent," and at last decided that it was just no dice. "I Take This Woman" was put on the shelf, temporarily at least, and, if it isn't resurrected and partly remade later on, the hundreds of thousands of dollars it cost will be noted in red in a bookkeeping column neatly marked "Overhead," or "Further Grooming of Hedy Lamarr."

It's impossible to say why Hedy's picture was put aside in this manner. Pictures have been shelved before, but not often. It may have been decided that we, the public, who have made Metro a very rich company by our patronage, deserved something better than to have a mediocre film presented to us under a smoke screen of provocative advertising. It may have been Metro's executives have pride as producers and were unwilling to fail where Walter Wanger so brilliantly succeeded.

Many of the most astute producers, directors, writers and stars agree in their analysis of Hedy's brief American career. "In 'Algiers,'" these experts will tell you, "Hedy principally had to gaze into the camera with smoldering eyes. She was the lovely, slumberous pivot around whom the story revolved. She was the woman for whom men plotted and fought. And she didn't have to do anything to make this action on the men's part plausible; her looks took care of that for her.

"But," they continue, warming up to their premise, "in 'I Take This Woman' Hedy got no such break. She played a far more practical and active character. She had many lines to read. Naturally, then, Metro didn't get the same quality from her that Wagner finagled in 'Algiers.' And what they did get instead, obviously wouldn't do."

HEDY herself is, naturally, of the utmost importance in this strange situation. Those who know her like her tremendously. But even those who have the greatest praise for her personally, disagree violently about her chances for continued screen success.

Then there are the girls who have assisted at Hedy's costume fittings. They insist she lacks the energy a motion-picture career demands. They doubt she can "work like a horse, the way stars have to." Never, those girls explain, have they seen Hedy when she hasn't complained she was tired. And they admit it is hopeless to expect her to stand for fittings the way other stars do.

Hedy dieted to get down to the proportions required on the American screen. In her European film, "Ecstasy," she was much heavier. Observe her carefully and you will see her very bones design her for a girl bigger by far than she is at present. And this wouldn't be the first time an actress has

impaired her health and her energy by strenuous dieting.

It would be unfair, however, to quote this incident and omit the thing Sally Eilers says of Hedy. Sally, who knows Hedy well, will tell you:

"She is realistic, a down-to-earth European. She's alert. She's acquisitive. Why, I have only to serve a dish that pleases her and she pounces on my cook for the recipe. Just watch her, that's all I have to say! Her eyes may be slumberous but her soul is practical. She'll work! She'll learn all the things you have to know in this business—and more besides!"

Sally, who always has seen Hollywood and its people with keen percep-



Cover Fashion Note: metal buttons with acorn motif high light Bette Davis' frock of fuchsia sheer woolen. The neckline band closes with a double knot and ends in long streamers. From I. Magnin, Los Angeles

tion, unquestionably is Hedy's ardent champion. But, if you challenge her with the fact that Hedy stands in one darn difficult spot today, she will admit this is true.

"It would," she agrees "be difficult even for a well-established star to follow a success like 'Algiers' without losing ground."

That is very true. It's important, too, to remember that a well-established star would have many more points on her side. Cameramen would have discovered exactly how to light and photograph her. Directors would know exactly how to evoke her very best work. Producers would know exactly what she could do and what she couldn't do and be guided accordingly in any story they assigned her. Also, the star herself would have learned one hundred trifling things, individually and accumulatively important, in her years of experience.

Hedy Lamarr has none of these valuable things. She's a stranger to the producers, writers, directors and photographers who guide her destiny.

It might very well be that it would have been much better for Hedy and for her producers if she never had made

"Algiers." If, instead, the studio experts had continued grooming her as they have been doing since she arrived in Hollywood in 1937, and if she then had been given lesser rôles in which she could feel her way and stake her claim to a place on the screen, gradually and surely.

It's too late for Metro to pursue any such conservative course now. And it's doubtful that Hedy would tolerate it. She is none too pleased by what has transpired since she returned to the home field at dear old Culver. In fact, it's whispered that members of the press are being kept away from her, as they most definitely are, because she isn't at all inhibited about announcing that Metro doesn't know what to do with her. Also, that she doesn't know what to do with Metro.

For some time now the Culver City studios have resounded with Lamarr conferences. Following the sensational decision to put aside her film, M-G-M made plans to co-star her with Robert Taylor in "Lady of the Tropics."

Hedy is as fortunate to work with Robert Taylor as she should have been to work with Spencer Tracy. Both Bob and Spence, if need be, are capable of holding the box-office fort alone. They are the co-starring stuff that women stars ask for—and seldom get.

Remember how Norma Shearer, returning to the screen in "Marie Antoinette," after her last retirement, fortified herself with that current box-office magnet, Tyrone Power. . . .

Claudette Colbert shops for her co-star or leading man as carefully as she shops for stories. . . .

THE finest plans continue to be made for Hedy, unquestionably. Meantime, while waiting to see what the studio plans for her, Hedy has been occupying herself with romance. She commented upon Gene Markey's cosmopolitan charm, incidentally, before she knew him. And it was Joan Bennett, hearing what Hedy had said, who told her ex-husband about it one afternoon when he came over, as usual, to see their little daughter, Melinda.

That was the beginning of the romance which culminated in marriage at Mexicali a few weeks ago. For let any man know a woman is intrigued by him and immediately he is disposed towards her too—for her superb taste and discernment, if for nothing else. And there are, Heaven knows, any number of other things to be chalked up for Hedy. Black hair. Melting eyes. A mouth like a heavy poppy. And her warm promise in "Algiers."

They're still talking about Hedy at any rate, though there is a different flavor to the things they say, though there now is speculation even in those voices that used to take on a strange green tinge at the mention of her name.

Undoubtedly, that famous Hollywood hostess who discarded the idea of giving a Suppressed Desire party could give it safely now. She abandoned the idea because, as she said, "It would have no variety and, therefore, it would be no fun. For every girl who was honest about whom or what she wanted to be would come in a black wig and looking as much as possible like Hedy Lamarr!"

Hollywood suddenly appears to remember that just as one swallow doesn't make a summer, so one picture doesn't make a star. All of which means that Hedy's future, like so many things today, is in the crowded lap of the gods.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 59)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES— 20th Century-Fox

BASIL RATHBONE plays *Sherlock Holmes* as if he were bored with the character. There is disappointment in this dour picture of one of Conan Doyle's better crime puzzles; it drags at the beginning, works up a pretty good suspense, and then comes to climax without letting the public in on *Sherlock's* methods. Simply, he just discovers all. Everybody lives under the shadow of an old legend, particularly **Richard Greene**, who plays the squire. **Wendy Barrie** supplies romance. **Nigel Bruce** is *Watson*.

SUDDEN MONEY—Paramount

DON'T go out of your way to catch this little number. It deals with a family who wins a sweepstakes and goes berserk with the winnings. **Charles Ruggles** endeavors to resurrect his old college orchestra; wife **Marjorie Rambeau** gets swindled when she tries to become a great artist, and the whole family manages to squander the money. **Broderick Crawford**, **Billy Lee** and **Evelyn Keyes** do their part.

WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

IT'S a story of vengeance, with a good new twist in it. Too bad technique and cast are not better. The idea is that **Ruth Hussey** gets sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit, and while there she studies law. Then she is released, gets accomplices, and sets about revenging herself against **Samuel Hinds** by doing mean things for which the police can't prosecute her, since they are within the law. Part of her campaign is marrying **Hind's** son, **Tom Neal**, but things go awry when she falls in love with him. Performances throughout are adequate, but never inspired.

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

ONCE again you must decide how much you like **Bob Burns** before you decide whether to see this picture. You may not care if the *Missouri mule* is replaced by the tractor, but **Burns** does, and goes all the way to England in defense of the animal. **Gladys George**, as **Bob's** wife, tries to marry her sister off to some good Englishman, and it's all done with much slapstick. **Bill Henry** and **Gene Lockhart** do pretty good jobs in their small rôles. **Burns'** homely humor, in this setting, wears thin.

THEY MADE HER A SPY—RKO-Radio

HOLLYWOOD is certainly hepped up over the recent spy scares. Here's one of the inevitable results. The story is what you expect it to be: **Sally Eiler's** brother invents a new shell and is killed, so she joins the intelligence service and becomes a member of a spy ring. So does reporter **Allan Lane**, because he has to get the story for his paper. Neither realizes the other is innocent, but they fall in love anyway. And if you think real hard you may be able to guess the ending.

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount

EAST is east and west is west and occasionally the two get married, which is what **Anna May Wong** and **Akim Tamiroff** want to do in this chilling melodrammer. **Akim** takes a beating throughout, being shot once and killed off at last. He's king of the Chinatown area and **Anna** is a doctor who is trying to get money to help Chinese war refugees. There's plenty of action, a lot of mystery, and one or two scenes are good enough to keep you on the edge of your seat.

★ LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

HEREWITH a delicately wrought love story, with several distinctly fragrant episodes, plenty of comedy and much pathos. The important thing about this picture is that it presented a terrific difficulty to both director and cast; and both have come through magnificently. Each movement, each sequence, is full of little recognizable human details. It begins on board ship; **Charles Boyer**, playboy, is on his way to New York to marry an heiress. **Irene Dunne**, ex-café singer, is going home to marry her rich boss, **Lee Bowman**. **Boyer** and **Irene** meet, fall in love; and their emotion is crystallized in *Madeira* when they visit **Boyer's** aged grandmother, **Maria Ouspenskaya**. **Charles** believes he needs six months of freedom to find out if he can become a successful painter, and **Irene** agrees to wait. The months go by, **Boyer's** plans work out. But **Irene** is crippled in an automobile accident an hour before she is to meet him. The doctors cannot be sure she will ever walk again, and until she finds out she refuses to get in touch with **Charles**, who thinks she has jilted him. Both **Miss Dunne** and **Boyer** give fine, clear portrayals. **Leo McCarey's** direction is unequalled. The portion of this film devoted to the *Madeira* incident is completely stolen by **Maria Ouspenskaya**, whose work is extraordinary.

★ THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP— Universal

A LITTLE more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition and possessed of a new poise, **Deanna Durbin** pulls this sequel to her first success right onto the gravy train. The piece has great charm, an innocuous but diverting story, excellent production, of course, and well spotted music. **Nan Grey** and **Helen Parrish** are her sisters, in the same locale as the other picture boasted. Both **Nan** and **Helen** are in love with the same man, nice **William Lundigan**, but he proposes to **Nan**; **Deanna**, determined to fix everything up, drags in **Robert Cummings** to console **Helen**. Instead, it's **Nan** who likes him. The mess to which all this adds up is properly blamed on **Deanna**. Surprise of the picture is **Cummings**, cast in a rôle demanding a good deal of casual charm. He does very well, indeed. **Charles Winninger** has a splendid bit as the father. **Deanna** sings some fine old chestnuts beautifully.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

FLYING IRISHMAN, THE—RKO-Radio

A somewhat romanticized screen treatment of the trials and final triumph in the life of Doug Corrigan, this doesn't pretend to be anything but a sincere story, nor does the principal try to be anything but a simple flyer. Therefore, the film is in good taste and a nice hour of entertainment. You will hardly be surprised to learn that he really did intend to fly. (March)

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M

Four girls are running a rooming house in the movies to stop trying to make so much dough and start worrying about the health of the patient. Florence Rice is the girl who is the center of the rooming house. Alan Marshal does well as the idealistic doctor. Mary Howard and Ann Ralston are the three other girls. (April)

GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE—M-G-M

The acting is what counts in this, people, not the story. It's about a man (Francis Tom) who does a little Swiss valley mood (Franciska Gaal) in order to see the rich beauty Francis works for. What a Girl comes through with flying colors, as cute as a kitten. (March)

GOING PLACES—Warners

Dick Powell is cast as the innocuous young hero who sings, watches the races and falls in love with Anita Louise. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and is a dish, from any standpoint. Never mind the story, just go to hear her—and Louis Armstrong's trumpet. (March)

★ GREAT MAN VOTES, THE—RKO-Radio

A political satire on the prohibition and "boss" era, this has an original story, understanding direction and the superb portrayal of John Barrymore who outacts even himself. Playing a widowed historian addicted to the bottle, he rehabilitates himself with the help of Virginia Weidler and little Peter Holden (in "On Borrowed Time"). You could ask little more of a picture. (March)

★ GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio

Adapted from Kipling's barrack-room ballad glorifying the brave water carrier, this exciting drama shows the British in India up to their old tricks of policing the natives. Cary Grant (boy, is he good), Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen are the swashbuckling heroes; Sam Jaffe, the courageous Gunga Din. Two hours packed with spectacular thrills. (April)

★ HONOLULU—M-G-M

The studio intended this extravagant musical to be Eleanor Powell's picture, but somehow Gracie Allen appropriated it. The plot revolves around a screen star's (Bob Young) attempt to have a tropical vacation incognito. Miss Allen's irrepressible humor and Miss Powell's expert hoofing will keep you amused. (April)

★ ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE—M-G-M

Metro steers into the ice field with this Gargantuan frozen follies, using as background the ice troupe that successfully followed Sonja Henie around America. The plot has Joan Crawford loving Jimmie Stewart, marrying him, leaving him, coming back to him. Lew Ayres is good as the bitter partner of Stewart. (May)

★ IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M

An effective screen treatment of the Lunt-Fontanne play. Clark Gable is a vaudeville ham; Norma Shearer, a phony Russian countess traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions maker. Add assorted characters, put them in an Alpine hotel when the next war breaks out and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Salute! Hollywood grows up. (April)

I WAS A CONVICT—Republic

Really, the publicity that convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately! This particular bit will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace MacMahon are the main ones in the cast and they're so bored with what they have to do. (May)

★ JESSE JAMES—20th Century-Fox

The story of the famous Ozark outlaw embellished with all the romantic trappings (including Technicolor) at Darryl Zanuck's command. Tyrone Power as the bad man, Nancy Kelly as his wife, Henry Fonda as his brother, Randy Scott, Henry Hull and a host of others tear through the best combination of a cops and robbers bang-up Western you ever cheered through. (March)

★ KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

Ye old Southern feuding between two aristocratic horse families is brought to an end by a boy loves girl (Loretta Young vs. Richard Greene) angle, but despite the old plot you will revel in the magnificent Technicolor shots of the Blue Grass country, the Kentucky Derby and the southern atmosphere in general. An orgy for horse lovers. (March)

KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists

The long arm of coincidence is practically pulled out of its socket in this race-track tale. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a bum, is regenerated by a runaway boy. The boy has a mother, Dolores Costello. Menjou has an ex-wife. Who? Dolores Costello. We can't stand surprises. (April)

LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Columbia

Academy Winner Fay Bainter brings a light but dignified touch to this semihumorous story of a rich eccentric who runs a mob of racketeers out of town by hiring her own plug uglies and practically managing their machine guns herself. Lee Bowman, as Miss Bainter's son, and Ida Lupino furnish a light romance. (May)

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LADY VANISHES, THE—Gaumont-British

Alfred Hitchcock, the great English director, here gives you his best, a stirring story of spies, bloodshed and, of course, loo-v-e! All action takes place on a transcontinental express, and the cast, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and others are splendid. Will suit the most cynical of "guess-who" fans.

LAST WARNING, THE—Universal

Detectives Preston Foster and Frank Jenks manage to trace a blackmail note through a labyrinth of guests at a house party, undeterred by murders and kidnappings. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene. (March)

★ LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M

This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fist fight with Victor McLaglen. He also sings to Virginia Bruce (not J. MacDonald). As the hero rancher who persuades the railroads to give back stolen property, naturally Nelson wins over Victor; he wins Virginia, too. You will like this blend of action, drama and music. (April)

LET US LIVE—Columbia

Based on a case in the daily papers some years ago, this is an indictment of some phases of our legal setup, the implication being that justice wins over injustice by the grace of Providence and nothing else. Henry Fonda is the innocent bystander, identified by hysterical witnesses as a murderer and sent to the death house. Maureen O'Sullivan is the girl who sees him through all the trouble. Very interesting. (May)

★ LITTLE PRINCESS, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's boss has said this was the best picture he ever made. The charming story is that of a soldier's daughter in a swank school, treated well until news comes of his death, when she is relegated to the scullery. Shirley is perfect, the Technicolor throughout superb and the cast, Richard Greene, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, Mary Nash, Sybil Jason, Arthur Treacher, Cesar Romero and others, are in top form. (May)

LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Columbia

Spies are in vogue just now, so here is Warren William again (as the Lone Wolf) catching up on his espionage in Washington. Ralph Morgan is the menace, Ida Lupino the sex appeal and Virginia Weidler just tags along. Will not win friends or influence people. (April)

★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-United Artists

This vital, modern love story will appeal to most adults, but especially to "young marrieds" whose problems, miseries and happiness are portrayed with understanding and humor by Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart. The cast, production and direction are Hollywood's best. (April)

★ MIDNIGHT—Paramount

Claudette Colbert trips along as cute as a new bunny, playing an American chorine stranded in Paris. Cab driver Don Ameche sees her plight, tries to help her, but doesn't succeed until she has let herself in for undue publicity as the foil in a divorce scandal between John Barrymore, Mary Astor (his wife) and Francis Lederer (Mary's lover). Gay and good. (May)

★ MIKADO, THE—Toye-Universal

The first full-length production of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, this retains the sentimentality and ironical humor of the original. Beautifully sung by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (augmented nicely by Kenny Baker), this tale of the loves of the son of the Mikado of Japan in the Middle Ages should charm anybody over twenty. (April)

MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic

In this hilarious episode of the Higgins family, Pa (James Gleason), Ma (Lucile Gleason) and Son (Russell Gleason) get into one homey little scrape after another but succeed in preventing a designing widow from marrying Grandpa (Harry Davenport). Unsophisticated fun. (May)

NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warners

Another series, boys, and nothing to hold your hats over. It has Bonita Granville playing sleuth when a rich graduate of her school is kidnapped before she can endow a swimming pool. Short-wave radio and carrier pigeons are cast in supporting roles. (March)

NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners

Bonita Granville now gets involved with a group of journalism students who outwit an editor to solve a murder case. Frankie Thomas, Jr., helps her out. Very tough on the poor murderer. (April)

★ NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount

Screwy Bob Hope is very funny in this gag story wherein he is told he only has a month to live because he has hyperacidity and is digesting himself! It's all a mistake but Bob doesn't think so, nor does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold to a prince. Nutty but nice. (May)

OKLAHOMA KID—Warners

The redoubtable James Cagney dons boots and saddles to play a sort of Robin Hood of the sagebrush during the land fights on the Cherokee Strip in 1893. Lots of Indians, stage coaches, assorted low-life desperadoes, shooting, shouting, and suspense. Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Donald Crisp and others make up the good cast.

★ ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Paramount

Using the President's line from his second inaugural address, Dudley Murphy has made a sermon for slum clearance that will make you want to take an axe to the first old house you see. Sylvia Sydney, Leif Erikson and Sidney Lumet are splendid, but the tenement house is the star. We suggest this is worth seeing if you are at all interested in everyday news items. (April)

★ PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

Bing Crosby is a rich cowboy who has quite a to-do making up his mind whether to marry a Paris divorcee (Shirley Ross), or a little peasant wench (Franciska Gaal). The Bing has developed what might be called "Crosbian humor," dry, happy and superbly modern, and Franciska Gaal has plenty of sex with a smile. Elegant. (March)

PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount

Taken from a book of crime cases by the same name written by J. Edgar Hoover, this is impressively realistic. It deals with the "get-rich-quick" aspirations of a vicious young woman by means of robberies, kidnappings and assorted peccadilloes. Patricia Morison (a newcomer) does amazingly well. (April)

PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic

If you have been wondering where James Dunn was keeping himself, drop in at your neighborhood theater. He's a speedboat demon kicked out of Annapolis. The Navy says all is forgiven if he will design a torpedo boat and Rochelle Hudson persuades him it is the thing to do. No great shakes. (April)

SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

It's pretty tough being a good policeman and a good father, too, but Wallace Beery manages nicely. His son Alan Curtis jams things up, first as a rotten fighter, later as a disgruntled rookie cop. His door-step daughter, Laraine Day, finally marries Curtis, but not before a good deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery. (May)

SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox

Mother England's highest paid movie star cavorting around as the leader of a vaudeville troupe touring the Thames countryside. Gracie Fields has to be seen to be appreciated; both her comedy and her singing are simply corking. She has fun and so will you. (March)

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

Success of the revival of horror pictures inspired this up-to-date chiller. Boris Karloff (the original Monster of 1931), Bela Lugosi (of "Dracula") and Basil Rathbone work together with an awesome effect of terror. Josephine Hutchinson has a small bit. Prepare for nightmares. (April)

SPIRIT OF CULVER—Universal

Jackie Cooper plays the son of a dead war hero, who is picked up from a bread line by the American Legion, sent to Culver Military Academy where he goes for the bread and butter but holds no brief for the patriotic theme "there are some things worth dying for." Roommate Freddie Bartholomew brings the dissenter to his senses. (May)

★ STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists

Well-written, well-acted and well-directed, this delineates the adventures of nine people who meet and face treachery traveling through Indian infested territory in 1885. One of the best characterizations of the year is that of Thomas Mitchell as the drunken doctor, but Claire Trevor, John Wayne, George Bancroft, Tim Holt and others are exceptional. Very fine. (April)

★ STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

A well-knit fast-action story laid against the ructionous background of slavery and the rivalry between the old stagecoaches and the new railroads in Maryland. Robert Taylor is handsomely cast as the proud young Southerner, Florence Rice is sweet, Wallace Beery is tough, Helen Broderick is humorous—the whole shebang is great stuff. (March)

ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount

This Mississippi showboat story is a series of anti-climaxes holding the plot together so the performers can sing. Lloyd Nolan is the dashing captain, Dorothy Lamour is a runaway actress who refuses to wear sarongs (but she does). Four songs are delightfully rendered by Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson choir. (April)

SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

Bean porridge in the pot, quite, quite cold. Ken Murray and Johnny Downs are the small-town jitterbugs in the big city who find success, go back to home sweet home to start a garage. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching. (March)

★ TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye, Connie Bennett, Nancy Kelly and Joan Davis show you the perils and sacrifices of competition in women's air derbies. There are assorted love stories, but see this for the novelty and speed thrills. (April)

★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warners

You may feel that the "Dead End" kids need a bath and a spanking, but here they are again, slit-eyed as ever, co-starring with Warner's new find, John Garfield, in a suspenseful tale of a petty crooked prize fighter. Ann Sheridan adds plenty of uumph and Garfield lives up to his reputation magnificently. (March)

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

You might recall that this is the story of Tom and Huck Finn on Uncle Silas' farm; there's a murder and there are twins to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. This was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, but things aren't as they used to be. (March)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

This is a dishful of whip cream for them that likes it. Roland Young again plays his bewildered whimsical banker, Billie Burke again flutters through as his dissatisfied wife, Alan Mowbray is again the humorous butler and Connie Bennett is again the ghostly heckling friend in need. The process shots have novelty value. (March)

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TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—RKO-Radio

The Richard Dix of the great "Cimarron" is lost here as a news reporter who helps a pal when murder will out. The story is well-knit, but you may be sick of the newspaper-versus-rackets idea. Lucille Ball is Dix's sweetie and Allan Lane also runs. (May)

★ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter needed a good picture and he has it in this blend of comedy, burlesque and music, the plot based around a contractor whose wife (Loretta Young) has a yen to be a singer. Binnie Barnes is the opera star who finally brings matters to a dramatic climax. (May)

★ WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners

Here's another American documentary film which the Warners do so well. This has the additional virtue of a good love triangle (John Payne, George Brent and Olivia de Havilland) merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. The crash and stunt sequences are fine and dandy. (March)

WINNER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox

Tony Martin is a singer—not yet too good an actor, but he's fine in this as the fighter whose name has been built up in fixed fights. He carries the fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves, as Armetta is treasurer of the "Sons of Garibaldi" and bets everything on Tony. Gloria Stuart adds a dash of sex. (May)

WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic

Henry Wilcoxon, Frieda Inescort and Claire Dodd worry through the tangles of love wherein Miss Inescort can't make up her mind whether her duty lies with her husband and child (Sybil Jason) or with other mothers' crippled offspring. Will suit the customers. (April)

★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners

Transferred from the stage, this is meant to be a satire on the freedom and unconventional attitudes of young females of today. Priscilla Lane is the daughter who reacts too completely to her liberal mother's advice (Fay Bainter). Jeffrey Lynn is the bewildered young swain who thinks "woman's place is in the home." Very amusing. (April)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal

The new W. C. Fields-Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy feature is pretty funny. There seems to be no end to the gags this trio can evolve from the circumstance of Fields playing the rôle of boss of a smalltime circus. Constance Moore, Princess Baba, Arthur Hohl, Mary Forbes and an elephant named Annie are in the cast. (May)

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners

Once again Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer; Billy Halop, his little stooge. Like all literary slum kids, Billy has a pure sister, Gale Page, in love with Harvey Stephens, falsely accused of murder. What will Warners do when they run out of U. S. prisons? (April)

★ ZAZA—Paramount

Gloria Swanson originally emoted in this meller-drammer of the woes of a French musical star who falls in love with a man who she discovers is already a husband and a father. This has been heavily censored, but the charm of Claudette Colbert and the splendid cast, headed by Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and others, make it important. (March)

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 87 with these correct ones:

1. Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore
2. Mark Hellinger
3. Ann Sheridan
4. Lola Lane
5. Fay Bainter
6. Kay Francis
7. Frank Morgan
8. Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Evelyn Knapp
9. "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
10. Katharine Hepburn
11. Ellen Drew
12. Richard Dix, Bing Crosby
13. Elsa Maxwell
14. Loretta Young
15. Warner Baxter
16. Marion Davies, Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Crawford
17. Leo Gorcey
18. Robert Cummings
19. Neil Hamilton, Fredric March
20. Will Hays

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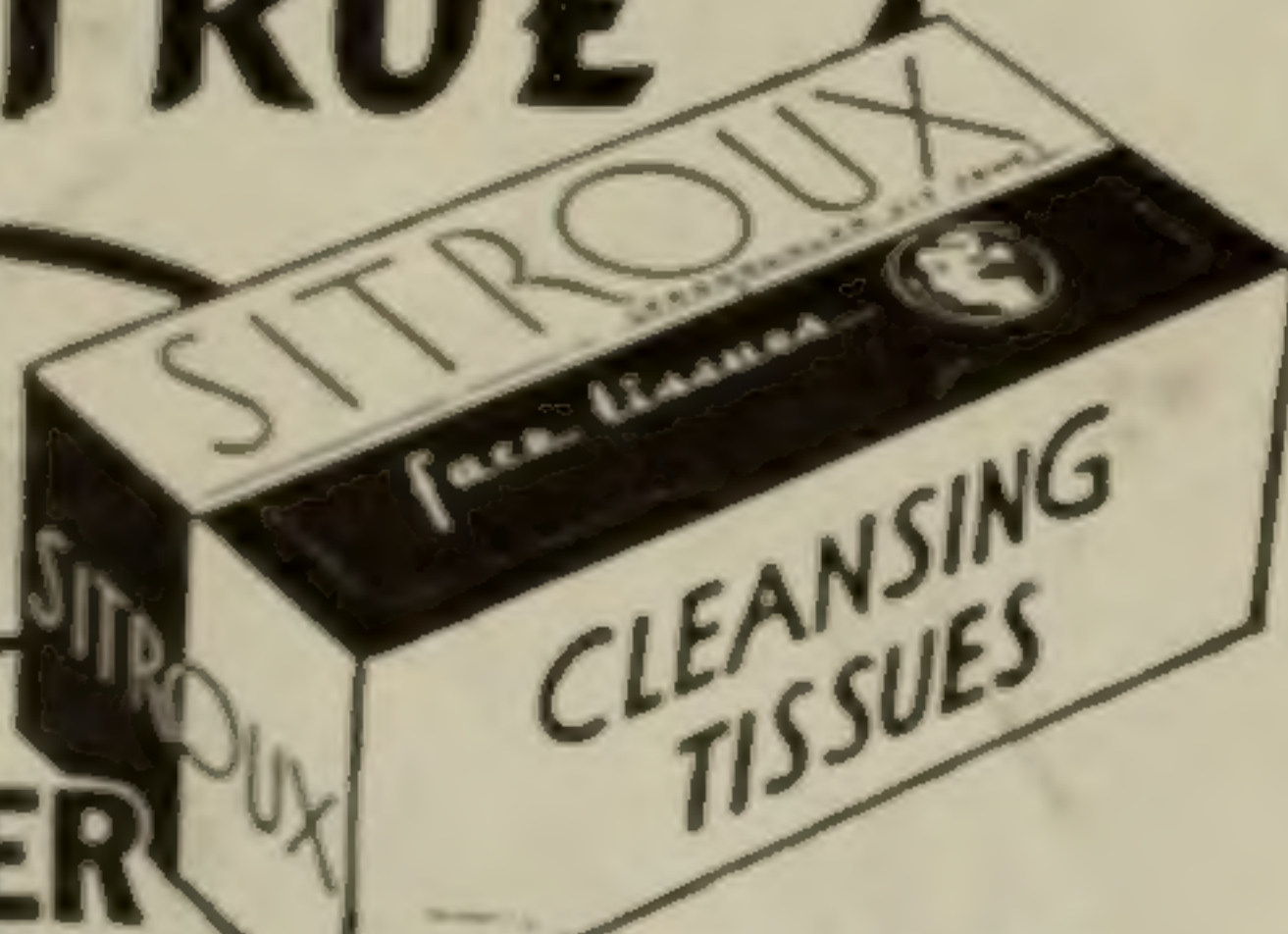
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Casts of Current Pictures

"BROADWAY SERENADE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Charles Lederer. From an original story by Lew Lipton, John Taintor Foote and Hans Kraly. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The Cast: Mary Hale, Jeanette MacDonald; James Geoffrey Seymour, Lew Ayres; Larry Bryant, Ian Hunter; Cornelia Collier, Frank Morgan; Joey, the Jinx, Wally Vernon; Judy Tyrrell, Rita Johnson; Pearl, Virginia Grey; Bill, William Gargan; Harriet Ingalls, Katharine Alexander; Herman, Al Shean; Mrs. Olsen, Esther Dale; Gene, Franklin Pangborn; Everett, E. Allyn Warren; Reynolds, Paul Hurst; Mr. Fellowes, Frank Orth; Mrs. Fellowes, Esther Howard; "Squeaker," Leon Belasco; Kitty, the Maid, Kitty McHugh; Singer, Kenneth Stevens.

"DODGE CITY"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Cast: Wade Hatton, Errol Flynn; Abbie Irving, Olivia de Havilland; Ruby Gilman, Ann Sheridan; Jeff Surret, Bruce Cabot; Joe Clemens, Frank McHugh; Rusty Hart, Alan Hale; Matt Cole, John Littel; Dr. Irving, Henry Travers; Colonel Dodge, Henry O'Neill; Yancey, Victor Jory; Lee Irving, William Lundigan; Tex Baird, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Harry Cole, Bobs Watson; Mrs. Cole, Gloria Holden; Munger, Douglas Fowley; Mrs. Irving, Georgia Caine; Surret's Lawyer, Charles Halton; Bud Taylor, Ward Bond; Mrs. McCoy, Cora Witherspoon; Orin, Russell Simpson; Barlow, Monte Blue.

"EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen story by David Butler and Herbert Polesie. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: Donny Martin, Bing Crosby; Mary Wilson, Joan Blondell; Nicky, Mischa Auer; Mona Barrett, Irene Hervey; Claudius DeWolf, Jerome Cowan; Cyrus Barrett, Jr., Robert Kent; Cyrus Barrett, Sr., C. Aubrey Smith; Baby Barrett, Sandy Henville.

"HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Adapted from the book by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: Sir Henry Baskerville, Richard Greene; Sherlock Holmes, Basil Rathbone; Beryl Stapleton, Wendy Barrie; Dr. Watson, Nigel Bruce; James Mortimer, M. D., Lionel Atwill; Barryman, John Carradine; Frankland, Barlowe Borland; Mrs. Jenifer Mortimer, Beryl Mercer; John Stapleton, Morton Lowry; Sir Hugo Baskerville, Ralph Forbes; Cabby, E. E. Clive; Mrs. Barryman, Eily Malyon; Convic, Harry Cording; Mrs. Hudson, Mary Gordon; Roderick, Peter Willes; Shepherd, Ivan Simpson; Bruce, John Burton; Jon, Dennis Green; Edwin, Evan Thomas.

"I'M FROM MISSOURI"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by John C. Moffitt and Duke Atterberry. Based on stories by Homer Croy and Julian Street. Directed by Theodore Reed. The Cast: Sweeney Bliss, Bob Burns; Julie Bliss, Gladys George; Lola Pike, Judith Barrett; Joel Street, William Henry; Duke of Warrington (Mr. Arthur), E. E. Clive; Duchess of Warrington (Mrs. Arthur), Doris Lloyd; Captain Brooks-Bowen, Barry McKay; Mrs. Allison Hamilton Crispin, Patricia Morison; Colonel Hastings, Lawrence Grossmith; Hearne, Melville Cooper; Hearne's Wife, Dennie Moore; General Starbuck, Tom Dugan; Charley Shook, Spencer Charters; Wall Bliss, James Burke.

"KID FROM TEXAS, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Florence Ryerson, Edgar Allan Woolf and Albert Mannheimer. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Original story by Milton Merlin and Byron Morgan. The Cast: William Quincey Malone, Dennis O'Keefe; Margo Thomas, Florence Rice; Bertie Thomas, Anthony Allan; Aunt Minella, Jessie Ralph; "Snifty," Buddy Ebsen; "Okay" Kinney, Virginia Dale; "Duke" Hastings, Robert Wilcox; Stanley Brown, Jack Carson; Mable, Helen Lynd; Farr, J. M. Kerrigan; Adam Lambert, Tully Marshall.

"KING OF CHINATOWN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lillie Hayward and Irving Reis. Based on a story by Herbert Biberman. Director, Nick Grinde. The Cast: Dr. Mary Ling, Anna May Wong; Frank Baturin, Akim Tamiroff; The Professor, J. Carroll Naish; Pip Harrigan, Roscoe Karns; Mike Gordon, Anthony Quinn; Dolly Warren, Bernadene Hayes; Robert Li, Philip Ahn; Dr. Chang Ling, William Law; Potatoes, Ray Mayer; Heath, Alex Pollard; Barber, Sam Ash; Dr. Jones, Charles Trowbridge; Interne, Archie Twitchell; Detective, George Anderson.

"LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Based on a story by Rowland Brown. Directed by Alexander Hall. The Cast: Marty Black, George Raft; Penelope "Penny" Hollis, Ellen Drew; Mousie Johnson, Hugh Herbert; Dulcey Lee, ZaSu Pitts.

"LOVE AFFAIR"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Mildred Cram and Leo McCarey. Screen play by Delmer Daves and Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Leo McCarey. The Cast: Terry, Irene Dunne; Michel, Charles Boyer; Grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya; Kenneth Bradley, Lee Bowman; Lois Clarke, Astrid Allwyn; Maurice Covert, Maurice Moscovitch.

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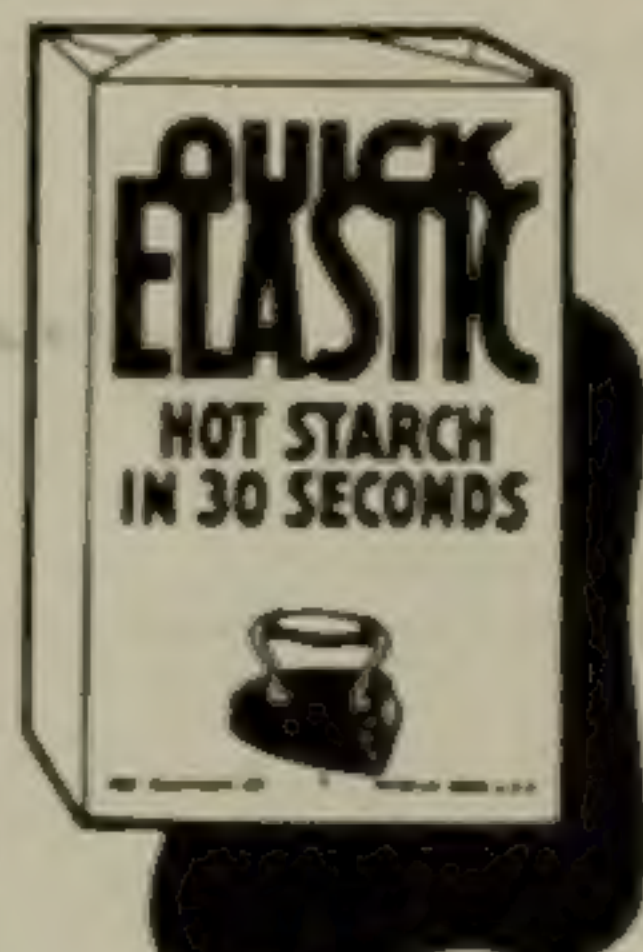
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"SOCIETY LAWYER"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett, Leon Gordon and Hugo Butler. Based on the Arthur Somers Roche story "Penthouse." Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: Christopher Duran, Walter Pidgeon; Pat Abbott, Virginia Bruce; Tony Gazoli, Leo Carrillo; Jim Crelliman, Eduardo Ciannelli; Phil Siddall, Lee Bowman; Sue Leonard, Frances Mercer; Judy Barion, Ann Morris; Layton, Herbert Mundin; Lieut. Stevens, Frank M. Thomas; Max, Edward S. Brophy; Alf, Tom Kennedy; Mr. Leonard, Clarence Kolb; Henry V. Adams, Pierre Watkin; Schmidt, Ian Wolfe; Muriel, Paul Guilfoyle; City Editor, Joseph Crehan.

"STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Original story by Ray Harris. Directed by Irving Cummings. The Cast: Alexander Graham Bell, Don Ameche; Mrs. Bell, Loretta Young; Thomas Watson, Henry Fonda; Gardner Hubbard, Charles Coburn; Thomas Sanders, Gene Lockhart; Mrs. Hubbard, Spring Byington; Gertrude Hubbard, Sally Blane; Grace Hubbard, Polly Ann Young; Berta Hubbard, Georgiana Young; George Sanders, Bobs Watson; Barrows, Russell Hicks; Chauncey Smith, Paul Stanton; President Western Union, Jonathan Hale; Queen Victoria, Beryl Mercer; Judge, Harry Davenport; Mrs. MacGregor, Elizabeth Patterson; George Pollard, Charles Trowbridge; Mrs. Winthrop, Jan Duggan; Landlady, Claire Du Brey; Joe Eliot, Harry Tyler; D'Arcy, Ralph Remley; Mrs. Sanders, Zeffie Tilbury.

"STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the life story of Irene and Vernon Castle, internationally famous dancers. Directed by H. C. Potter. The Cast: Vernon Castle, Fred Astaire; Irene Foote Castle, Ginger Rogers; Lew Fields, Himself; Walter Brennan; Maggie Sutton, Edna May Oliver; Mrs. Foote, Janet Beecher; Dr. Foote, Robert Strange; Papa Aubel, Monty Woolley; Claire Forde, Frances Mercer; Hotel Manager, Donald MacBride; Plump Young, Sonny Lamont; R. R. Conductor, Dick Elliott; Bell Hop, James Adamson.

"SUDDEN MONEY"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lewis Foster. Based on a play by Milton Lazarus. Directed by Nick Grinde. The Cast: Sweeney Patterson, Charles Ruggles; Elsie Patterson, Marjorie Rambeau; Grandpa Casey Patterson, Charley Grapewin; "Doc" Finney, Broderick Crawford; Junior Patterson, Billy Lee; Mary Patterson, Evelyn Keyes; Eddie Dunn, Philip Warren; Yolo, Joyce Mathews; Johnny Jordan, Richard Denning; Ellen, Mary Parker; Mr. Hinds, Richard Tucker; McPherson, James Burke; Mr. Wixby, Charles Halton; Miss Perkins, Ethel Wales; Professor Tito, Alex Melesh; Phil, John Gallaudet; Bulch, John Kelly; Herbie, Homer Dickinson; Joe, Joe Yule; Peewee, Billy Engle; Mr. Jordan, Douglas Wood; Diamond, Eddie Marr; Duke, Mack Gray; Ted, Donald Kerr; Sam, William B. Davidson; Gamblers Stanley Price, Dick Elliott, Robert Brister.

"THEY MADE HER A SPY"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Michael Kanin and Jo Pagano. Story by George Bricker. Directed by Jack Hively. The Cast: Irene, Sally Eilers; Hunley, Allan Lane; Dr. Krull, Fritz Leiber; Major Shaw, Frank M. Thomas; Col. Page, Theodor Von Eltz; Brock, Addison Richards; Ben, Larry Blake; Col. Wilson, Pierre Watkin; Gillian, Louis Jean Heydt; Lucius, Spencer Charters; Ella, Leona Roberts; Beldon, Charles Halton; Canby, Alec Craig.

"THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Bruce Manning and Hans Rameau. Directed by Henry Koster. The Cast: Penny, Deanna Durbin; Joan, Nan Grey; Kay, Helen Parrish; Judson Craig, Charles Winniger; Mrs. Craig, Nella Walker; Richard, William Lundigan; Harry, Robert Cummings; Binns, Ernest Cossart.

"WITHIN THE LAW"—M-G-M.—Based on a play by Bayard Veiller. Screen play by Charles Lederer and Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by Gustav Machaty. The Cast: Mary Turner, Ruth Hussey; Richard Gilder, Tom Neal; Joe Garson, Paul Kelly; Cassidy, William Gargan; "English Eddie," Paul Cavanaugh; Agnes, Rita Johnson; Mr. Gilder, Samuel S. Hinds; June, Lynne Carver; George Demarest, Sidney Blackmer; Helen Morris, Jo Ann Sayers; Saleswoman, Ann Morris; "Red," James Burke; Inspector Burke, Donald Douglas; McGuire, Cliff Clark; Art Dealer, Claude King.

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS"—SAM GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. From the novel of the same name by Emily Brontë. Directed by William Wyler. The Cast: Cathy, Merle Oberon; Heathcliff, Laurence Olivier; Edgar, David Niven; Ellen Dean, Flora Robson; Dr. Kenneth, Donald Crisp; Hindley, Hugh Williams; Isabella, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Joseph, Leo G. Carroll; Judge Linton, Cecil Humphreys; Lockwood, Miles Mander; Robert, Romaine Callender; Earnshaw, Cecil Kellaway; Heathcliff (as a child), Rex Downing; Cathy (as a child), Sarita Wootton; Hindley (as a child), Douglas Scott.

"ZENOBIA"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Corey Ford. Story by Walter DeLeon and Arnold Belgard, from "Zenobia's Infidelity" by H. C. Bunner. Directed by Gordon Douglas. The Cast: Dr. Tibbitt, Oliver Hardy; Professor McCrackle, Harry Langdon; Mrs. Tibbitt, Billie Burke; Mrs. Carter, Alice Brady; Jeff Carter, James Ellison; Mary Tibbitt, Jean Parker; Virginia, June Lang; Attorney Culpepper, Olin Howland; Judge, J. Farrell MacDonald; Zero, Stepin Fetchit; Dehila, Hattie McDaniels; Zeke, Phillip Hurlie; Mr. Dozer, Hobart Cavanaugh; Sheriff, Clem Bevens; Farmer, Chester Conklin; Butcher, Tommy Mack; Court Clerk, Robert Dudley; The Hall Johnson Choir, Themselves.



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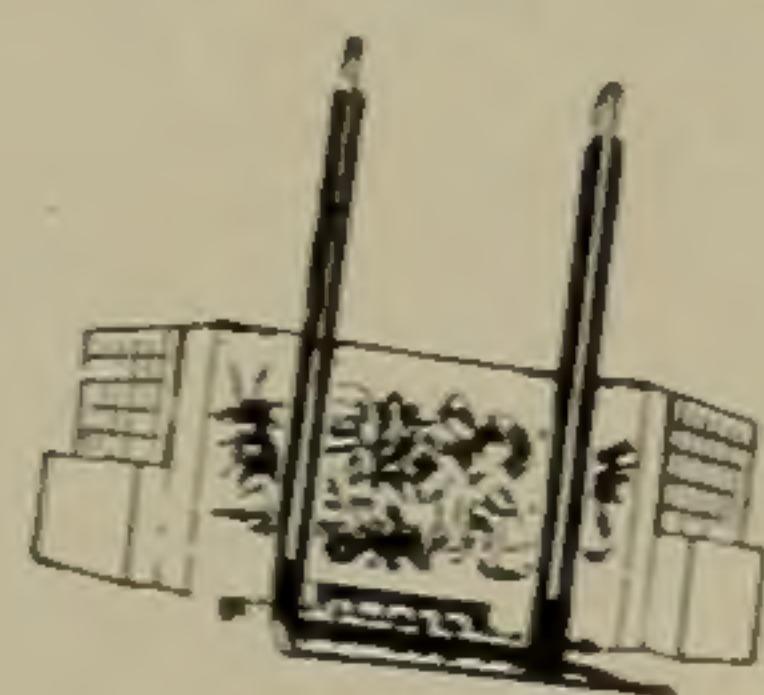
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